



Eclectic Magazine

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

APRIL, 1864.

From the British Quarterly.

REIGN OF ELIZABETH.*

THE first two volumes of Mr. Froude's contemplated history of the reign of Elizabeth are occupied with events which belonged to the first eight years since the queen's accession. At this rate, the author's narrative, before reaching its close, must extend to not less than ten volumes; and if the volumes to follow shall be of equal value with the instalment now before us, thoughtful Englishmen will not regret that so much space has been assigned to the subject. We speak of thoughtful Englishmen, because so minute and thorough a treatment of the period as the author is prosecuting can hardly be popular; especially as his narrative is made to consist so largely of

relations taken from manuscripts, and often strung together by a slight thread of connection on the part of the historian. Mr. Froude possesses descriptive power of a high order, and it comes into play in some instances with great effect in the pages under review; but his judgment or his taste disposes him to leave the men of the time, as far as possible, to tell their own tale after their own manner. Such writers as Gibbon, Prescott, and Motley, prefer gathering up the substance of ancient documents, and giving it in the condensed and eloquent language at their command. To the many their course will be the most acceptable; but persons who read history in search of distinct and certain information on the matters of which it treats, will prize Mr. Froude's method very highly. The extent in which

* *Reign of Elizabeth.* By JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE, M.A., late Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford. Vols. I. II. London: Longman & Co.

he has succeeded in basing his history on manuscript authorities, and in making the men of the times our instructors concerning them, is really surprising.

The effect, indeed, is not to reverse any of our old impressions in relation to the policy or the parties of that age. We all knew that the safety of England under Elizabeth was to be traced very largely to the complications of European politics; that the guidance of the vessel through a sea so full of danger devolved mainly upon the genius and labor of Cecil; that the character of Elizabeth seemed at times to exhibit the strength of her father and the weakness of her mother; that the Queen of Scots, with her more feminine and graceful texture, was fully a match to Elizabeth in subtle policy and in manly daring, and could wear the mask of deception much more artfully, and purchase the objects of her ambition at a much more guilty cost; that English Puritanism and the English Parliament had work enough to do to guard the person of Elizabeth, and to keep the elements so hostile to her power in check; and that the religious policy of her Majesty, Protestant as she was supposed to be, was of a kind so oscillating, and at times so doubtful, as to subject both Catholics and Protestants to many alternations of hope and fear. But though we have known all these things, in Mr. Froude's chapters these elements of the past are developed more fully than elsewhere, and if his work should be completed they will be engraven more deeply than ever in our national literature.

The French possessions of our Norman kings served to perpetuate relations between England and the Continent through a series of centuries. But before the accession of Henry VIII. that state of things may be said to have come to an end. Since the days of Henry V. English politics had become almost wholly domestic. Calais was retained. The rest had gone. It was left to Henry VIII. and Wolsey to make England a power in the affairs of Europe on a new basis. The great rival sovereignties were Spain and France. The remaining states allied themselves with the one or the other according to circumstances. England often held the balance between them. The men who ruled under Edward VI. had much to do at home: they looked little abroad. Mary, by her marriage

with Philip, embroiled England in Spanish politics to its great loss and dishonor. Under her evil sway even Calais had been taken by the French. Nothing could be more pitiable than the general state of the country as left by that misguided woman.

"The economy with which Mary had commenced had been sacrificed to superstition, and what the hail had left the locusts had eaten. She had brought herself to believe that the confiscation of the abbey lands had forfeited the favor of Heaven; and stripping the already embarrassed crown of half its remaining revenues to reestablish the clergy, she had sacrificed, at the same time, the interests of England to her affection for her husband, and forced the nation into a war in which they had neither object to gain nor injury to redress. She had extorted subsidies only to encounter shame and defeat, and in the midst of the general exasperation of the disgrace which had fallen upon England, she had allowed Philip to avail himself of the scanty revenues of the treasury, and had made him a present of sixty thousand pounds, with the valuable jewels of the crown.

"Although the country was financially ruined, there was still the land, and there was still the people to fall back upon; but in the two last sad years famine and plague had been added to other causes of suffering, and the long gaps in the muster-rolls told a fearful tale of the ravages which they had made. The revolt of the Commons under Edward had led also to a general disarmament. The art of war was changing, and the English peasantry, so far from having been taught the use of harquebuses and pistol, were no longer familiar even with their own bows and bills. Themselves untrained and undrilled, their natural leaders, the young men of family, had been entangled one side or other in rebellion or conspiracy, and had been executed or driven into exile. The nobility were scanty and weak."

But weak as England seemed to be, it was of the greatest moment to Spain that France should not be allowed to become the ruling power on this side the channel—an event which seemed to be menaced, not only by her new hold on Calais, but by her old influence in Scotland. Of no less moment was it to France that the power of Spain should not be rooted among us. Hence one of these monarchies could not become the assailant of Elizabeth without having to lay its account with the most formidable resistance possible from the other. Such was the mutual jealousy between these two Catholic powers, that they were content to see England become the great focus of heresy, rather than one would tolerate

the other in any attempt to *force* it into more orthodox ways. The two great spoliators were in feud, and so England happily was able to keep her own. But complicated, intricate, and subtle were the intrigues thus brought into existence and perpetuated. The game was a busy, and sometimes a desperate one. But however varied, the pieces played were the same, the hands which moved them were the same, and even Mr. Froude's skill has not sufficed to prevent the account of these endless plottings and counter-plottings from becoming somewhat wearisome.

But the agents of France and Spain erred greatly in their estimate of the strength of England when passing through this great transition from Romanism under Mary to Protestantism under Elizabeth. The signs of disorder were many; but they might nearly all be traced to the influence of the ecclesiastical advisers to whom Mary had committed herself, and they were all to be dealt with, and largely corrected, by the lay statesmen who were to be the counselors of Elizabeth. The calling of Cecil to his office as Secretary of State, by Elizabeth, was characteristic of the great change which was to become more or less perceptible every where.

"I give you this charge," said the queen, "that you shall be of my privy council, and content yourself to take pains for me and my realm. This judgment I have of you that you will not be corrupted with any manner of gift, and that you will be faithful to the State, and that without respect to my private will, you will give me that council that you think best."

The man so addressed was to be, during many long years, the presiding spirit in her Majesty's affairs.

"Every where among the State papers of these years Cecil's pen is ever visible, Cecil's mind predominant. In the records of the daily meetings of the council, Cecil's is the single name which is never missed. In the queen's cabinet or in his own, sketching Acts of Parliament, drawing instructions for ambassadors, or weighing on paper the opposing arguments of every crisis of political action; corresponding with archbishops on liturgies and articles, with secret agents in every corner of Europe, or with foreign ministers in every court, Cecil is to be found ever restlessly busy; and sheets of paper, densely covered with brief memoranda, remain among his manuscripts to show the vastness of his daily labor, and the

surface over which he extended his control. From the great duel with Rome to the terraces and orange-groves at Burleigh, nothing was too large for his intellect to grasp—nothing too small for his attention to condescend to consider."—Vol. i. pp. 461, 462.

Sir William Cecil, afterwards Lord Burleigh, came from the stock of our English gentry. His father, Richard Cecil, Esq., was Yeoman of the Wardrobe under Henry VIII. In 1541 William Cecil was a student at the Inns of Court, and was then twenty-one years of age. In the following year he married the sister of Sir John Cheke. In 1544 Sir John became tutor to Prince Edward, and through Sir John's influence Cecil's connection with the court would seem to have commenced. Three years later he is known as private secretary to the Duke of Somerset. He does not appear to have become Secretary of State before 1550. When his first master, the Duke of Somerset, came into his troubles, Cecil showed himself careful not to be involved in them. The duke resented his conduct, as betraying a want of fidelity and gratitude. We have no means of judging as to the justice of this feeling, but it is certain that Cecil passed from the confidence of Somerset to become the great instrument of the good or bad in the government of his rival, the Duke of Northumberland. Cecil had been fully committed, though with some reluctance and misgiving, to what was done in favor of Lady Jane Grey. But he was one of the first to see when that scheme had become a failure, and one of the most active in endeavoring to propitiate Mary's government, by hastening the overthrow of the government opposed to her. It is probable that office would have been open to him on Mary's accession, had he felt himself at liberty to avow himself a convert to the queen's religion. Subsequently, when the intolerance of the government diffused so much terror, Cecil consented to do for the sake of life as not a few of the men of his class did—he conformed in religious matters to what the law had so imperatively enjoined. In those evil times, he appears to have found more occupation in husbandry than in politics; but, strange to say, his name occurs in the list of persons deputed to conduct Cardinal Pole to this country on his mission to reconcile England to Rome. On the whole, we may believe that Sir William

Cecil was in conviction a Protestant. But his religion was that of the statesman; it was not that of the martyr or of the saint. The science of politics is eminently a science of compromise. The statesman must know how to cede the less for the sake of the greater. It was imperative that Cecil should be a statesman of this order to the end of his days if he was to be successful. Elizabeth might well weep, as she is said to have done, when death had taken him from her side, though even her favor toward him had its seasons of fickleness, and he was rarely to be free from troubles from the influence of court factions.

The Dauphiness of France, the future Mary Queen of Scots, was the rival to Elizabeth set up by the French court; and the first advisers of Elizabeth knew, that do what they might, Philip would not cease to be the friend of England rather than see the English crown pass in that direction. Hence the Bishop of Arras, writing to Philip in May, 1559, says: "The French, I think, would have tried a descent on the Isle of Wight before this, had you not given them to understand that you would not permit it." Great accordingly was the perplexity of Philip's ambassadors. They were intent upon saving English Catholicism, and upon crushing English Protestantism; but how to accomplish those objects they saw not. To attempt to bring them about by persuasion seemed a hopeless task. To attempt to realize them by force would be to see France, England, Scotland, and the Low Countries marshaled against them. The correspondence of these distressed envoys furnishes in consequence many an instructive glance into the character of Elizabeth, and into the real state of affairs both in the court and through the nation.

The Spanish minister, Count de Feria, was in England at the juncture of Mary's last illness, and was deputed by Philip to put himself into communication with Elizabeth at that crisis. De Feria spared no pains to influence the new queen in favor of her sister's policy. Philip himself descended so far as to offer his hand to Elizabeth, in the hope of securing that object. But husbands were proffered to the Ocean Queen from nearly a dozen quarters, and on nearly all these proposals her Majesty bestowed some courtesy and bye-play, while she secretly resolved that no one of them should be accepted. Early

in 1559, De Feria said, concerning Elizabeth:

"I have ceased to speak to her about religion, although I see her rushing upon perdition. If the marriage (with Philip) can be brought about, the rest will provide for itself. If she refuse, nothing which I can say will move her. She is so misled by the heretics who fill her court and council, that I should but injure our chances in the principal matter by remonstrating."

Writing some weeks later, he says:

"After we had talked a short time she said she could not have married your Majesty because she was a heretic. I said I was astonished to hear her use such words. I asked her why her language was now so different from what it had been. But she would give no explanation. The heretics, with their friend the devil, are working full speed. They must have told her that your Majesty's object in proposing for her was only to save religion."

"She spoke carelessly, indifferently, altogether unlike herself, and she said positively that she meant to do as her father had done. I told her I would not believe that she was a heretic. I could not think it possible she would sanction these new laws. If she changed her religion she would ruin herself. 'Your Majesty,' I said, 'would not separate yourself from the church for all the thrones in the world.'"

"So much the less," she replied, "should your Majesty do it for a woman."

"I did not wish to be too harsh with her, so I said men sometimes did for a woman what they would do for nothing else."

"She told me she did not intend to be called head of the church, but she would not let her subjects' money be carried out of the realm to the Pope any more, and she called the bishops a set of lazy scamps."

"The scamps," I said, "were the preachers to whom she had been listening."

"At this moment Knolles came in to tell her that supper was ready—a story made for the occasion, I fancy. They dislike nothing so much as her conversations with me."

"Cecil governs the queen. He is an able man, though an accursed heretic."—Vol. i. pp. 66, 67.

Not many weeks afterwards De Feria was superseded by Alvarez de Quadra, Bishop of Aquila, a diplomatist of the first order, and one who by his spies became acquainted with nearly every thing said or done in the court. But the most sagacious politicians, while guided by nothing higher than their own worldly maxims, often prophesy falsely. Concerning the rising of the Protestant party in

Scotland, De Quadra writes that they and the English together "are to expel the French between them, and establish heresy all over the island. Such is the programme, *which I regard myself as a chimera*. But the spirit of the woman (Elizabeth) is such, that I can believe any thing of her. She is possessed by the devil, who is dragging her to his own place." (Vol. i. 98.)

Twelve months later, the unsatisfactory aspect of the queen's affairs, and her fondness for Lord Robert Dudley, afterwards Earl of Leicester, disposed her Majesty to look with more interest towards a Spanish alliance, and led her to express herself concerning Protestantism in language of a somewhat startling and hardly credible description. At that time a Papal nuncio was on his way to seek an audience of the queen. The question as to the reception of this functionary awakened interest every where.

"Leaving other matters," says De Quadra, "we talked of the mission of the Abbot of St. Saviour's from the Pope. She seemed surprised, and remembering the humor of the Catholics, even alarmed.

"I said his Holiness, being a wise prince, and a loving father to his children, could have no object, save to give her paternal admonition and advice. I thought perhaps the mission had originated in a suggestion from the king our sovereign, who always hoped that a woman so gifted and so wise would find a way to reunite her subjects with the Universal Catholic Church. His Majesty, I knew, had expressed this conviction to the Pope, to obviate the designs of the French, and the Pope perhaps wished to ascertain her real feelings.

"She was evidently pleased. She was afraid his Majesty had withdrawn his support from her at Rome, and a declaration of the Pope against her at this moment, she knows, would be most unseasonable. For this reason she went on to tell me that she was as good a Catholic as I was. She called God to witness that her belief was the belief of all Catholics in the realm.

"I said that if this was true she had done wrong in dissembling against her conscience on a question of so vast importance. She had committed a crime against her poor subjects, who had been led by her example to desert their religion. Her very honor was touched by it.

"She replied that she had been compelled at the time to act as she did, and that if I knew how she had been driven to it, she was sure I should excuse her. . . .

"I brought her to say that the nuncio which the Pope was sending should be welcomed, and that it should not be her fault if

the church was not united again."—Vol. i. pp 245-247.

It was certainly true that Elizabeth was not a Protestant in the sense in which the Puritans were Protestants; nor even in the sense in which men like Cecil were such. In some respects she had no doubt been induced to go further than she would have chosen; but these facts were hardly such as to justify the above language: and there are graver matters behind. The Dudley project hung on during the next six months, and seemed to become more serious every day. The queen's best friends, the wisest men about her, without knowing all the lengths to which she had seemed disposed to go, risked her displeasure by remonstrating against her waywardness. And, after all, De Quadra has to write as follows touching the proposed Dudley marriage, and the case of Lady Dudley, the ill-fated Amy Robsart:

"There came lately to me Sir Henry Sidney, who is married to Lord Robert's sister, a high-spirited, noble sort of person, and one of the best men the queen has about the court.

"After speaking generally on ordinary matters, he came to the affair of his brother-in-law, and the substance of his words to me was this: The marriage was now in every body's mouth, he said, and the queen, I must be aware, was very anxious for it. He was surprised that I had not advised your Majesty to use the opportunity to gain Lord Robert's good will. Your Majesty would find Lord Robert as ready to obey you, and do you service, as one of your own vassals, with more to the same purpose. . . . He is evidently well acquainted with what has passed, and he is not too prejudiced to see the truth. But he added that if I could be satisfied about Lady Dudley's death, he thought I could not object to informing your Majesty of what he had said. The queen and Lord Robert were lovers, but they intended honest marriage, and nothing wrong had taken place between them which could not be set right with your Majesty's help. As to Lady Dudley's death, he said that he had examined carefully into the circumstances, and he was satisfied that it had been accidental, although he admitted that others thought differently. He allowed that there was hardly a person who did not believe there had been foul play. The preachers in their pulpits spoke of it, not sparing even the honor of the queen, and *this, he said, had brought her to consider whether she could not restore order in the realm in these matters of religion*. She was anxious to do it, and Lord Robert, to his own knowledge, would be ready to assist. . . .

"He mentioned a multitude of things most

distressing, and he assured me, on his solemn oath, that the queen and Lord Robert were determined to restore the religion (Romanism) by way of the General Council, and he then went on to press me to write to your Majesty to forward the affair in such a form that Lord Robert should receive the prize for which he aims at your Majesty's hands.

"Of this I am certain, that if she marry Lord Robert without your Majesty's sanction, your Majesty has but to give a hint to her subjects, and she will lose her throne. But I am certain, also, that without your Majesty's sanction she will do nothing in public, and it may be when she sees that she has nothing to hope from your Majesty, she will make a worse plunge."—Vol. i. pp. 308-312.

Mr. Froude feels bound to admit, from the evidence of these letters, that Elizabeth's interest in the Reformation was eclipsed for an interval by her interest in Lord Robert Dudley.

"Stung by the reproaches of the Protestant preachers, which in her heart she knew to be deserved, she was tempted to forsake a cause to which, in its theological aspect, she was never devoted. If Philip would secure her the support of his friends in making a husband of the miserable son of the apostate Northumberland, she was half ready to undo her work, and throw the weight of the crown once more on the Catholic side.

"Self-witted, self-confident, and utterly fearless, refusing to believe in her lover's infamy, and exasperated at the accusations which she might willfully have considered undeserved, she could easily conceal from herself the nature of the act which she was contemplating, and the palace clique might have kept her blind to the true feeling of the country. The bishop's story has not the air of an invention; and it is incredible that Sir Henry Sidney could have ventured to have made a commutation of such a character unless he had believed himself to have the queen's sanction.

"But the bishop learnt afterwards that Elizabeth had consented with extreme reluctance, and only at the passionate entreaties of Lord Robert, who had persuaded her that her life was in danger. Cecil's efforts, then and always, had been to divert her from the wrong course, by forcing her to commit herself to another; and before Sidney was allowed to speak to De Quadra, the league with the Huguenot leaders which Throckmorton had so earnestly advised, and the Spanish ambassador had so anxiously dreaded, was already under consideration."—Vol. i. pp. 314, 315.

In the end, the men who watched and worked for the better cause were successful. But it was a protracted and difficult business, and the result of the disclosures made in these papers is to cast

another and a deep shadow over the glory of Elizabeth.

Who this Lord Robert Dudley was is sufficiently known. His grandfather was a baron of the Exchequer, and the Dudley executed with Empson in punishment of the oppressions perpetrated by him to gratify the rapacity of Henry VII. His father was the Duke of Northumberland, who had set up the pretensions of Lady Jane Grey against Mary, and had expiated his offense on Tower Hill. Lord Robert, with the other Dudleys, had been thrown into the Tower, and had been a prisoner there with Elizabeth. He had, when young, married Amy Robsart, the daughter of Sir John Robsart; the match was a love affair, but the marriage had been public in the court of Edward VI. Since then the lady had lived alone in a manor house in Oxfordshire; and as the star of Dudley rose at court, this folly of his youth, as it was deemed, was regarded as a sad impediment in the path of his ambition. His handsome person, and his courtly manners, were his only possible recommendation to man or woman. He possessed neither talent, nor courage, nor any kind of virtue. He was more woman than man, and the marvel to all men was that he should have become a favorite with Elizabeth. The caprices incident to women, in such relations, hardly seemed enough to account for such a fact. Before the death of Amy Robsart, it was rumored that she was to be taken off by poison, or by some other means. Such was the court talk, and ambassadors speculated upon it in their dispatches. This may have been no more than the conjecture of Dudley's enemies as to what he was likely to do. But the deed was done; and the fact that it was done in the face of such predictions, seems to warrant the conclusion that the rumors which went before had not been without reason.

In the autumn of 1560, more than a year had passed since the bruit had become common that Elizabeth was likely to marry Dudley. On the 11th of September, De Quadra writes as follows to the Duchess of Parma:

"On the 3d of this month the queen spoke to me about her marriage with the archduke. She said she had made up her mind to marry, and that the archduke was to be the man. She has just now told me dryly that she does not intend to marry, and that it can not be.

"After conversation with the queen, I met

the Secretary Cecil, whom I knew to be in disgrace. Lord Robert, I was aware, was endeavoring to deprive him of his place. With little difficulty I led him to the subject, and after many protestations and entreaties that I would keep secret what he was about to tell me, he said that the queen was going on so strangely that he was about to withdraw from her service. It was a bad sailor, he said, who did not make for port when he saw a storm coming, and for himself he perceived the most manifest ruin impending over the queen through her intimacy with Lord Robert. The Lord Robert had made himself master of the business of the State, and of the person of the queen, to the extreme injury of the realm, with the intention of marrying her, and she herself was shutting herself up in the palace, to the peril of her health and life. That the realm would tolerate the marriage, he said, he did not believe. He was therefore determined to retire into the country, although he supposed they would send him to the Tower before they would let him go.

"He implored me for the love of God to remonstrate with the queen, to persuade her not utterly to throw herself away, as she was doing, and to remember what she owed to herself and to her subjects. Of Lord Robert he twice said, he would be better in Paradise than here.

"Last of all he said that they were thinking of destroying Lord Robert's wife. They had given out that she was ill, but she was not ill at all. She was very well, and was taking care not to be poisoned. The day after this conversation the queen, on her return from hunting, told me that Lord Robert's wife was dead, or nearly so, and begged me to say nothing about it.

"Since this was written the death of Lord Robert's wife has been given out publicly. The queen said in Italian: '*Que si ha rotto il collo.*' It seems that she fell down a staircase."—Vol. i. pp. 277-281.

From the documents relating to the end of Amy Robsart before accessible, and from those cited in these pages, Mr. Froude considers the following points as clear: first, that Amy Robsart was murdered; second, that those who perpetrated that deed did so either under the direction of Dudley, or well knowing that the act would be acceptable to him; and thirdly, that if Elizabeth did not hold him to have been more or less implicated in the proceeding, she ought so to have done. On her part, in this affair, we see the indications of a rough, hard, and selfish nature, little accessible to the finer vibrations of moral feeling; and in the case of Dudley we see the timidity, the cunning, and the want of principle to have been ex-

pected from him. On the 8th of September Cecil told De Quadra that the report was, that Dudley's wife was ill and not likely to live, while he knew her to be well, but knew also that a plot was laid against her life. On that day, or at the latest on the day following, Amy Robsart is found dead at the bottom of a staircase, as if killed by a fall, all the servants of the house having been sent away to amuse themselves at a neighboring fair. The scene of this tragedy was Cumnor Hall.

It is observable that while no period in our history had been so marked by the action of great men, and by great events, as the latter half of the sixteenth century, during those years the most prominent actors in public affairs in relation to this country were three women—Mary Tudor, Elizabeth, and Mary Queen of Scots. In Mary Tudor, we see capacity, hereditary courage, and a heart, not perhaps naturally ill disposed, soured by misfortune and bodily infirmity, and drugged with superstition. Elizabeth was of another mould; and so was her great rival, the Scottish queen. Married to the Dauphin, Mary Stuart had become Queen of France, and during the short reign of her husband she had cherished the hope of seeing the crowns of France and England united in her person. But the event which made her a widow left her simply Queen of Scotland, and with her highly French nature, and French culture, she had to seek an ungenial home north of the Tweed. The shades of identity and difference between Elizabeth and Mary are nicely given in the following paragraphs:

"Rarely perhaps has any woman combined in herself so many noticeable qualities as Mary Stuart; with a feminine insight into men and things and human life, she had cultivated herself to that high perfection in which accomplishments were no longer adventitious ornaments, but were wrought into her organic constitution. Though luxurious in her ordinary habits, she could share in the hard field the life of the huntsman or the soldier with graceful cheerfulness; she had vigor, energy, tenacity of purpose, with perfect and never failing self-possession; and as the one indispensable foundation for the effective use of all other qualities, she had indomitable courage. She wanted none either of the faculties necessary to conceive a great purpose, or of the abilities necessary to execute it: except perhaps only this, that while she made politics the game of her life, it was a game only, though played for a high stake. In the deep-

er and nobler emotions she had neither share nor sympathy.

"Here lay the vital difference of character between the Queen of Scots and her great rival, and here was the secret of the difference of their fortunes. In intellectual gifts Mary Stuart was at least Elizabeth's equal; and Anne Boleyn's daughter, as she said herself, was no angel. But Elizabeth could feel like a man an unselfish interest in a great cause. Mary Stuart was ever her own center of hope, fear, or interest; she thought of nothing, cared for nothing, except as linked with the gratification of some ambition, some desire, some humor of her own; and thus Elizabeth was able to overcome temptations before which Mary fell."—Vol. i. p. 360.

An English minister writing of Mary Stuart when she was under twenty years of age, says: "Whatever policy is in the chief and best practiced heads in France, whatever craft, falsehood, or deceit is in all the subtle brains of Scotland, is either fresh in this woman's memory, or she can gette it with a wet finger."

Great was the solicitude to see these ladies suitably married. Elizabeth sometimes spoke of married life in such terms as to seem to say that she would never marry. Mary at the same time claimed that she should be at once and formally acknowledged as next in succession to the English throne, in default of issue from Elizabeth. But Mary was not the only person in whose favor the right of succession might have been with some reason declared, and Elizabeth had valid grounds for refusing to grant what her sister across the Scottish border was so anxious to obtain. The point settled that on the death of Elizabeth, Mary must be queen, the life of Elizabeth would have become exposed to dangers from which escape could hardly have been possible. Moreover, who was to become the husband of the Queen of Scots? It might be the King of France, the Prince of Spain, or a scion of the house of Austria. In such case, a brief space might suffice to bring in another Marian persecution. The horrors perpetrated by the first Mary from motives of superstition, might have been repeated by the second from pure levity and ambition.

The feeling of Mary toward Elizabeth was that of a tigress ever watching to pounce upon her prey and to rend it without mercy. Whatever in her words or policy might seem to be of another nature, was such only in seeming. Eliza-

beth in her view had usurped a crown which did not belong to her, and dissimulation, falsehood, treason in any form, was allowable, in her apprehension, if it only promised an approach toward a successful seizure of her own. When gay in the court of Paris, and under nineteen years of age, her malicious wit was rife against the Queen of England. Dudley was master of the horse to Elizabeth. "So," said the Queen of France, "her Majesty of England is about to marry her horse-keeper, who has killed his wife to make room for her." After all the agitation in relation to her own marriage on her arrival in Scotland, Mary was to become the wife of Lord Darnley. Through that connection she was to hold the Scotch and English Catholics in her service, and to find some happy juncture in which Elizabeth might be brought to the dust.

But it soon became known that the newly-wedded pair were not on good terms. Darnley was not faultless. Mary was sure not so to be. She had humored her husband in allowing him to be called king; and her husband humored himself into the notion that being king it became him to show that he was not to be wholly ruled by his queen. The result was disastrous. As Darnley declined in Mary's esteem, if he can be said ever to have had a place there, David Ritzio, the man who played and sang her love songs in her bed-chamber, became more her companion; and the Earl of Bothwell, the able and bad earl, was more than ever in her thoughts. The tragedies of which all the world has heard, followed. Darnley was to survive Ritzio, but not for long. Mary said passionately concerning Darnley, in the presence of the official persons about her, that "unless she was freed of him in some way, she had no pleasure to live; and if she could find no other remedy, she would put hand to it herself." Her friends marked this language, and much like it, and talked first of bringing about a divorce, and afterwards of finding some other means by which her Majesty should be quit of her husband. Mary's friends say she did not assent to these dark, hardly dark, utterances. But it is certain that those who knew her best, were satisfied they had nothing to fear from her resentment if the end promised should come. The bond which doomed the unhappy king was accordingly signed by those who were to execute it. "I know what

is in the queen's mind," said Bothwell: "she would have it done."

"On the 14th of January, the queen brought the king to Edinburgh. On the 20th she wrote a letter to the Archbishop of Glasgow at Paris, complaining of her husband's behavior to her, while the poor wretch was still lying on his sick-bed, and about the same time she was rejoined by Bothwell on his return from the border. So far the story can be traced with confidence. At this point, her conduct passes into the debatable land, where her friends meet those who condemn with charges of falsehood and forgery. The evidence is neither conflicting nor insufficient. The dying depositions of the instruments of the crime taken on the steps of the scaffold, the "undesigned coincidences" between the stories of many separate witnesses, with letters which, after the keenest inquiry, were declared to be in her own hand-writing, shed a light upon her proceedings as full as it is startling; but the later sufferings of Mary Stuart have surrounded her name with an atmosphere of tenderness, and half the world has preferred to believe that she was the innocent victim of a hideous conspiracy."—Vol. i. pp. 351, 352.

With the Queen of Scots, as with her grandson, Charles I., death may be said to have been as life. Had they been allowed to die in their beds, few would have been found to bewail their loss. To send them to the scaffold, was to raise them to martyrdom, and to put the misguided sympathies of mankind upon a new reading of every chapter in their history. In 1567, when the Darnley murder became the whispered or indignant talk of court and country, at home and abroad, the wide impression was, that there had been foul play, and that the queen herself had been a party to it. But though Mary might rid herself of her husband, and Bothwell might rid himself of his wife, and the guilty lovers might be thus far successful, the power of the Queen of Scots, as the head of the Catholic interest in these nations, was broken by that deed, so broken as not to admit of being repaired. "Lady Lennox," says the Spanish ambassador, "demands vengeance upon the queen of Scots; nor is Lady Lennox alone in the belief of her guilt. The heretics denounce her with one voice; the Catholics are divided; her own friends acquit her; the connections of the king cry out upon her without exception." Three weeks after the event, the ambassador of the Duke of Savoy at Edinburgh passed through London. The Spanish minister

questioned him anxiously on the subject. "I pressed him," he says, "to tell me whether he thought the queen was innocent; he did not condemn her in words, but he said nothing in her favor." The disconsolate envoy adds: "The spirits of the Catholics are broken; should it turn out that she is guilty, her party in England is gone, and by her means there is no more chance of a restoration of religion." In describing these events, Mr. Froude has to bear comparison with Mignet. It is only just to say that in his narrative there is a calm intelligence and a simple pathos which are his own.

We must confess that we have looked forward with some solicitude to the manner in which Mr. Froude would deal with the ecclesiastical affairs of this reign, especially with the case of our English Puritans. We are ourselves painfully sensible to the imperfections which marked the principles and the reasonings of the Puritans; but from some expressions dropped by the way in the earlier writings of our author, we have been afraid lest his perception of the short-comings of that class of religionists should render him insensible to the real worth of the men, and to their great service in relation not only to our English piety, but to English liberty. We are glad to have reason to think that Mr. Froude, while at times under a somewhat unfriendly bias on this subject, is not likely to err so seriously as we had imagined.

The writers who have been concerned to defend the policy of Elizabeth in so far as resisting the demands of the Puritans, have commonly done so on the plea that the Catholics in the land were still a large majority, and that it would have been dangerous to extend her innovations much further. Mr. Froude supposes at least two thirds of the people to have been Romanists, and it is a fact that the Catholics themselves were wont to make that assertion. Lord Macaulay, in one of his dashing speculative moods, has insisted that the Protestants were not only a minority, but a very small one, even to the end of this reign, founding his opinion on the fact that the dramatists said so little to the disparagement of Romanism in their plays. It would be easy to show that the vices of Catholicism have had as little place on our stage representations during the first half of the nineteenth century as during the latter half of the sixteenth.

But who will say that this has happened because since the year 1800 the Protestants of England have been a very small number compared with Catholics? There are many ways of writing history, and this is one of them. Every one knows that if players were to "live" at that time, their living must be obtained among the people in London and in our large towns; and every one knows also, that whatever may have been the state of things in the rural districts, the mass of the people in our towns, and especially in London, were Protestants. Play-goers have never been people of strong religious feeling, and there has been little temptation accordingly for endeavoring to bring the stage into the controversy between Romanists and Protestants.

Cecil said five years after the queen's accession, that "scantly a third part" among the magistrates of the realm could be confided in to enforce the penal laws against recusants, and Mr. Froude takes this as sufficient evidence that two thirds of the general community must have been Catholics. But we require evidence of a much more decisive character to settle this point. It should be remembered that during all the years of Mary's reign, the government had been naturally assiduous in placing the administration of the laws in the hands of men on whom it could depend. The fact, accordingly, that not more than a third of the magistrates seem to have been Protestants at the time mentioned, is not extraordinary. The wonder rather is that the men of that creed filling such offices were so numerous. Assuredly the fact stated by Cecil is no proof that not more than a third of the persons in that rank of life were of the reformed faith, or that not more than a third of the people were of that creed. What a government as much Protestant as Catholic would do in respect to the appointment of magistrates, is one thing; and what a government would do in that respect, so rabidly and mercilessly intolerant as the government under Mary, is another. Beside which, an indisposition to enforce the penal laws against religious errors, was not in itself a proof that the functionary must have been a Papist. Many Protestants shared in that reluctance, some from doubting the policy of such measures, and others from feeling that if the penal laws were made to bear severely upon Papists, the Puritans could hard-

ly hope to go free. Then there is the evidence arising from the constant complexion of the House of Commons during this reign. It should be remembered that no man was excluded from that House in those times on account of his being a Catholic. It is certain that Catholics were returned as members. In Elizabeth's first House of Commons, the most intolerant Papistical sentiments were uttered. The ambassadors of the Catholic powers often speak of the majority of the Commons as being heretics, never of the whole as being so. Yet it is a notorious fact, that not only did the constituencies return a vast majority of Protestants, but in some Parliaments the majority showed themselves to be zealously Puritan. In many of the *counties* we can suppose the majority of the constituents to have been Catholics. But it is certain that even there it was not invariably so, and it is well known that in the towns and cities the preponderance went the other way. Government influence may have been much greater in those days than in our own, and the custom of elections may not have been the organized affair it became not long afterwards. But still the difference in these respects was not such as to allow us to suppose that electors who were two thirds Catholics, would have so uniformly stultified themselves as they must have done in allowing Elizabeth's Parliaments to be constituted as they were. Could the Commons have had their way in those times, the Church of England would have become a Puritan Church. The lawn of Episcopacy might have given place to the Geneva cloak of the Presbyter, and England and Scotland have become one in ecclesiastical matters, or very nearly so.

But however it may have been as to the preponderance of numbers, it is clear that the young and earnest blood of the country went with the Reformation, taking with it enough of the older and more thoughtful element to secure to it an efficient leadership. In English history, the great changes for the better have come, not from majorities, but from men who have compensated for their lack of numbers by their greater intelligence and their public virtue.

Many of the ruling clergy under Mary now refused the oaths submitted to them, and did so with a dogged firmness. But their courage came not from any thing they could expect from the English people. It

came from the assurance of Spanish emissaries that help would soon be sent to them from Madrid. Change had followed change so quickly of late that the next, it was thought, could not be far distant. Courage, therefore, said the brave man. By conforming now we may lose every thing. By waiting a little we may recover all. The following is Mr. Froude's account of the posture of affairs as it must have presented itself to Elizabeth and her advisers in 1558:

"Seven years later Elizabeth told Guzman de Silva, then Philip's ambassador, that at the beginning of her reign she had not been wholly a free agent, and that she had been driven by the pressure of the Protestants beyond the point where she would have preferred to rest. It is possible that she was intentionally deceiving De Silva, but it is likely also that, if left to herself, she would have accepted a less innovating policy. Politically there was much to recommend it. The Council of Trent had proved a failure. The Lutherans had recovered the ascendancy in Germany, and the Ultramontanes had not yet succeeded in dividing the Church of Rome by any sharply-defined line from the communion of the more moderate Reformers. The chances were equal that if a general council should reassemble, the Confession of Augsburg might be acknowledged, while the Genevan Theology, and the Articles, and the Second Prayer Book of Edward VI., would be certainly condemned. The Premunire Statutes would secure the national independence, and so long as the critical doctrine of the Eucharist was unimpugned, the Church of England might still consider itself in communion with Catholic Christendom, while the great powers could have no pretext for interference or complaint. Personally and individually, the dogmatism of Calvin was as distasteful to Elizabeth as the despotism of Rome. The practical complexion of her genius gave her a dislike and distrust of speculation. She was herself, in her own opinions, studiously vague, and she would have been contented with a tolerated orthodoxy which would have left to Catholics their ritual, deprived only of its extravagances, and to the more moderate of their opponents free scope to feel their way towards a larger creed."—Vol. i. pp. 22, 23.

That Elizabeth would have given the liberty here indicated to Catholics we do not doubt, but it does not appear, we think, from her history, that it ever entered her thoughts to cede to their opponents "free scope to feel their way towards a larger creed." Too often such presumption on their part was little less in her eyes than a sort of treason. The following passage sets forth the difference

of principle between Catholics and Protestants at this juncture with considerable fairness, and shows how vain, when you have to do with an infallible church, must be all attempts at compromise.

"Revolution can not be controlled with the logic of moderation, and toleration of those who are themselves intolerant is possible only when the common sense of mankind compels them to an inconsistency with their theories. The Lutheran might seem nearer to the Romanist than he was to Beza or Zwingle, but the vital differences were not the apparent differences, and the distinctions between the Reformers were after all but insignificant shades of variety compared with the principle which parted all of them from the orthodox Catholic. The Catholic believed in the authority of the church, the Reformers in the authority of reason. Where the church had spoken, the Catholic obeyed. His duty was to accept without question the laws which councils had decreed, which popes and bishops administered, and, so far as in him lay, to enforce on others the same submission to an outward rule which he regarded as divine. All shades of Protestants, on the other hand, agreed that authority might err, that Christ had left no visible representative whom individually they were bound to obey, that religion was the operation of the Spirit on the mind and conscience, that the Bible was God's Word, which each Christian was to read, and which, with God's help, and his natural intelligence, he could not fail to understand. The Catholic left his Bible to the learned. The Protestant translated the Bible, and brought it to the door of every Christian family. The Catholic prayed in Latin, and whether he understood the words, or repeated them as a form, the effect was the same, for it was magical. The Protestant prayed with his mind as an act of faith in a language intelligible to him, or he could not pray at all. The Catholic bowed in awe before his wonder-working image, adored his relics, and gave his life into the guidance of his spiritual director. The Protestant tore open the machinery of the miracles, flung the bones and ragged garments into the fire, and treated priests as men like himself. The Catholic was intolerant upon principle, persecution was the corollary of his creed. The intolerance of the Protestant was in spite of his creed. In denying the right of the church to define his own belief, he had forfeited the privilege of punishing the errors of those who chose to differ from him."—Vol. i. pp. 23, 24.

It was even so. The question to be settled was the question of "liberty as opposed to submission, the natural intelligence of the living man as opposed to the corporate sovereignty of the outward

and visible Church." To retain all that Henry VIII. had retained, and at the same time to reject what Henry VIII. rejected, small as the rejected element may seem, was to take sides with Luther and Calvin. The authority of the Papal Church was in either case discarded; and that being discarded, it mattered little what else might be perpetuated. The rent had come. The garment that should have been without seam became divided. Hence the error of Elizabeth's attempted midway policy. To discountenance Puritanism availed nothing. Submission to Romanism was the thing demanded. Some English Romanists, indeed, pleaded the Catholic character of the Prayer Book as a reason why they should perhaps be allowed to attend the services of the church, and so to escape the fines and inconveniences to which they were exposed as recusants. No, was the answer of his Holiness, and of his advisers—you can not engage in such services, however unexceptionable and Catholic, without hearing sermons which shall be surely false and heretical. Elizabeth was thus to find that to go one mile, or to go twain, was not enough. Nothing short of the whole journey would suffice. The Romish idea of church authority made this inevitable. The Vatican would show no more favor to Canterbury as fashioned by Elizabeth, than to Geneva as fashioned by Calvin. So long as this unbending pretension is maintained there is no place for compromise. Where there is absolute infallibility there should be absolute submission.

The truth is, Elizabeth, in her mongrel adjustment of past and present, was not choosing so much for her subjects as for herself. Her mind was ever in a haze between the two creeds. If her intelligence revolted against superstition, her imagination was fascinated by dreamy, mystical, and imposing elements in worship; and her faculty for organization, and her love of rule, did the rest. It was the pleasure she felt in the consciousness of holding the reins and guiding the chariot of the state, which made the Court of High Commission so acceptable to her. The old spiritual courts had enabled the Popish bishops to hold a diocese assize in relation to all sorts of ecclesiastical delinquencies within their respective jurisdictions. Elizabeth, in the true spirit of her policy, did not restore this power to the prelates, but retained it virtually in her own hands. What the

old spiritual courts had been to parts of the kingdom, the Court of High Commission became to the whole.

To that court it pertained to determine what should be accounted "error, heresy, or schism." But the things so declared must be shown to be such "by the authority of the Canonical Scriptures, or by the first four general councils, or any of them, or by any other general council, wherein the same was declared heresy by the express and plain words of Scripture; or such as shall hereafter be ordered, judged, or determined to be heresy by the high court of Parliament, with the assent of the clergy in their convocation." (1 Eliz. cap. 1.) This mixture of the authority of general councils and of the English Parliament with the authority of Scripture, is eminently characteristic. It will be seen that this statute left the commissioners a wide field of interpretation. And memorable was the use they made of it, especially in their dealings with Puritans and Separatists. This phase of ecclesiastical rule under Elizabeth is touched upon but briefly in these volumes. The test of Mr. Froude's candor, in relation to this significant chapter in our history, is still to come. No man of sense will affect to be ignorant of the faults chargeable on the Puritans. But the question is, were not those faults the almost inevitable result of their circumstances? Were they not in a great degree provoked? Were they not allied with qualities which made those men comparatively the free men of their time, and the great conservators of freedom for their country?

We must repeat, that while we are hopeful we are not without some misgiving as to the manner in which Mr. Froude may deal with this section of his great subject. In his description of the opening of Parliament in 1563 he has given expression to some just and noble sentiments.

"Sir Thomas Williams, the Speaker of the Lower House, followed next in the very noblest spirit of English Puritanism. With quaint allegoric and classical allusions, interlaced with illustrations from the Bible, he conveyed to the queen the gratitude of the people for their restored religion, and her own moderate and gentle government. He described the country, however, as still suffering from ignorance, error, covetousness, and a thousand meaner vices. Schools were in decay, universities deserted, benefices unsupplied. As he passed through the streets he heard almost

as many oaths as words. Then turning to the queen herself, he went on thus :

"We now assembled, as diligent in our calling, have thought good to move your Majesty to build a fort for the surety of the realm, to the repulsing of your enemies abroad ; which must be set upon firm ground and steadfast, having two gates—one commonly open, the other as a postern, with two watchmen at either of them ; one governor, one lieutenant, and no good thing there wanting ; the same to be named the Fear of God ; the governor thereof to be God, your Majesty the lieutenant, the stones the hearts of your faithful people ; the two watchmen at the open gate to be called Knowledge and Virtue, the two at the postern-gate to be called Mercy and Truth.

"This fort is invincible, if every man will fear God ; for all governors reign and govern by the two watchmen Knowledge and Virtue ; and if you, being the lieutenant, see Justice and Prudence, her sisters, executed, then shall you rightly use your office ; and for such as depart out of this fort, let them be let out at the postern by the two watchmen Mercy and Truth, and then shall you be well at home and abroad."

"All that was most excellent in English heart and feeling—the spirit which carried England safe at last through its trials—spoke in these words. Those in whom that spirit lived were few in number ; there was never an age in this world's history when they were other than few ; but few or many, they are at all times the world's true sovereign leaders, and Elizabeth, among her many faults, knew these men when she saw them, and gave them their place, and so prospered she and her country. The clergy cried out for the blood of the disaffected : the lay speaker would let them go by the postern of Mercy and Truth."

—Vol. i. pp. 480, 481.

Good, very good : but is it true that the "clergy cried out for the blood of the disaffected," while the laymen would have allowed them to go free ? More than once our author speaks of the Protestant clergy as though there was not a whit to choose between them and the Romanists on the score of a readiness to persecute, and to persecute even, to the death. In support of such censures, so grave in their reflection on the character of the dead, and so injurious to the reputation of principles dear to the living, the most unexceptionable evidence should be given. But such evidence is not given, and we venture to affirm that it can not be given. In our author's account of this same session of Parliament we find the following passage :

"On the 20th of February a bill was intro-

duced, by which, without mention of doctrine, Protestant or Catholic, all persons who maintained the Pope's authority, or refused the oath of allegiance to the queen, for the first offense should incur a præmunire, for the second the pains of treason. Cecil, in a passionate speech, declared that the House was bound in gratitude not to reject what was necessary for the queen's security.

"After Cecil, arose Sir Francis Knowles, who said that there had been enough of words : it was time to draw the sword. The Commons were generally Puritan. The opposition of the Lords had been neutralized by a special provision in their favor, and the bill was carried. The obligation to take the oath was extended to the holder of every office, lay or spiritual, in the realm. The clergy were required to swear whenever their ordinary might be pleased to offer them the oath. The members of the House of Commons were required to swear when they took their seats. Members from the Upper House were alone exempt.

"Heath, Bonner, Thirlby, Feckenham, and the other prisoners, at once prepared to die. *The Protestant ecclesiastics would as little spare them as they had spared the Protestants.* They would have shown no mercy themselves, and looked for none.

"*Nor is there any doubt what their fate would have been had it rested with the English bishops.* Immediately after the bill had received the royal assent, the hated Bonner was sent for to be the first victim. Horne, Bishop of Winchester, offered him the oath, which it was thought certain he would refuse, and he would then be at the mercy of his enemies. Had it been so the English Church would have disgraced itself, but Bonner's fate would have called for little pity. The law, however, stepped in between the prelates and their prey—as Portia between Shylock and Antonio—and saved them both. By the act archbishops and bishops might alone tender the oath, and Bonner evaded the dilemma by challenging his questioner's title to the name. When Horne was appointed to the see of Winchester, his predecessor was alive ; the English bishops generally had been so irregularly consecrated that their authority, until confirmed by Act of Parliament, was of doubtful legality ; and the judges of the Court of Queen's Bench caught at the plea, to prevent a needless cruelty. Bonner was returned to the Marshalsea, and Horne gained nothing by his eagerness but a stigma upon himself and his brethren."—Vol. i. pp. 480-491.

Here it is to be observed that the bill so much reprobated by our historian, is a bill debated and carried, not in an Upper House of Convocation, but in an English House of Commons ; and we not only see it carried there, but approved by the Lords,

with the large number of Catholic peers who had seats there, and assented to by the queen. It is clear that if it was a severe and oppressive enactment, the guilt of that severity and oppression rested on the gravest, the most honest, and the wisest of the lay statesmen about Elizabeth. Every student of history knows, and no man better than Mr. Froude, that, under the Tudors, it was common to pass such laws without the slightest thought of their being generally enforced. In this case, too, it must be observed, the penalty of the first refusal did not go beyond deprivation and a loss of property. The enforcement of the act in a second instance, where the refusal might expose the recusant to the penalties of treason, was left to be wholly optional, and no man dreamt of that step as being other than a very rare one.

We have then to look at the passage cited bearing these facts in mind. Horne regarded Bonner as belonging to his diocese of Winchester. Bonner grounded his refusal to take the oath on a series of quibbles, and did so, as was his wont, in the most offensive manner. The exception which denied Horne to be a bishop was only one of these. The difficulty thus raised was one of a sea of embarrassments of this nature, consequent on the imperfect legislation which has never ceased to characterize the Anglican Church. Had Cranmer completed his digest of ecclesiastical law, and thus severed the legislation of the reformed Church of England entirely and forever from the past, no such question as this could have been raised. But that digest was not perfected, and our Acts of Parliament on church matters have left a large portion of the old canon law to come into force in such cases. According to those un repealed regulations Bonner was right. Horne was not Bishop of Winchester. The citation sent to him was not valid. But this point has nothing to do with the purpose with which we call attention to the preceding extract.

Horne, Bishop of Winchester, requires Bonner to take the oath. The effect of Bonner's refusal would be, that he would be formally deprived of ecclesiastical office, and his substance would be at the mercy of the crown. On this fact Mr. Froude grounds the following assertions, in effect, if not formally. First, that Horne not only expected that the secular power

would thus punish Bonner, but that he intended to go further, and to press the oath a second time, and on Bonner's refusal, to call for his being sent to the block. Second, that what Horne would thus have done in respect to Bonner, the English prelates were all prepared to join in doing towards the whole of his brethren! Surely this is a very grave accusation. Where is the evidence? We ask in vain. The only reference given is to Strype, and in that reference we find nothing more than the paper in which Bonner sets forth the sort of defense made by him. It does not furnish a particle of evidence as to the bloody-minded intentions thus attributed to the whole bench of bishops. Mr. Froude, we believe, is incapable of conscious unfairness; but his mind seems to have its fits of humor on such questions. At times he appears as if disposed to startle his readers by saying very unexpected things. There are connections in which he can utter great and noble words in behalf of men on whom the philosophical world has rarely bestowed even a scant justice; and there are other times in which he will say of good men the very things which bad men would wish him to say of them.

Protestants under Elizabeth had indeed much to learn on the subject of religious liberty; but to say that they had as much to learn on that subject as the Papists themselves, is to do them great wrong. Protestantism was ascendant during the reign of Edward IV., and Protestant ecclesiastics were in great power during all that reign, but no drop of Romanist blood was shed. Bonner and Gardiner were in the hands of those ecclesiastics. They insulted prelates and laymen almost without limit. But not a hair of their head was injured. We know the course of things under Mary. Look on this picture, and on that. What the man did who preceded Edward VI., was a matter for which neither Protestants nor Romanists can be held responsible. Had the government of Elizabeth proceeded so far as to send Bonner to the stake, there would have been scarcely a comparison between its deed and the deeds with which that brutal man was chargeable. We earnestly hope that in a second edition Mr. Froude will be led to reconsider some passages of this nature in his history which greatly mar the general caution and integrity of his narrative.

Unfortunately, among the lessons which

Mr. Froude appears to have learnt from Mr. Carlyle, and which he has not yet forgotten, is the maxim, that all religionists who "claim exclusive possession of truth," are, in proportion to their sincerity, intolerant and persecuting. The consequences of this paradox should have sufficed to prevent any thoughtful man from adopting it. If true, mankind may be said to be doomed, by the necessities of their condition, to become either skeptics caring nothing for truth, or bigots cutting men's throats to uphold it. In such cases, the only hope the world can have of tranquillity, is in the probability that society may some day become so wise as to be indifferent to the distinctions between true and false; or, rather, so happy as to be wholly ignorant of such differences. Amity should be expected in proportion to the absence of truth; the contrary in proportion to its presence. But may not a man be convinced that the truth which he holds is truth necessary to salvation, and be at the same time convinced, and in no less a degree, on another point—namely, that, right as it

may be in him to believe as he does, it would be as certainly wrong in him to attempt to force that belief upon others? The Teacher who prohibited the rooting up of the tares growing among the wheat, and said let both grow together until the harvest, certainly seemed so to think. It is no doubt true that some of the most earnest religionists have been, and apparently as the consequence of their earnestness, among the most zealous persecutors. But both logic and fact show, that it does not follow that men zealous to convert their fellows to their own faith, must of necessity evince a passion for burning the bodies of such persons when they happen to find their souls incorrigible. What is wanting in such cases is not that men should be less zealous, but that their thinking should be broader, and that their truth should be more comprehensive, embracing their whole duty. The study of the human mind should teach us this lesson, and the book whence the truth necessary to salvation must be derived reiterates it in a hundred forms.

From the Leisure Hour.

THE WOMANLESS REGION.

THERE are many islands, and not a few large continental districts, which have no stated representatives of the human race. But as far as information extends, there is only one territory of any size, and never has been but one, occupied by a goodly number of the descendants of Adam, from which that exquisite variety of the species—woman—is carefully excluded, the society being entirely masculine. A description of this singular spot may be readily given. Suppose Flamborough Head to stretch some forty miles into the North Sea, varying in the midst from two to nine miles, and traversing at the extremity to the height of six thousand feet above the waters; imagine it attached to the coast of Yorkshire by a low narrow isthmus; and to be well clothed with woods, gay with flowers, rich with odors, and stocked with song-birds, while overhung by the

brightest, bluest of all skies—the reader will then have before his mind's eye a general outline of the locality, as far as relates to its natural features. The sons of Eve are there, but none of the daughters; and lest they should attempt to intrude, influenced by the curiosity attributed by common fame to their primal mother, there is a guard stationed for the express purpose of keeping them out. So well has watch and ward been maintained, that some of the gentlemen who entered in early years, and have not since mingled with the outlying world, have lost almost all idea what kind of creatures women are.

Reference is here made to the easternmost of the three tongues of land which project in so striking a manner from the north coast of the Greek Archipelago. This is the old peninsula of Acte, now called Monte Santo, or the Holy Mountain, of

which Mount Athos forms the terminating point—a conical mass of limestone, shooting up gradually and abruptly to the height of six thousand three hundred and fifty feet. It has a very magnificent appearance, the base being clothed with pines, while the upper slopes and the peak are bare, and shine with dazzling whiteness when lit up by the sunbeams. The mountain is easily ascended, and commands a splendid view of the principal Thessalian and Macedonian summits, with shores on every hand, deeply penetrated by the clear blue water. Ninety miles to the westward, Pelion, Ossa, and Olympus may be discerned on the horizon, when the atmosphere is free from haze. A small chapel at the top, under the name of the Transfiguration, is annually visited by some monks, on the 6th of August, for the purpose of saying mass. In the days of inexpert and timid navigation, this lofty promontory was greatly dreaded by mariners, owing to the rough seas encountered in its neighborhood. Hence, to avoid rounding it, Xerxes, on his famous invasion of Greece, had a canal cut for his fleet through the narrow neck of the peninsula, some traces of which remain. From this point, through the proper peninsular district to the foot of the mountain, the country is a table-land of moderate elevation, rugged and intersected by numerous ravines. It is for the most part beautifully wooded. Fine chestnuts, oaks, beeches, and plane-trees intermingle with the ilex, bay, wild-fig, wild-olive, and much underwood; but the landscape is diversified by many small clearings and patches of cultivation.

The bold headland itself is not inhabited, only the country between it and the isthmus, the whole of which belongs to a monastic confederation of from two to three thousand Greek Christians. They occupy some twenty convents; besides these, there are a great number of places of ascetic retirement, cells and hermitages, often romantically situated, which are so many dependencies of the great houses. The date of the first foundations is entirely unknown. Two of the monasteries claim Constantine the Great for their founder. Two more claim the Empress Pulcheria. The majority arose in the tenth, eleventh, and twelfth centuries. These fraternities had the prudence to submit to Mohammed II., prior to the fall of Constantinople, and received from him a

protection, which has been generally respected by his successors. Though the domain is of course part of the Turkish empire, not a single rood of it is claimed in property by the Sultan, or by any Mussulman subject. An annual tribute of one hundred and fifty thousand piasters, about fifteen hundred pounds, is paid by the whole peninsula, towards which the different societies contribute their share, according to an assessment determined by their representatives. Each convent sends a deputy to a kind of diet, which manages general interests, and holds its sittings at Karyes, a small central town, answering to the communities of Mount Athos, as Washington to the United States. It is occupied by a few artisans, who carve crosses and ornaments of cypress wood, and is the residence of a solitary Turkish official, who collects the revenue, and is the medium of communication with the government. Besides the representatives, there are four presidents of the confederation, upon whom the duties of administration devolve. They are taken from four different monasteries each year, so that in five years each of the twenty monasteries has its turn to name one. Precedence is given to one of these functionaries with the style and title of "The First Man of Athos."

At the entrance of the peninsula, a few soldiers in the pay of the monastic bodies, are stationed, for the purpose of excluding unauthorized parties. No female is ever allowed to cross the frontier. Any woman, with the requisite ability and will, may climb Mont Blanc, but not Mount Athos, or indeed come within some forty miles of it, at least by land. The prohibition is of long standing, originated partly by superstition, and partly by an idea that it was necessary for the maintenance of ascetic discipline. But rumor states that two of our countrywomen once landed from a yacht on the coast, and certainly without confirming the belief of the Greek sailors, who were persuaded that any woman guilty of such a trespass would be infallibly struck dead for her presumption. The rule is absurdly extended to every other female creature, as far as practicable. Hence, from time immemorial, no cow, mare, hen, or she-cat, has here been suffered to make acquaintance with hill, vale, or shady grove. But travelers say, that both the king and queen of the fleas keep their court in the

convents, and reign over legions of subjects, who are particularly partial to the rich juices of Europeans from the northwest, especially the beef-eating English. If she-cats are not tolerated, toms are in high favor, huge fellows, imported from the world without as kittens, which are taught by the younger brethren to perform summersets, and other tricks, for their diversion. Karyes has a weekly market, assuredly unique. Chanticleer is there exposed for sale, but without his mate; and all the other live-stock consists of *he's*, while the buyers and sellers are exclusively men. Even the Turkish resident official can not have his wife with him.

Few of our countrymen, except those of the learned class, have thought it worth while to peep into the peninsula, long celebrated, though perhaps not justly, for its literary treasures of classical and ecclesiastical antiquity, preserved in the conventual libraries. Dr. Pococke and Mr. Tweddle were there in the last century; Professor Carlyle and Dr. Hunt at the commencement of the present, as well as Dr. E. D. Clarke. More recently it was visited by Mr. Curzon, in 1837, and Mr. Bowen, in the summer of 1850. The first named of the recent tourists went out with a letter from the then Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Howley, commending the bearer to the good offices of the Greek Patriarch, at Constantinople, in furtherance of the objects of his journey. Upon presenting the missive, a curious dialogue occurred.

"And who," said the great dignitary, "is the Archbishop of Canterbury?"

"What!" replied the traveler, not a little astonished.

"Who is the Archbishop?"

"Why, the Archbishop of Canterbury."

"Archbishop of what?"

"Canterbury."

"Oh! ah! yes! and who is he?"

It was explained to his venerableness, that the person in question was head of the Church of England, who had crowned William IV., and would soon crown the young Queen Victoria.

"Well," said the Patriarch, "but how is that? How can it happen that the head of your church is only an archbishop? whereas I command other patriarchs, and under them archbishops, archimandrites, and other dignitaries. How can these things be? I can not write an answer to the letter of the Archbishop of—of—"

"Of Canterbury."

"Yes, of Canterbury, for I do not see how he who is only an archbishop can by any possibility be the head of a Christian hierarchy. But as you come from the British Embassy, I will give my letters as you desire."

So the long-bearded dignitary summoned his secretary and wrote the desired mandate—

"To the blessed Inspectors, Officers, Chiefs, and Representatives of the Holy Community of Monte Santo, and to the Holy Fathers of the same, and of all other sacred convents, our beloved Sons:

"We, Gregorius, Patriarch, Archbishop Universal, Patriarch of Constantinople, etc., etc., etc.

"The bearer of the present, our patriarchal sheet, the Hon. Rob. Curzon, of a noble English family, intending to travel, and wishing to be instructed in the old and new philology, thinks to satisfy his curiosity by repairing to those sacred convents which may have any connection with his intentions. We recommend his person, therefore, to you all," etc., etc.

This epistle acted as a talisman. Every attention was paid to the wants and wishes of the traveler, from the monastic authorities; and he obtained at a cheap rate several MSS., finely executed, though not of much intrinsic worth. A magnificent-looking monk told him the brief story of his life. He came from a village in Roumelia, but did not recollect its name or exact position. His parents and most of the other inhabitants had been massacred in some revolt or disturbance; so he had been told, but he remembered nothing about it. He had been educated in a school belonging to one of the convents, and had never quitted the peninsula since he entered it in early boyhood. He did not recollect his mother, nor was he quite sure that he ever had one. He had never seen a woman, and his only notion of the phenomenon was put together by fancy and hearsay. Mr. Bowen encountered a brother specimen of the genus. The man startled him by suddenly asking, "What sort of human creatures are women?" He had only seen his mother, and had forgotten even her appearance, having been a recluse ever since he was four years old. An amusing incident occurred during Mr. Curzon's stay at Karyes, in the house of the Turkish officer. One day a cat came into the room with two kittens.

"Ah!" said he, "how is this? Why, this is a she-cat, a cat feminine! What business has it on Mount Athos?"

"Hush!" replied the host, with a solemn grin; "do not say any thing about it. Yes, it must be a she-cat. I allow, certainly, that it must be a she-cat. I brought it with me from Stamboul; but do not speak of it, or they will take it away; and it reminds me of my home, where my wife and children are living, far away from me."

Little did the monks imagine, at the period of the visit, that there was one among them "taking notes," who would make them known to the world. As little did the traveler fancy, when writing an account of his tour, which simply contained some good-humored quizzing, that the fame thereof would reach the Hellenic land, and excite, in no slight degree, the choler of a touchy race; but so it was. His book, published some ten years ago, has since been translated into Greek, and appeared by piece-meal in the pages of the *Euterpe*, a monthly publication at Athens, containing versions from the lighter literature of England, France, and Germany. There is a preface appended to the translation, from which an extract may be made: "When the English traveler, Clarke, plundered the monasteries of Athos of the MSS. of Plato, our countryman, Coray, broke forth into loud lamentation for that deed of sacrilege. At the present day, we have a certain Robert Curzon, also an Englishman, publishing his recent tour in Athos, in which he sarcastically relates how the Patriarch of Constantinople gave him a letter to the monks of the mountain; and how, by means of this letter and a judicious use of money, he succeeded in extracting from them sundry valuable national heir-looms of Byzantine art; as if it had been fated that unhappy Greece should never cease to be a windfall for foreigners, and, according to the proverb, 'spoil of the Mysians.' The tour of this Englishman we now translate into our own language, both for the reasons already given, and because it embraces many curious matters relating to that national history which is an object of so much study to every Greek; but we leave as we find it all his bitter mockery of the Patriarch, that it may serve as a lesson, for the time to come, to the ecclesiastical chiefs of our race in Turkey." These angry strictures are quite uncalled for. Much more appro-

priately might the editor of the "*Euterpe*" have lamented, or been indignant, at the degeneracy of his countrymen, for valuing pounds, shillings, and pence above the antique monuments of their own literature.

Several of the monasteries are very picturesquely seated, perched on high cliffs of difficult access. Reared in turbulent times, when attacks from banditti and pirates might not be improbable, they are fortress-looking buildings, with massive walls, answering to the description of Lindisfarn, in "*Marmion*"—

"And needful was such strength to these,
Exposed to the tempestuous seas,
Scourged by the winds' eternal sway,
Open to rovers fierce as they."

The offices within the walls commonly include a granary, mill, bakehouse, kitchen, workshop, and infirmary. Being recruited from the outward world, the inmates come from every part of the Turkish empire where the Greek language is spoken, and are chiefly Greeks in blood and speech from Roumelia, although there is a large number from the adjoining kingdom, late of Otho. As there is no unappropriated ground, every new comer has to seek admission into one of the existing societies. To obtain this, he must devote his time and labor to the common service, such as till the lands, tend the vines, engage in house-work, or in the necessary handicrafts for which he is qualified. For three years after admission he is called a probationer, and at the end of that time, if he has proved his ability and willingness to keep the monastic discipline, he receives the first tonsure, and becomes a caloyer, literally "good elder," or monk. The discipline observed by the brotherhoods is in no slight degree oppressive to the bodily inclinations. Their church services last six or seven hours every day—sometimes twice, now and then even thrice as long. Their sleep does not exceed four or five hours. Their food is always meager in quality, and often also in quantity. They never taste meat. On one hundred and fifty-nine days in the year they have only one meal; and at this, eggs, cheese, fish, wine, and oil are forbidden them. In some of the establishments a candidate is admitted on paying to the common stock five thousand piasters, about forty-five pounds, and then he

becomes a kind of gentleman-caloyer, being exempted from all servile work. For this sum he obtains a cell, with the usual daily allowance of bread and wine; but additional fare he must provide for himself. These monks do not eat together in the refectory, except on some great festival occasions; nor are they bound to a common attendance on all the services of the church, but may repeat some of the offices in their own rooms. They are at liberty to possess money, and make what use of it they please in life; but at death it becomes the property of the particular house to which they belong. Few care to take orders and become priests, but prefer to remain lay-brethren, owing to the onerous duties of the church service.

And now, what of the long and widely-renowned libraries of Mount Athos? To

them the learned have occasionally looked as likely to contain some of the hitherto lost works of ancient writers.

For some years past, a Greek named Simonides has claimed the attention of western scholars, alleging himself to be the possessor of a large number of Greek manuscripts derived from this region. He has appeared in many countries, dealing with scholars, and endeavoring to gain for his literary treasures the notice conceived to be their due, receiving countenance from some, and regarded by others as an impostor. At any rate, if an impostor, he is unmistakably a clever one; and Mount Athos may number among its celebrities, with tom-cats and monks, the accomplished Dr. Simonides.

The most recent questions raised in connection with these disputed manuscripts will be stated in a separate article.

From the Westminster Review.

THE TUNNEL UNDER MONT CENIS.*

FANCIFUL speculators have often amused themselves with the question, what would remain of London were it abandoned for two or three thousand years, like the cities of Assyria? Lord Macaulay figured to himself a New Zealander musing over a vast heap of bricks at some period in the far future, but perhaps by the time A.D. 4000 or 5000 had arrived, even bricks might have disappeared, and nothing be left but a gigantic mound of dust, which the one near Euston-square,

lately sold for a vast sum, may represent to our fancy, in spite of its diminutive scale. This image is certainly not calculated to give us a grand idea of the nineteenth century, especially if we compare it with the splendid ruins which still attest the power of Nineveh and Rome. But a little reflection may perhaps help us to salve over the wound to our vanity. The remains of bygone days are the memorials of individuals; the palaces of old recall the name of some dead tyrant, and even the most useful works of antiquity—the Roman aqueducts—were but the presents of emperors to their subjects; whereas now the object for which we labor has been displaced, and the advantage of millions, instead of the gratification of units, is the aim we strive after. If our cities are no longer adorned with buildings of a material and massiveness calculated to resist the assault of ages, it is not that our engineers are incapable of producing works worthy to excite the admiration of posterity. We no longer, indeed, build pyramids to shroud the bones of some

* *Senato del Regno. Rapport du Bureau Central, composé de Messieurs les Sénateurs de Brignole-Sala, Plana, Mosca, De la Marmora, et Jacquemoud, sur le Projet de Loi pour la percée du Mont Cenis, et l'Approbation du nouveau Cahier de Charges de la Compagnie Victor-Emmanuel.* Turin: 1859.

Discorso del Ministro dei Lavori Pubblici, Conte Menabrea, pronunziato alla Camera dei Deputati nella tornata del 4 Marzo, 1863, sul Traforo del Montcenisio. Torino: 1863.

Traforo delle Alpi tra Bardonnèche e Modane: Relazione della Direzione Tecnica alla Direzione Generale delle Strade Ferrate dello Stato. Torino: 1863.

dead Rameses, or erect a cathedral like that of Glasgow to the memory of an obscure St. Mungo; but in this very island we have spanned arms of the sea with railway bridges under which the largest line-of-battle ship can pass, all sails set; our nearest neighbors are toiling, despite a short-sighted and ungenerous opposition, to open a canal between the Mediterranean and Red Sea, while another scion of the Latin race is working equally hard to pierce the natural barrier of the Alps, and put their railway system in direct communication with that of the rest of Europe. To the present generation the Menai tubular bridge is a nine days' wonder; the Suez canal has been discussed until the subject has been worn threadbare, and must now be left to the practical test of success; but the third great engineering work of the day is almost unknown in England, at least in its details, and we therefore propose to devote some pages to an account of this marvelous tunnel—marvelous, not so much from its great length, though that will be between seven and eight miles, (12,220 mètres,) as from the scientific interest attached to the employment of natural forces not hitherto utilized.

At the late meeting of the British Association at Newcastle, Sir William Armstrong startled and probably alarmed many of his hearers by imparting his opinion that the seams of coal in these islands would be exhausted in little more than two centuries. Posterity will have to judge of the accuracy of this calculation. It may perhaps be found that as coal becomes dearer by the working out of the upper veins, it will be profitable to sink the shafts down to the lower ones, now left untouched because the market price is not such as to cover the expense to be incurred, and a supply be thus obtained for a considerably longer period. Be this as it may, however, there can be no doubt that we are now expending coal at a rate far more rapid than that at which it was formed by the decay of primeval vegetation; and it would therefore be a discovery of no small benefit to our race were it possible to find some power capable of setting all our manufacturing machinery in action, other than steam, to generate which in sufficient quantities so vast an amount of coal is daily consumed; and the advantage would be all the greater if the new force we desiderate could be one

sure not to be exhausted so long as the physical conditions of our globe remain unchanged, or indeed fit for the habitation of such creatures as ourselves. The only two forces of which this can be predicted with any safety are *air* and *water*, and the use that may be made of them is the great lesson to be learnt from a consideration of the tunnel under Mont Cénis.

Scarcely had the importance about to be assumed by the railway system of Europe been acknowledged, than a tunnel under the Alps became the dream of engineers, especially those of Italy. It is indeed evident, that even supposing the Peninsula suddenly endowed with a railway net as complete as that which intersects the manufacturing districts of the West Riding or Lancashire, Italy must be cut off from the great flow of transit and traffic so long as no direct communication exists between her railway system and that of other nations. The difficulty of creating one was, however, enormous, and the Alps presented an obstacle as difficult to turn as to overcome. Apart from all engineering impediments, the Corniche line implied so great a circuit, that the railroad journey from Paris to the Valley of the Po by this route would have cost more in time and money than the twelve or fourteen hours' passage over Mont Cénis in a carriage; and the same might be said of the circuit round the upper end of the Adriatic, without adding that the problem would not have been in any degree solved even thus, before the construction of the remarkable ascending lines over the Bocchetta Pass and the Simmering. Nor when these were made, did the question seem nearer to a real solution. The Alps were too high to be crossed by this system, even had the snow which covers them for half the year not opposed an invincible obstacle, and the same double objection presented itself to the construction of a tunnel on any method hitherto employed, for shafts could not be thought of, and yet no tunnel of even a quarter the length had hitherto been considered possible without them. Nevertheless, as a tunnel seemed the only resource, engineers continued to devise schemes for piercing it, more or less impracticable, very much like those we periodically hear of for bridging over or boring under the Channel.

To add to the difficulty, it so happened

that Mont Cenis, the shortest and most frequented of the Alpine passes, the one by which it was soonest possible to reach the plain and the railway system on either side, and which the genius of Napoleon had marked out as the true line of communication between France and Italy, was in the hands of a third-rate State, counting scarcely five millions of inhabitants. Fortunately, however, though the kingdom was small, its destinies were directed by the greatest statesman of our day—one whose eagle glance took in far more than the interests of the moment, and who, foreseeing the time when Piedmont would be Italy, was steadily bent on preparing her to play the part of a great power. As it happened, also, the minister was not only a skillful politician, but he had received an admirable scientific education, and when three engineers, whose names deserve to be chronicled for all ages, MM. Grandis, Grattoni, and Sommeiller, supported by the authority of M. Ranco, whose views gained weight from the distinguished part he had taken in the construction of the Genoa and Turin railway, presented their invention to him, Count de Cavour did not turn away with disdain, because no tunnel had ever before been pierced by machines impelled by compressed air* produced by the action of water, but rather saw in the novelty of the idea a ground for hoping that difficulties insuperable by any means usually practiced would thus be overcome. To the above-mentioned four engineers, in the first instance, and secondly, but no less perhaps, to Count de Cavour and his two illustrious friends and colleagues, M. Paleocapa and General de Menabrea, who concurred and sympathized in his opinion of the feasibility of the scheme, will the world owe lasting gratitude for breaking down the barrier of the Alps, and still more for introducing a new motive power into mechanics.

The whole scheme was so new, that the first thing to be done was to test the models of the proposed machines. A commission of five persons was therefore appointed by the Piedmontese government to try a series of experiments, to prove the

possibility of compressing air by water-power, and then conveying it to a distant spot there to put a perforating machine in motion, and also to determine whether so long a tunnel without shafts could be ventilated.

The report of this commission was so favorable as fully to answer to the farsighted anticipations of the minister. Much doubtless remained to be done, for the machines tested were mere models, requiring to be greatly modified and increased in size before they could be used on a large scale; still the principle was so well established, and the whole scheme appeared so far superior to any other that either had been, or was likely to be presented, that the commissioners did not hesitate to recommend its immediate adoption. At the same time a favorable conjuncture presented itself by the absorption of the companies running the lines between Susa and the Ticino into the Victor-Emmanuel railway, and when the bill for this fusion was brought in, the government added clauses authorizing the construction of the tunnel by the State, and the necessary expenses, to which the Company agreed to contribute a sum of twenty million francs, (eight hundred thousand pounds,) besides premiums on the shares, and so great was the faith inspired by Counts de Cavour and Menabrea, that the Piedmontese Chamber of Deputies actually passed this audacious law by a large majority.

The practical difficulties of the enterprise now began. But it was much that the project should have been approved, and the confidence of the Government and the Parliament would have been a spur to the energy of the engineers had not the grandeur and glory of the undertaking itself been sufficient to excite their utmost zeal. No sooner had the bill passed into law than the works were begun, in the autumn of 1857. The trigonometrical survey necessary to obtain an accurate tracing of the axis of the future tunnel was in itself no slight task, if we consider that its extreme points could not be made visible from one another without placing them at a distance which would have rendered any accurate observation impossible, and also that all the operations had to be carried on at heights varying from three thousand to ten thousand feet above the level of the sea, and amidst the constant atmospherical changes character-

* An Englishman, Mr. Bartlett, had previously adopted a perforating machine for boring holes for mines, eight or ten times quicker than by hand; but this machine was impelled by steam, a method evidently inapplicable, from the want of air in a tunnel of great depth and without shafts.

istic of such elevated regions. The first difficulty was overcome by establishing an observatory on the very summit of Grand-Vallon, the highest peak in that part of the Alps, and two extreme points of the axis in the same vertical plane with it and one another, having been determined by turning the theodolite 180° it was comparatively easy to fix the intermediate signal points on each side one by one, always keeping the extreme point in view, and then lowering the instrument perpendicularly until a site for an observatory had been found in each of the two opposite valleys of Rochemelles and Fourneaux, exactly on a level with and opposite to the respective entrances to the tunnel, so that the signals received from the outside could be repeated underground, and the works kept on the correct line necessary to insure the junction of the two halves under the very center of the mountain. To increase the difficulties to be contended with, it was found that the valley of Rochemolles was more than seven hundred feet higher than that of Fourneaux, on which account it was determined to give a slope of twenty-two in one thousand to half the tunnel.

Nor were the obstacles presented by the ground confined to the trigonometrical survey. Every single article required for the works, or for the persons engaged in them, from the chief engineers to the lowest laborers, had to be conveyed from the plains below. Fourneaux, indeed, though itself a wretched hamlet, was not very distant from Modane, a considerable village situate on the main road into France; but Bardonnèche, the opposite end, is not only distant from Susa, the nearest railway terminus, but nearly twenty-five hundred feet above it. Yet it was requisite here to assemble vast bands of workmen, with their foremen and directors; to provide dwellings and daily food for so vast an increase of population in a place the resources of which barely sufficed for the wants of its own inhabitants; to construct canals, huge reservoirs, workshops, and engine-houses; and finally to set up an immense system of machinery with which no one could boast himself practically acquainted, and every portion of which had to be separately brought from Sersing in Belgium, where it was originally constructed.

All this required time; and that not a moment might be unnecessarily wasted,

it was resolved to begin boring the tunnel at both ends by the ordinary methods. The progress made might not be great; still, every yard gained was always something, and it was the only resource until the machines were constructed and fairly set in motion. So the works began in 1857 itself, and were continued at Bardonnèche (at Fourneaux even longer) until January, 1861, for owing to various reasons, chief among which may be mentioned the war of 1859, which stopped all the transports for nearly a year, it was not till then that the mechanical perforation could be inaugurated. Nor will this lapse of time seem excessive if we reflect how much had to be done before attaining this first result. Not only had the machinery to be designed and constructed, with the improvements suggested by the experiments made by the commission, to arrive from Belgium, and be put together in the engine-house, but two large reservoirs, one twenty-six, the other fifty mètres above it, had to be prepared, and a supply of water sufficient to keep the former constantly full brought through a canal from a torrent more than a mile distant, and all these works in solid masonry had to be roofed in, to preserve the water from the influence of the frost. And when all this was done, the machinery had to be tried repeatedly and for a considerable time before it could be employed with safety to the mechanics intrusted with it, or with advantage to the works in the tunnel itself.

After repeated trials, the machinery was at length brought into working order, the pipes for conveying water and compressed air from the machine-house where it is produced, to the further end of the tunnel where the works were proceeding, were laid down in a trench which, in the finished section, is built in to serve as a main drain, as well as a third pipe for gas, which is fabricated in a gasometer just outside the entrance, and the additional light of which is found greatly to facilitate the maneuvers of the workmen, while, not being affected by the explosions, etc., constantly going on, the whole apparatus gives less trouble than a single lamp. At last, the perforating machines were pushed in on a framework along rails prepared for the purpose, and since that time they have continued to be employed. At first there were many interruptions, owing to various causes, and especially the awk-

wardness of the workmen in dealing with machinery of which they had not the slightest experience, and many days were of course lost; still the Report before us testifies to the general satisfaction of the engineers, and also to the fact that every succeeding month of increased practice sees the work proceed with greater facility and regularity.

Nothing can be more curious than the account M. Sommeiller gives of the manner in which the works proceed. The section of the tunnel which the machines are employed to excavate is about eleven feet wide and eight high; a double rail runs along the center, upon which a framework upon wheels is rolled forward, carrying the ten perforators, of which nine are usually kept at work at once, close up to the face of the rock. Once there, the distributing pipes for air and water which are fixed on the frame are put in connection with the main tubes, carried along under the floor of the tunnel from the machine-house outside by means of flexible pipes, and each perforator is then supplied with air and water by turning the cocks belonging to it in the distributing pipes. Pressed forward by the compressed air the augers then strike the rock, which they pierce very much as a gimlet bores a plank, only that by a special contrivance they recede after each blow, that a jet of water may be impelled into the hole being bored, in order to clear it of dust, and to keep the auger itself cool. This retrograde motion is produced in a manner very similar to that in which the same movement is given to the piston of a steam-engine. In the perforating machine the auger is fixed to the end of a piston moving backwards and forwards in a cylinder. Compressed air enters this cylinder at both ends: but as it is contrived that the front surface of the piston (the one towards the rock) upon which it presses should have only half the size of the other end, it follows that at an equal pressure of six atmospheres, the pressure received from behind is twice as potent as that in the contrary direction, and the auger strikes the rock, although less violently than if there were no compressed air in front of the piston to resist its forward motion. As soon as the blow has been given, however, this relative proportion of the strength of pressure is reversed. The valve by which the compressed air enters the portion of the cylinder

behind the piston closes; and another, communicating with the outer atmosphere, opens. This escape being afforded, the forward pressure is immediately reduced to the strength of one atmosphere, which is of course overcome, and the piston recedes, while the compressed air which has just escaped resumes its primitive volume, and thus fulfills its second purpose, by driving out the mephitic air, which naturally collects in so small a space with no draught through it, and supplies the workmen with fresh air to breath. The augers of the perforating machine continue their work until eighty holes have been bored, each from twenty-seven to thirty-two inches in depth, an operation often accomplished within six hours, though, in the beginning especially, it took a good deal more—ten, or occasionally even fourteen hours. The connection with the main pipes is then cut off, and the whole framework, with all its apparatus, is rolled away by the workmen to a distance of a hundred and fifty to two hundred yards, behind great gates made of thick planks and beams, called "safety doors." A fresh gang of workmen, the miners, then appear on the scene, whose duty it is to load the mines thus prepared, and then to fire them. No sooner have the mines been exploded, those in the center, where they are closer together, first, then the ones on the circumference, than a burst of compressed air is admitted into the farthest end of the tunnel, to clear it from smoke and the gases produced by the explosion, and a third set of workmen arrive, with a number of little trucks running upon side rails laid for this special service, in which they cart away the fragments of rock brought down by the explosion. In this way about a yard of progress is generally attained.

At first this operation could only be attempted once in the twenty-four hours, owing to the inexperience of the workmen, of whom only a small number could be taught to use the machines at once; but gradually it was found possible to organize a second gang, and after that, whenever a series of maneuvers such as those above described was effected within twelve hours, it was immediately repeated; and as improvements are gradually introduced into the machinery, and the workmen acquire greater facility in employing it, M. Sommeiller and his colleagues express their hope that it will be

possible for them either to make three breaches in the rock every twenty-four hours, or else to attain a more rapid rate of progress by boring deeper holes each time, if two attacks only be found more advantageous.

After the small section of the tunnel has been excavated by the perforating machines, it is enlarged by the ordinary method—a work which it is always the endeavor of the directing engineers to keep a certain proportionate distance from the front of attack; while the masons who build in the part of the tunnel already enlarged to its full size, follow close upon the workmen who have been digging it out with their picks, for it is of course desirable to leave as little as possible to be done towards completing the tunnel after the mountain shall once have been pierced.

But we need not dwell on this part of our subject, which offers no peculiarity worthy of remark: we will rather say something of the special machinery employed, and particularly of the two systems at work for obtaining the necessary supply of compressed air.* The Report of M. Sommeiller is accompanied by a series of drawings, with detailed descriptions, without which it would be of course impossible for any one to master all the intricacies of these machines; but we may perhaps be able to give our readers some notion of the system employed. The first idea was that of what is called a column-compressor. It had been calculated that a tension of six atmospheres was required for the compressed air to be employed in the tunnel, and to produce this, a fall of twenty-six mètres (eighty-five feet four inches) was found necessary to give a sufficient impetus to the descending rush of the volume of water which was to compress a certain amount of common atmospheric air to this extent. This fact once having been theoretically ascertained by calculation, the means of reducing it to practice were simple enough. At Bardonnèche there was no difficulty in procuring any quantity of water with which to fill a reservoir eighty-five feet above the machine-house, and this reservoir serves to feed ten compressing col-

umns in the shape of syphons, each of which communicates with a chamber filled with atmospheric air, of such a height and size that the impetus of the water when turned on is just sufficient to carry it to the top. This is effected by opening a valve in the column, through which the water in the upper part (previously, as it were, suspended) rushes, pushing before it the water at rest below the valve in the lower part of the syphon formed by the column. Rapidly rising above its original level at the bottom of the chamber, the invading water thus compresses the air therein contained, until it has attained a tension of six atmospheres, at which point it has acquired strength sufficient to raise a valve at the top of the chamber, and thus escape into a recipient specially prepared for it. Every particle of compressed air is driven out by the pursuit of the water, which continues to rise until it touches the top of the chamber, when, at the very moment, the valve in the column is shut, so as to cut off the downward rush; another valve* situated in the lower part of the column is then simultaneously opened, to allow the water in the compressing chamber to run off until it has sunk to its normal level in the syphon, after which fresh atmospheric air is admitted into the vacuum above it, through a series of suspended valves at the side of the chamber, which are shut by the water as it rises, and open again by their own weight as it recedes, and the operation is thus indefinitely repeated, at the rate of three pulsations per minute. At Bardonnèche there are ten compressors constantly at work, every one of which can be stopped for repairs without interfering with the rest, and each impels the air it has compressed into its own recipient. The ten recipients of compressed air, however, communicate together, and a very simple and beautiful contrivance has been resorted to in order to keep the tension in them invariable, independently of the production going on in the compressors, and of the quantity drawn off for use through the pipe carried into the tunnel. To effect this, a vast reservoir of water was constructed, fifty mètres (163 feet 5 inches) above the recipients, connected with them by a long pipe. The

* In 1862 the production of the ten compressors at Bardonnèche was no less than 1,404,000 cubic mètres of compressed air, and it is found that a still greater quantity will be required as the works advance farther from the outer air.

* The alternate play of these two valves—one of which is always open and the other shut—is regulated by a contrivance called an *aërometer*, also set in motion by compressed air.

static weight of the water thus superimposed on the compressed air being exactly sufficient to maintain it at a tension of six atmospheres, when the supply of air is low, the water enters the recipients, when on the contrary it is superabundant, the water is forced back up the pipe into the reservoir.

When this system was first proposed there were innumerable objections urged against it in the scientific world. It was declared impossible to construct recipients strong enough to hold a supply of compressed air, which was thought capable of bursting the vessel in which it was inclosed, and perhaps even of oozing out through the pores of the cast-iron plates of which it was made. The practicability of conveying compressed air to any distance through pipes, without a loss of tension rendering it utterly useless, was even more strongly and generally insisted on. Fortunately, the experience acquired at Bardonnèche affords a full refutation of these unfavorable predictions; for we learn that not only is there no escape of air from any part of the machinery or pipes, sufficient to stir the flame of a taper, but experiment shows, that the loss of tension liable to be incurred in the transport of compressed air would not equal one tenth of an atmosphere in any distance less than twenty-five thousand mètres, or nearly four times that which it can be required to traverse for the works under Mont Cénis! Another fear also expressed by the opponents of the tunnel was, that from want of shafts the workmen employed must necessarily be suffocated; it is, however, found, that though the temperature is somewhat higher, it is as easy to breathe at the further end of the tunnel as on the hillside itself, since a quantity of compressed air is daily impelled into the small section seventeen times greater than its cubic capacity, and this rush of compressed air not only renews the atmosphere, but also tends to moderate the heat generated by the presence of a large number of workmen in a small space, in which a number of gas-lights are perpetually burning; for it has been demonstrated by experience, that when air is compressed it loses a portion of its natural caloric, whence it follows, that when it resumes its primitive volume on being allowed to escape, it is ready to absorb an amount of heat equal to that which it had previously emitted.

From what we have already said, our readers will readily perceive that there need be no fear of the workmen being suffocated; nevertheless the directing engineers proposed at least to double the supply of compressed air before the end of 1863.

At the northern entrance, the system employed for compressing air is different, and of greater general interest, since it is more readily applicable than that of the column-compressor, which requires a quantity of water and a fall by no means attainable every where, as was soon found to be the case at Fourneaux, where one torrent at a sufficient height above the engine-house had not the necessary supply of water, and another, which was abundant, had but an insignificant fall. To combat this difficulty, the first device was to raise water to the requisite height by means of hydraulic wheels, when a new invention, the pump-compressor, afforded a real solution of the problem, so satisfactory, that it will supply three times the amount of compressed air, while the machinery costs one third less than the column-compressor. In this machine the compression is effected by a piston, which an hydraulic wheel causes to move backwards and forwards in a chamber communicating with two vertical columns, supplied with water in such a way and such a quantity, that when one is full the other must be empty, and this occurs alternately as the piston moves. Each time a vacuum is left in the one, it is filled with air from the outer atmosphere, which the water on its return compresses until it acquires sufficient tension to raise a valve and escape into a recipient, just as in the column-compressor. In this machine, however, the air is driven into the vacuum by water flowing from an outer basin. This water serves a double purpose; when the column is full of air, it accumulates over the valve by which the latter has entered, and the superimposed weight prevents any leakage through this valve when the air begins to be compressed by the return of the piston; when, on the other hand, the column is empty, the water flows in, entering with the air, and makes up for the loss of water in the column caused by evaporation. Any extra amount which may thus enter escapes with the compressed air into the recipients, at the bottom of which it accumulates until it is enough in quantity to raise a concentric float, under which it makes its way out, and which then closes

again over the orifice. It is calculated that each pump-compressor is able to supply the works with thirty litres (nearly seven gallons) of compressed air per second, and when six of them shall be at work, according to the declared intention of the engineers, it is evident there will be no difficulty in obtaining a quantity of compressed air amply sufficient for the perforating machines, for renewing the atmosphere in the tunnel, and for speedily clearing it of smoke after the explosion of the mines.

At Fourneaux, two other contrivances of considerable interest are in use. We have already said that the valley of Rochemolles is at a level considerably higher than that of the Arc; so much so, that the tunnel, which at the south entrance is at the bottom of the one valley, issues out at the north end at a height of one hundred and eighty-six mètres (three hundred and forty seven feet and ten inches) above the opposite one, in spite of the slope given to half of it. To obviate the inconvenience of having to drag every thing required for the works in the tunnel up so considerable a perpendicular height the engineers bethought themselves of constructing an automatic plane between the platform at the mouth of the tunnel and the valley below, sufficiently wide for a double line of rails to be laid on it. At the top stands a large drum with a cable, each end of which is attached to a truck, one of which is at the top while the other is at the bottom. When the latter has been loaded, the former is filled with water, and descends by its own weight, dragging up the other as it moves; a contrivance by which a weight of fifteen hundred kilogrammes (not far from a ton) can be raised in a few minutes, and the water being emptied out of the truck which reaches the bottom, it is ready to convey another load to the top in its turn.

The second contrivance, peculiar to Fourneaux, concerns the ventilation. When the tunnel shall be completed, in order to allow the railway lines from each side to run into it, it will be necessary to make it take a curve up the valleys on each side, and a branch from the main tunnel is already being excavated for this purpose at Bardonnèche, in addition to the straight one, which will be kept open, as it facilitates the work, and the admission of air. In spite of the straight line observed at Fourneaux, the slope inwards of twenty-two per one thousand is found to be a great obstacle to the entrance of a current of

fresh air, in spite of the difference of temperature which had been counted on to promote it. A special contrivance has therefore been devised for sucking out the bad air which accumulates in the tunnel, through a large wooden conduit hanging from the roof. The torrent of Charmaix has been made to supply a small quantity of water with a fall of seventy mètres (in round numbers two hundred and thirty feet) which, by means of a wheel, sets two enormous pistons in motion. These alternately raise and let fall a mass of water inclosed in two chambers, communicating with the conduit from the tunnel; as the water sinks in each alternately the vacuum thus produced is filled by the bad air, which is immediately afterwards expelled into the outer atmosphere by the return of the piston; and it is calculated that in this way all the mephitic air likely to be generated will be drawn off without difficulty, even when the works shall be under the center of the mountain.

We have now sketched the peculiar machinery employed for tunneling Mont Cenis. The perforators we will not attempt to describe minutely, partly because the extreme complication of parts necessary to fit them for their various functions is such as to render them unintelligible without the assistance of drawings on a large scale, and also because the great singularity in them that we wish to impress on our readers is quite independent of their arrangements and form—viz.: that of their been kept in motion by compressed air, conveyed from a distance which even now exceeds a mile, and will be considerably more before the works are terminated. For the first time since the application of steam to machinery, a great engineering work is being carried on without its assistance; and the accounts given of the success attained in the employment of compressed air, as well as the small cost, calculated per dynamic horse power, ought to commend this great enterprise to general attention. Air is a commodity to be obtained every where, water is neither scarce nor dear, especially if we remember that it is by no means necessary to produce compressed air at or even near the spot where it is to be employed, for even supposing it has to be conveyed to a distance such as to occasion a considerable loss of tension, (and experience, confirming the tables of the commission, shows that this would not occur at any mode-

rate one,) it would suffice slightly to raise the degree of the original compression, a result which it is found can be attained by the same water power, provided the quantity of air to be operated upon be reduced in proportion to the additional tension it is desired to give it. The column-compressor, indeed, was not generally applicable, owing to the great fall required to make the water used for compression descend with sufficient impetus, but this difficulty is removed by the invention of the pump-compressor, for which but a very small quantity of water, and no fall, is required, and in which, if necessary, another motive power, such as the wind, we conceive, or steam, might be substituted for the hydraulic wheels used to move the compressing pistons at Fourneaux. A review intended for general perusal is not the place in which to discuss the applications which may be made of the working power contained in compressed air, nor to enter on the abstract scientific advantages it presents; nevertheless we can not refrain from expressing our hope that engineers will take advantage of the works now going on at Mont Cénis to make themselves practically acquainted with this new motive force, and to study the use that may be made of it elsewhere.

The scientific interest in the tunneling of the Alps, excited by the employment of compressed air, though in our eyes the chief, is by no means the only one connected with this great enterprise, the importance of which, owing to the political events of the last seven years, has enormously increased since the project was first presented to Count de Cavour. When the bill authorizing the tunnel passed, both slopes of the Alps belonged to the same State, the two parts of which it was to connect, while it put the Mediterranean port of Genoa in communication with France, Switzerland, and Germany, but owing to the restrictive commercial policy of the governments that then ruled all the rest of Italy, its influence did not seem likely to extend further south. Three years, however, sufficed to bring great changes. The southern half of the Italian peninsula had fused itself with the northern, and the frontier of France was on the crest of the Alps. Savoy having thus passed into the power of another State, a special convention was concluded on the 7th of May, 1862, to regulate the interests concerning the tunnel. The

Italian government insisted on retaining the exclusive command and direction of the works, which it had begun at its own risk and cost; but it was agreed that when they were terminated, France should pay for half the length at the rate of three thousand francs per mètre; and, moreover, that for every year less than twenty-five—the extreme limit of time fixed by the convention—she should pay an additional sum of five hundred thousand francs, a premium to be raised to six hundred thousand per annum if the works be terminated within fifteen years.

Our readers thus see how great an interest the Italian government has even financially in the speedy termination of the tunnel; an argument made use of by General de Menabrea, in his interesting speech of the 4th of March last, to induce Parliament to grant additional sums for the works, showing that to spend now is true economy, since every year gained will increase the proportion of the general expense to be borne by France. According to the calculations of the minister, twelve and a half years may be looked to with confidence as the ultimate term of the undertaking; in January last, the works were already twelve hundred and seventy-four mètres, or rather more than a tenth of the whole distance, from the entrance on the side of Bardonnèche, and of this, five hundred and fifty mètres (one hundred and seventy in 1861, three hundred and eighty in 1862) were, owing to the mechanical system, which, there is every reason to hope, will every year afford increasingly satisfactory results, not less at any rate than a yearly progress of four hundred mètres. At Fourneaux, where it was only inaugurated in January, 1863, at a distance of nine hundred and twenty-five mètres from the entrance, the progress made in the first two months was such as to afford ground for the confident expectation that the works on that side will soon be in as forward a state as those at Bardonnèche; and if these calculations be not falsified by encountering some fresh obstacle in the center of the mountain, and the expected total advance of eight hundred mètres (four hundred at each end) be attained each year, it will follow that France will be liable by the treaty for a sum which will go far to acquit the obligations of the Italian government with respect to the tunnel; since, including the interest on

the sum spent on the French half, it will exceed thirty-one million seven hundred thousand francs, (one million two hundred and sixty-eight thousand pounds.) Besides this an additional sum of thirteen million francs, (five hundred and twenty thousand pounds,) will have to be reimbursed by the Victor-Emmanuel Railway Company, leaving little more than twenty million francs out of the sixty-five million francs the tunnel is computed to cost, to be finally paid by the Italian government, in which sum is included the cost of the railway between Bardonnèche and Susa.

As long as the opening of the tunnel could be deemed problematical, it would have been idle to speculate on the advantages to be derived from its existence—advantages incalculably multiplied by the fusion of the greater part of Italy into a single State, blessed, moreover, with freedom of commerce. Less than twenty-five miles (forty kilomètres) of railway will suffice to connect the southern entrance of the tunnel with the iron net which covers the valley of the Po, and though the whole descent is little less than twenty-five hundred feet, the engineers promise that in no part of this line will the slopes exceed twenty-seven per one thousand, nor will the curves have a radius of less than five hundred mètres; and as only a sixth of this line will be underground, computing the whole of the eighteen tunnels of different lengths through which it will have to pass, we need not fear but what it will be completed in time to give its full value to the tunnel as soon as it shall be opened. On the northern side there are but a few miles of railway wanting to connect St. Michel, where it at present stops, with Modane, the works for which are already progressing, and we can not doubt that the French authorities, who coöperate so heartily with the Italian engineers, that, as it is pleasant to hear from the Report of the latter, not a single dispute has arisen in the course of three years, nor a day been lost to the works by the transfer of the province, will make it a point of honor to terminate them before the tunnel can be completed.

We are, therefore, safe in considering that as soon as the Mont Cénis tunnel is open, a train will be able to run direct from Chambéry to Turin. Let us now see what advantages this will imply; Chambéry, as most of our readers are doubtless aware, is in direct railway com-

munication with Paris and Switzerland, and scarcely thirty hours distant from London, and when once the barrier of the Alps shall be broken down, the enterprising statesmen of Italy hope to see their country once more the high road between Europe and Asia. For this purpose they are busily engaged in the construction of railways, and the repair and enlargement of long-neglected harbors. Already a line of steamers is running between Ancona and Alexandria, the starting place of which it is proposed to transfer to Brindisi (the Roman Brundisium,) and perhaps in time to Taranto, when the railway which now stops at Foggia shall be successively open to these ports, an event which may reasonably be expected to occur within a very few years, certainly before the completion of the tunnel. If we look to the consequence of this we shall find that when Brindisi is in direct communication with Boulogne, the journey from London to Egypt, and therefore to India, by this route, will be shorter by at least three days and nights than it ever can be through Marseilles, and that the sea passage will be reduced to less than half what it is at present. This fact only requires to be stated to give an idea of the great advantage this road will possess for the Indian mails, for passengers, and all the lighter and more valuable species of merchandise, in regard to which greater rapidity of transmission will more than compensate for any additional expense incurred by the substitution of railway for sea carriage, while as for travelers, we conceive there would be few unwilling to abbreviate a journey oftener undertaken from necessity than pleasure, and to substitute a railway route down the Adriatic coast for the constant tossing of the now inevitable Gulf of Lyons.

To our merchants, too, the opening of the Mont Cénis tunnel, and the railway system of which it may be regarded as the crown and keystone, should be a matter of no small interest, especially now that the commercial treaty just signed will entail a great reduction of the tariff. The southern provinces of Italy afford a field for commercial enterprise hitherto neglected, and necessarily so, from the utter want of means of communication between it and the rest of Europe; and yet, while Manchester mills stand idle for want of cotton, there is perhaps no soil more capable of producing it than the

plains of Taranto and the southern shores of Sicily,* while it would be tedious to attempt even the most cursory enumeration of the many objects of use or luxury that might be obtained from these rich but long-abandoned lands. The portals leading to them have long been closed by a barrier which seemed insuperable to human skill, and every day which brought places connected by the iron bond of the age more closely together, appeared proportionately to isolate and doom to atrophy all such as had no part in the great community of interests.

All honor then is due to those who have rescued a country so fertile and so progressive as Italy from the moral and commercial suffocation to which she seemed condemned, by the Alpine girdle which cut her off from the rest of Europe, both to the engineers who devised, and the statesmen who encouraged the enterprise. In whatever light we look at the tunnel, it can not fail to do the highest credit to Italian genius and Italian perseverance. Count de Cavour never lived to see the works which owed so much to his fostering care, for on the 5th of June, 1861, which had long been fixed for him to visit Bardonnèche, and inspect the new machines in motion, the great minister expired; but while the department of public works is in the able hands of General de Menabrea, we may be very sure that nothing will be omitted to favor an undertaking of which he may justly be held one of the principal authors, owing to the share he took in the labors of the original government commission, and the zeal with which he has always upheld it, against every objection, both in the Parliament of his own country, and in the scientific assemblies of other nations.

For the directors of the works, and the engineers carrying them out under their orders, no praise can be deemed extravagant. The glory of utilizing a force hitherto without employment, and of contriving means for executing a work which seemed to defy the utmost resources of art, belongs entirely to the former; but the great merit of the latter can not fail to be appreciated, if we consider the extraordinary difficulties with which they have had to contend. At no time, and

in no circumstances, would the task of inaugurating an entirely new system of machinery, constructed on purely theoretical principles, the action of which was totally unknown, and whose every defect had to be discovered, and a remedy devised by the light of the experience practically acquired day by day, without any data, either in books or in engineering traditions, which could be of the slightest use as a guide, while a whole series of complicated maneuvers had to be taught to a large band of workmen all at once, have been an easy one; but in the case before us the inherent difficulties were incalculably increased by adventitious ones. They would have been great enough in the center of an industrial district, with workshops and tool manufactories close at hand, with a choice of intelligent mechanics, trained to turn their attention to different kinds of work—what must they have been in an Alpine region, buried in snow for nearly half the year, far away from even a village offering the smallest resource, with only such workshops on the spot as could execute small repairs or slight modifications in the machinery, while every alteration of real importance had to be made in Belgium by the original constructors? If we consider, moreover, that all the requirements, and the very daily subsistence of great numbers of workmen* collected together from distant places had to be provided for—that bridges had to be built, and roads constructed, before even a cart could arrive at the scene of the works, besides the reservoirs and canals we have already mentioned, and that all this was accomplished in a country and by a nation among which all industrial enterprise had been unknown, and political and commercial liberty had only just sprung into life, we think it must be conceded that no panegyric can exceed the deserts of such men as M. Borelli, local director of Bardonnèche, and MM. Mella and Coppello, who have successively occupied the same post at Fourneaux. It is indeed their highest praise to say that they have overcome difficulties like those we have briefly hinted at above, leaving it to such of our readers as are practically

* We believe that in the course of the winter it is intended to open an exhibition at Turin of this cotton cultivated in different parts of Italy.

* On the 1st of January, 1863, nine hundred workmen were employed at Bardonnèche, and seven hundred and twenty at Modane, a number intended to be increased during the past year.

acquainted with engineering enterprises to appreciate their magnitude, and brought the works and the machinery to a state of such forwardness and perfection, as to make it possible approximatively to calculate the time and cost still requisite to assure the completion of this extraordinary work.

All the persons concerned in it have given such proof of their capacity and energy, that it would be unjust to doubt that they will continue to the end equal to themselves, and we therefore look with confidence to their final success at the period they have assigned for the conclusion of their labors. The annual report the chief directors are bound to present to the Italian Parliament, and of which the one now before us is the first (since none could be made until the mechanical perforation had been sufficiently tried to attest its powers,) must be looked for each spring with increasing interest, and engineers will be glad to learn, that the present volume holds out a promise of a technical work already in course of compilation, giving a detailed description of the different ma-

chines, and an account of their action, both in a theoretical and practical point of view, as well as accurate data, illustrating the phenomena connected with the compression of air, besides various studies on the use that may be made of it as an industrial force, which it is hoped may be given to the public in the course of the next two years.

To this future work, and in the meanwhile to the Appendix of the present Report, with its excellent illustrations, we must refer whosoever wishes to acquire an exact knowledge of the state of the works under Mont Cénis, and especially of the means employed for boring the tunnel. If we have succeeded in giving our readers any clear general notion of this great undertaking, and of the vast commercial interests involved in its success, we have done all that lies within the province of a reviewer, and can but rejoice in having had the opportunity of paying our tribute of admiration to the men who are at once doing so much for the honor of the Italian name and the advantage and prosperity of the world at large.

From Weiden's Register.

THE RELIGION OF GEOLOGY.

PROFESSOR HITCHCOCK, in his well-known book, *The Religion of Geology*, speaking of the influence of light upon bodies, and of the formation of pictures upon them by means of it, says: "It seems, then, that this photographic influence pervades all nature; nor can we say where it stops. We do not know but it may imprint upon the world around us our features as they are modified by various passions, and thus fill nature with daguerreotype impressions of all our actions that are performed in daylight. It may be, too, that there are tests by which nature, more skillful than any human photographer, can bring out and fix these portraits, so that acuter senses than ours shall see them as on a great canvas, spread over the material universe. Perhaps, too, they may never fade from that canvas, but become specimens

in the great picture-gallery of eternity." One Dr. Denton and his wife Elizabeth—that they are Americans need scarcely be said—have just published a book, called *The Soul of Things; or, Psychometric Researches and Discoveries*, in which they assert that what Professor Hitchcock thus says "perhaps may be," really *is*. They say that radiant forces are passing from all objects to all objects every moment of time, and photographing the appearances of each upon the other—every action, every movement, being thus infallibly registered for coming ages. "The pane of glass in the window, the brick in the wall, and the paving-stone in the street, catch the pictures of all passers-by and carefully preserve them. Not a leaf waves, not an insect crawls, but each motion is recorded by a thousand faithful

scribes, in infallible and indelible scriptures." This having always been so, there is thus stored up in nature the most faithful memorials of the entire past—of the early world, and its tides of liquid fire, its rushing floods, and steaming vapors; of every plant, from the club-moss to the tree-fern; of every animal, from the polyp to the pachyderm; and of every tribe and nation and race of man. All have sat for their portraits, and "there the portraits all are, faithfully daguerreotyped in this divine picture-gallery for all time." And it is not sights alone that are registered, but *sounds* as well. Nature is not only a picture-gallery, but a whispering-gallery, too. As no scene is ever effaced, so no sound ever dies out. "The lullaby sung by our cradle, the patter of the rain upon the roof, the sighing of the winds, the roll of the thunder, the dash of falling waters, the murmur of affection, the oath of the inebriate, the hymn at the church, the song at the concert, the words of wisdom and folly, the whisper of love—all are faithfully registered." All sounds record themselves on all objects within their influence, and "these 'phonotypes,' as they may be termed, are almost, if not entirely, as enduring as the objects themselves." Neither the "phonotypes" nor the "portraits" may be brought out, or "developed," by any known chemical application, "but in some individuals the brain is sufficiently sensitive to perceive them when it is brought into proximity with the objects on which they are impressed." Persons thus sensitive are called "Psychometers," and of the sights which such persons have seen, and of the sounds which they have heard, when exercising their

peculiar faculty, this book sets forth one hundred and fourteen instances, all of which are indeed "wonderful, if true." A piece of brick or stone from an ancient city has enabled them to see and hear all that was ever done or uttered in its vicinity; a piece of fossil animal has taken them back to the world in which that animal lived and moved and had its being, and enabled them to observe minutely its physical condition, and all the characteristics alike of its vegetable productions and of its brute inhabitants; a bit of granite has made them spectators of the primeval chaos amid whose throes the mountain whence it was taken had its birth; and a fragment of an *aërolite* has given them wings on which to travel through the limitless fields of space. It is obvious that, if "Psychometry" be true, nature will no longer have "mysteries," nor history "secrets;" we shall no longer be puzzled by theories as to the origin of the antiquity of man, or as to the methods by which the infinite variety of complicated results which we see in the three kingdoms of nature have been produced. All the processes which are going on, or ever have gone on, in nature, will be unveiled to the gaze of the "Psychometer," and all that men, in any age or country, have said or done, will be similarly present to his eye and ear. So far the latest development of American psychology. Well may we ask Mr. Cobden's question, "What next—and next?" It should be added that an English reprint of Dr. and Mrs. Denton's book, "with an Introduction by a Clergyman of the Church of England," will be published in a day or two by Messrs. Houlston and Wright.

ETIQUETTE REBUKED.—Those very stiff-necked swells, the Austrian nobility, have recently received a heavy rap upon their noble knuckles from no less a personage than the Emperor Francis Joseph. At one of the court balls a young officer of artillery, of plebeian birth, asked a lady of high rank to dance with him. All the lady's blue blood flushed into her face as she refused with marked disdain. Poor young officer! For a moment he must have felt every inch a democrat; the contempt of a woman is hard to bear. The emperor, who had seen the insult offered to his guest and his uniform, came up and said: "Captain, my mother wishes to dance with you!" And a minute after the gunner was clasping the hand, and perhaps the waist, of her

Imperial Highness the Archduchess Frederick Sophia Dorothea Wilhelmina, mother of his Imperial Majesty Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria.—*Illustrated Times*.

THE Macaulay memorial for Trinity College, in Cambridge, England, is nearly finished. The historian is seated in his college gown, with a book in his hand—the fingers pressed into the open leaves, as if he had been collecting points in an argument. The attitude is graceful, the face noble. It has not been settled where this memorial shall stand—some prefer to see it in Trinity Chapel, others in the library, the floor of which would have to be strengthened by supports in order to bear the great weight of marble.

From Fraser's Magazine.

RAMBLES WITH THE LION-HUNTERS OF ALGERIA.

SPORTSMEN who, like Nick Bottom, hold lions to be "wildfowl," or in other words, creatures made to be shot, ought by all means to try Algeria before they go farther a-field in quest of that species of game. As compared with the Cape, Natal, North western India, or any other habitat of the *felis leo*, it has the recommendation of being easily reached; so much so, that a man who has dined on Monday in London can, if he likes, by making the best use of express trains and quick steamers, put himself in a position to be dined on by a lion in Africa on the following Friday evening. But the great advantage of its situation is that he does not stand committed to the enterprise to any great extent; and if, as by no means unlikely, he finds the sport rather trying to his patience, and gets very tired of it at the end of a fortnight or so, there is no great harm done, or vast amount of time or money thrown away. If he can condescend to, become a mere tourist he has a most delightful country ready to his hand; if not, he can go straight home, and say he has only been to Paris. His chances of success, too, are probably just as good as any where else. Jules Gérard a few years ago estimated the lions he left behind him on French territory at about two hundred, but the number has no doubt increased since then. Strange as it may seem—and it is in its way a curiosity of civilization—one of the effects of introducing European ideas into Africa has been the encouragement of lions. Before the French occupation, the Arabs thought nothing of setting fire to the woods and destroying leagues of forest at a time, whereby many deserving lions were suddenly rendered homeless and destitute. The French, very properly considering the timber to be an important element in the natural wealth of the country, set their faces against this practice, and by means of their "gardes forestiers" have effectually put a stop to it. Consequently, these animals have now a far better time of it. The struggle for existence is less

severe, and as any student of Darwin would anticipate, the leonine population has increased in proportion, not counting the additions to it by such burnt-out lions from Tunis and Morocco as prefer emigration to becoming chargeable to the parish. They are not, however, distributed over the whole of Algeria. At least four fifths are settled in the province of Constantina, either on the northern slopes of the Auress or in the mountainous region which lies in the north-eastern corner, between the coast and the frontier of Tunis. There is no greater voluptuary in the matter of scenery than the lion. He seems always to fix his lair in the most picturesque spot he can find; and if in the mountains of Northern Algeria you come upon a particularly lovely valley, where nature has done all she could in the way of wood, water, and crag—in fact, just the place an esthetically-minded hermit would select for his retreat—you may be sure it is a favorite haunt of some old "father of robbers," as the Arabs would call him. Some tangled thicket near its head is his permanent residence, or at least his hunting-box, and some commanding summit his watch-tower, where he lounges at sunset, observing the movements of the wild boars stealing across the glades of the wood beneath him, or the cattle trooping home to the douars on the plain below, and making his arrangements for supper accordingly. No part of North Africa offers greater inducements to an animal gifted with these tastes than that beautiful mountain country lying around Guelma, Bona, and Phillippeville, once the diocese of St. Augustine, and now the district where Christianity (chiefly in connection with agriculture) flourishes most satisfactorily on the soil of Barbary. Here French colonization approaches nearer to a success than in any other tract of the same extent in Algeria. There is more ground under cultivation, the settlements lie thicker, and the towns and villages look as if they did some business on their own account instead of existing

merely to supply the military with coffee, tobacco, and billiards. Very nearly the same natural advantages which have attracted the colonist make it a desirable residence for the lion. Being mountainous and lying near the coast, it is well watered and fertile. There is an abundance of thick luxuriant cover for him and the wild boars his prey, and plenty of streams for him to drink at; for being a thirsty soul he can no more enjoy life without water than a member of the Band of Hope. He and the colonists on the whole get on pretty well together. Indeed, I have heard inhabitants, native as well as European, say that the extinction of the lion is by no means to be desired, as he keeps down the numbers of the wild boars who do an incalculable amount of damage to the fields and gardens in their neighborhood, and in this way quite makes up for the occasional cow or mule he takes by way of a change of diet. His services to society, however, are not sufficiently marked to secure him a perfect immunity at the hands of man. Sometimes, when from a scarcity of wild pork or sheer laziness he has been led to levy too heavy a tax on the flocks and herds of his neighbors, the Arabs prepare a pitfall for him, as their predecessors, according to Oppian, used to do, or turning out in force, surround the thicket to which he has been tracked, and "with wild halloo and brutal noise," drive him into the open, where they fire away at him from a safe distance until he drops. Horace Vernet's well-known picture representing a group of horsemen performing Astleyan feats with the assistance of a couple of raging lions, is, I fear, only the theatrical version of an Arab lion-hunt. Such things may possibly take place in the province of Oran, but in that of Constantina the very nature of the ground where the animals are to be found would make such a mode of attack impossible. But his most formidable enemy is the solitary hunter, who lies in wait for him, seeking the bubble reputation even in the lion's mouth, and stimulated by the fact that a good skin will fetch two or three hundred francs. The proper time is a little after sunset, or a little before dawn, and the place a spot commanding some one of the paths by which the lion leaves or returns to his lair. The Arabs are rather fond of perching in trees or planting themselves in holes fortified with timber and stone, for which they

can hardly be blamed when their clumsy ineffective guns are taken into consideration; but with the better armed European it is generally a point of honor to meet his antagonist on more nearly equal terms, and he seldom seeks for any protection beyond that of the bush in or behind which he takes his post.

Riding into the town of Guelma, I had as little intention of joining in one of these expeditions as of giving a reading of Shakspeare or a performance on the tight-rope. But such is the force of circumstances, before many hours had passed I found myself issuing from the opposite gate pledged to a lion-hunt in company with the most indefatigable hunter of the town. This unexpected result was altogether due to the eloquence of M. C—, of Guelma, who put the joys and excitement of lion-hunting in such a fascinating light that resistance was useless. My ambition in the sporting line had not soared above a quiet evening at the wild boars which abound in the neighborhood; but he suggested, by way of amendment, that I should include the nobler game, especially as a favorable opportunity then offered. He was, it appeared, on the point of starting in quest of a certain "grand vieux lion," of which he had just received intelligence, and good-naturedly proposed that I should accompany him. The offer was certainly a tempting one. The supreme good luck of bagging a lion was, it is true, rather too much for a reasonable tourist to expect; but at least there was a chance of seeing one, and it seemed almost a shame to leave a lion country without making an attempt at an interview with the king of the brute creation; not as he appears at Regent's Park, a sullen captive, leading a life of "long mechanic paces to and fro," but an independent monarch, free and strong among his native hills. Even if he did not show it was at any rate a new experience in sporting life, and from that point of view worth trying. On the other hand, there were one or two trifling objections, which, however, were easily got over by M. C—. It was true I had no experience in this kind of sport, but then nobody had when he made his first attempt; if I had never tried shooting at night it did not make much difference, as the moon was at the full and the light would be nearly as good as at noonday; and to my suggestion that a badly placed shot, or even a miss, might

be a more serious affair in an encounter with a lion than in one with a wild boar, I got at once the encouraging reply that a lion was a far better and bigger mark than a boar, and came a great deal closer to the shooter. There was no answering arguments like these, and we started without further delay; but I reserved to myself the right of withholding my fire in the presence of the enemy in case it seemed more prudent to do so, and made a mental vow not to risk any snap shot, or pull trigger unless I saw my way to drilling a hole into his heart or brain. I did not think it necessary to communicate this resolution to my companion, and perhaps it was just as well for his opinion of me that I kept it close, for I soon found that he did not by any means share Jules Gérard's views of the seriousness of engaging with a lion. Like other professed lion-hunters that I met in Algeria, he apparently thought as little of the business as of a day's partridge-shooting; at any rate, he never treated it as the kill-or-be-killed sort of affair which some writers represent it. Perhaps it is only fair to warn the reader before he goes any farther that neither on this nor on the two or three subsequent occasions when I tried my luck, had I any opportunity of judging for myself upon this subject. If he is looking out for thrilling incidents and hair-breadth escapes he had better stop here, for in spite of a perseverance worthy of a better cause, I was not rewarded with even a glimpse of a lion. But I have no right to complain. It cost Gérard six hundred nights spent in the forest to meet with five-and-twenty lions; so that until a man has watched every night for three weeks without getting a shot he can not fairly consider himself unfortunate; and, indeed, from what I have seen of the sport, I suspect that for success in lion-hunting there is far more need of the patience of Job than of the pluck of Jules Gérard. I do not, however, consider the time to have been wasted, for these expeditions produced many a delightful ramble through the beautiful forest and mountain scenery of north-eastern Algeria, and many a pleasant bivouac in the woods, and gave an insight into the haunts, habits, and customs of the lion, panther, wild boar, and other beasts, such as no Buffon, Cuvier, or zoological garden could give.

We left Guelma by what will, perhaps, in the fullness of time, be the road to Con-

stantina. Our destination was the very spot Jules Gérard recommends as a good one for the sport, the western slope of the Mahouna Mountain—"Le jardin de plaisance des lions," as he calls it. If one could believe that the lions were influenced by a love of the picturesque, this pleasure garden of theirs would reflect the highest credit on their good taste. From its base up to the twin peaks which, from their fancied resemblance to the pommel and cantle of an Arab saddle, have given the mountain the name of Serdj-el-Aouda, "The Mare's Saddle," this side of the Mahouna is clothed with a thick wood or rather bush of wild olive, jujube, arbutus, mastic—here called lentisk—and other shrubs which flourish so luxuriantly on the northern spurs of the Atlas. Matted and interlaced, their branches make an impenetrable roof of varied foliage, and their stems closely set form a labyrinth of gloomy caverns stretching for miles along the mountain-side, and only broken here and there by a ravine, down which a streamlet tumbles in miniature cascades. Below lies the broad rich vale where the waters of the Cherf and Zenati unite to form the Seybouse, and set out on a round-about journey to the Gulf of Bona; and opposite is a weird-looking nook, shut in by lofty mountains, containing the Hammam Meskoutin, or "Enchanted Baths," whose waters—kept hot, the Arabs say, by genii under the orders of King Solomon—have the power of attracting the fashion and the infirmities of the province to this wild region.

Along the road there were spots whose interest was more closely connected with the business we had in hand. First we crossed the ravine where Gérard killed his first lion. Then we came to the place where my companion had wounded one recently; and it was a satisfaction to perceive that his statement about the lions coming close enough was fully borne out in this case. His post was on the side of the road, in a lentisk bush, the center of which he had cut out with his knife, so as to make a sort of nest, and the lion when fired at was not five yards from the muzzle of the rifle. Nevertheless, the brute was only slightly wounded, and got off. Above us on the mountain side he showed me the spot supposed to be the favorite lair of the old beast, the object of our expedition, who, I gathered, had been a well-known character in the neighborhood for

—if I do not mistake—nearly half a century. Gérard, Chassin, almost every lion-hunter in Algeria, had tried to compass his death. M. C—— himself had made several attempts to get a shot. But hitherto all stratagems had been unsuccessful. Long observation of mankind had invested him with a preternatural cunning; and the Arabs believed he was under the immediate protection of Shietan. As far as I could make out, however, there was nothing in his behavior to warrant the latter theory. As lions go he seemed to be a well-conducted animal, not doing wanton mischief to the flocks and herds about him, but helping himself now and then with the moderation that became his years and sagacity. In spite of his wariness, M. C—— had hopes of encountering him this time. He had been frequently observed of late descending to drink at the river hard by, and it had been ascertained that there were two paths he especially affected. We were to take post, one on each of these. “If you want wild boars,” said M. C——, “you could not be in a better place, and as for the lion, if he comes this side to-night, one or other of us will probably see him, and your chance will be as good as mine.” Presently we came to a solitary house, an auberge for the refreshment of travelers bound to Constantina or Medjez-Amar: and my companion left me while he went to fetch his horse. He returned leading an animal which only by courtesy could be described as a specimen of horse-flesh, for there was not enough of that substance about him to base an observation upon, not to say swear by. He bore at best the same relation to a horse that an old hulk undergoing the process of breaking up does to a ship; by his ribs, frame-work, and general outline, you could see that he had been a horse once; but it seemed a misuse of the present tense to speak of him as being one still. He certainly had his points, but they were not of the sort which usually find favor with good judges; and being especially prominent and abundant about the region of the back, they held out no promise of ease to the rider. How anybody, on a fine autumn evening, not too warm, could prefer such a mount to walking, I was at a loss to imagine, and I suppose looked as if I was, for M. C—— hastened to explain that his matchless steed was devoted to a nobler service than that of bearing burdens. To be a lure for lions was the mis-

sion of his declining days, and he had been purchased for that purpose for the sum of two and sixpence English money. His coat, white with age, made him a conspicuous object at night, and his efficiency as a bait was increased by a chronic cough, which signaled his whereabouts with the regularity of a minute gun. This explanation lent an unexpected interest to the animal; but it also suggested a destitution among the lions of the Mahouna, for which I was unprepared. If natural history had given any reason for believing that these creatures were partial to broiled bones, I could have understood the temptation. A lion who had previously dined, might certainly have made a light and digestible supper off M. C——’s ancient courser. But that he should regard him as materials for a serious meal, could only be attributed to a great scarcity of leonine food in these parts; and then arose the question, might not a lion with an appetite up to the mark of such a scarecrow, look with favor upon a moderately succulent Christian?

We were now joined by the landlord of the auberge, and a young man in a costume half Zouave, half civilian, which made him look like a transpontine pirate of the N. T. Hicks’ period. This proved to be a person of whom I had already heard a good deal, Constant Cheret, christened by the Algerian press “Le Nouveau Gérard,” from his brilliant successes as a lion-killer. There was very little of the ideal lion hunter in his appearance. Instead of a brawny Hercules fit to “whip his own weight in wild cats,” I saw a little fellow not more than five feet three or four in height, slight but well built, and looking as if he might have ridden for the Derby. The only thing about him that could have indicated his anomalous calling, was a piercing black eye, that seemed able to penetrate the darkest night, and an intentness about the expression of his rather handsome features, as if he were trying to catch some low distant sound. Cheret’s history curiously illustrated the fascinations of lion-hunting. One night, three or four years ago, he was alone in the woods, watching for a shot at a tiger-cat or mungoose, or some such small game, when an enormous head suddenly protruded itself through the brushwood, within a dozen feet of him, and he found himself, for the first time in his life, face to face with a lion. For weapons, all he had was one of those

cheap single-barreled guns that are exported in such numbers from France. However, he did not hesitate, but aiming between the two glowing eyeballs before him, pulled the trigger. Fortune, favoring the brave, so far interfered with the usual action of colonial firearms and ammunition, that the piece went off and burst not; and as it had been held straight and steady, Cheret, when the smoke cleared away, found a fine old lion lying dead at his feet. From that time forth the chase of the mungoose knew him no more. Having procured a more trustworthy weapon, he devoted himself to the destruction of lions with the energy of an enthusiast; and at the time I met him, had scored some half dozen victories, fairly entitling him to write "Cheret, tueur de lions," which—and it was his only vanity—he invariably did, in "bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation." He was then a private in the Third Zouaves, but enjoying apparently indefinite leave of absence, granted (I believe by the Emperor) to enable him to pursue a mission beneficial to the colony, and calculated to keep up the prestige of the French with the natives.

It must not be supposed that all his triumphs were as easy as his first, or that he staked nothing against the reputation he won. A short time before we met, he had an adventure which is a good illustration of the chances of lion-hunting. He was sitting one night among the scrub just over the path usually taken by a certain lion, when he suddenly heard close behind him the deep-breathing sound which almost always gives notice of the lion's approach; and turning round, perceived him fairly marching down on him. "Never fire at a lion standing on higher ground than your own," is one of the fundamental maxims of the craft; but here there was no choice; another step, and the brute would have been upon him. All he could do was to let fly rapidly, and then "duck." The lion, as a wounded lion generally does, sprang forward, and clearing Cheret, rolled down the hill-side below him, growling and swearing like a huge cat. As it would have been madness to attempt any thing more that night, Cheret got away quietly and went home. Next morning there was plenty of blood, but no lion to be found. A fortnight afterwards, however, he discovered the carcass, but decomposition and vultures had left nothing worth pre-

serving except the teeth, one of which he gave me as a keepsake when we parted.

It turned out that Cheret's object was the same as ours. He was on his way to Nechmeya, a village on the road to Bona, but tempted by the fineness of the night, and the news he had heard, determined to halt here for the philanthropic purpose of hunting the veteran of the Mahouna. There was a pot-au-feu simmering pleasantly on the hearth when we entered, and as internal contentment is held to steady the nerves and improve the shooting, it was agreed to sup before we started. The fare may have been commonplace, but the conversation was remarkable. Its subject was what might have been expected from the circumstances and the company, for even mine host was something of a lion-slayer, and often of an evening strolled out into the forest behind the house, in a quiet unpretending way, to look for a shot, as a man might who had a rabbit-warren handy. But what chiefly struck me was that they appeared to be on terms of intimate acquaintance with all the lions of the neighborhood. It seemed as though there was not a lion within a radius of fifty miles that was not personally known to some one of the trio. His appearance, his habits, his consort, his family, and the period at which the next little addition to it might be expected—all these were detailed with a freedom and minuteness that would have made the London correspondent of a country newspaper jealous. I noticed, too, that this intimacy with the king of beasts produced a familiarity of expression in speaking of him, calculated to upset notions derived from *Peter Parley's Tales about Lions*, and other scientific works on the subject. It was always as "Le vieux coquin de Penthievre," or "Ce drôle que j'ai blessé l'année dernière à Ain Mokra," or by some similar playful if not contemptuous title that he was referred to. The anecdotes also that were related, did not, upon the whole, increase one's respect for the animal; and some of them attributed to him a low sort of humor, not hitherto noticed by naturalists, and a taste for practical joking quite incompatible with true dignity. It is, it would appear, a pleasant practice of the lion to present himself suddenly to timid travelers in his dominions, and accompany them for some distance, growling and showing his teeth, until they are reduced

to a state of extreme terror, which end attained, he leaves them uninjured. Stories of this sort are very common in the Algerian newspapers, and my companions mentioned several instances of the same kind, but always on hearsay evidence. I could see that they placed little faith in such yarns, which I suspect are merely expansions of what is almost an every day occurrence in these parts—that of simply meeting a lion on the high road. It is true that he does show a preference for beaten roads and paths—not so much, I imagine, from “*ce mépris qu’il professe pour l’homme*,” as Gérard says; but because he finds them easier and more comfortable walking than the tangled thickets at each side of him. It may be very well for the panther, a slim, snake-like creature, but for the lion, a burly, broad-chested beast, with a carcass like a bullock’s, it can be no easy matter to bore a passage through the dense jungle that covers the hill-sides of the Atlas; and no doubt, like the coffee-drinker in the ballad, “he blesses the generous Frenchman” for increasing his comfort so materially. Some of the roads in north-eastern Algeria have become celebrated for these “*rencontres*,” that between Bona and Guelma so much so, that I could not suggest a better plan for a tourist who is anxious to see one of these animals in his natural state, than to travel back and forwards for a week in the banquette of the night diligence, which plies between these towns. But I never heard any one who has actually met a lion in the path charge him with any greater breach of politeness than staring hard, which, after all, is a privilege that has been long ago conceded to the cat tribe, even in the presence of royalty.

There was a good deal of that kind of conversation which, in the vulgar tongue, is called “chaff,” turning chiefly upon sporting misadventures. One of the party had been unfortunate enough to shoot a cow in mistake for a lion—a crime which I can now understand, as I was very near becoming accessory to a repetition of it a short time afterwards; and an allusion to that accident led to the query, “Who shot the camel?” This, it appeared, referred to a mishap of recent occurrence. The hunter in question had been applied to by some Arabs to rid them of a lion in their neighborhood that was becoming rather troublesome. He was sitting in the tent of the sheikh over the evening

kouskons when an Arab rushed in with the news that he had just seen the lion lying under a tree not far off. Of course he immediately repaired to the spot, and, approaching stealthily, perceived a huge tawny animal, with a massive hairy head. There could be no doubt about it. There he was indolently lounging, getting up his appetite, and debating in his own mind whether he should have a cow, or only a sheep, and a goat to follow. His flank, too, was temptingly exposed; so our chasseur, crawling nearer, deftly planted a ball in the proper spot, just behind the shoulder. A hideous bellow answered the shot, and a fine camel struggled out into the moonlight, and presently died in uncouth convulsions. The dead and neck had been concealed by the trunk of the tree, and it was the hump, with its fringe of shaggy hair, that had represented the head and mane of the lion. To complete the tragedy, the murdered beast proved to be the property of the Arab who had given the information.

A considerable part of the evening was taken up in giving me that instruction of which, as a neophyte, I stood in need. The first and most important of the rules laid down was that you should always, if possible, allow the lion to pass before firing at him. The object of doing so is two-fold: in the first place, the most vulnerable spot in the carcass—that just behind the shoulder—is exposed. At night, and when the animal is in motion, firing at the head is looked upon as rather hazardous, the brain of a lion being but a small target, and bullets apt to flatten or glance off harmlessly, owing to the shape and hardness of the skull. On the other hand, a ball behind the shoulder, passing through the region of the heart and lungs, has, as Sir Lucius O’Trigger says, a double chance; “for if it misses a vital part on the right side, it will be very hard if it don’t succeed on the left,” not counting the chance of its breaking the opposite shoulder, and, at any rate, crippling the enemy. The second advantage gained by waiting till he has passed is that the bound which the lion makes on feeling himself wounded carries him away from, instead of towards you, in which case, to use Gérard’s expression, if he has but two seconds of life left in him it is all over with you. The next point of importance is to keep perfectly still, especially after administering the first pill, so as to avoid calling attention

to your whereabouts, either by sound or motion; and not to be in too great a hurry about exhibiting your second dose. There is little danger of the lion coming on the hunter unawares, for even if he does not roar, his heavy breathing can always be heard as he approaches. "But," said M. C——, "it is a positive pleasure to hunt a lion that roars. You can do as you like: smoke your pipe, or lie back and doze. There is no fear of oversleeping yourself; he'll call you." Notwithstanding its charms, these men—to whom it was a familiar sound, and who feared a lion no more than they feared a cat—one and all confessed that his roar was an awesome thing to hear at close quarters, and that it produced a certain *frissonnement* even on their tried nerves. "Parole d'honneur," said the landlord, "I have felt the house shake when he roared outside there."

The lion, however, is as capricious with his voice as a leading tenor. In the springtime, when his fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love, he is by no means chary of his chest notes, but at other seasons is fitful in his utterances—at one time filling the valleys with echoes, at another snuffling mutely along his mountain path, as if "unable to perform, on account of a severe cold." This particular autumn, for instance, it was a matter of general remark that the lions were unusually silent.

"After all," said M. C——, with the air of a lecturer bringing his discourse to a conclusion, "the grand secret is *TIREZ HARDIMENT*."

This, however, is not all that is required. M. C—— himself had "*tiré hardiment*" more than once without producing any greater effect than a slight wound; thereby, of course, putting himself in a position of some considerable danger. As we were loading I thought I discovered the cause. When he found that I put in two and a quarter drams of powder, surely not an excessive charge for the Enfield bullet which I used, he expressed strong disapproval, and showed me how he loaded with scarcely half that quantity for a bullet at least a fourth heavier than mine. He reasoned on the fallacious argument, that as he could make good target practice at three hundred mètres with such a charge, it must be powerful enough for any other purpose.

Thus we sat chirping over our cups, like the comrades of the good Gargantua,

while the old horse sadly regarded us through the open doorway. The moonlight falling softly on his meager carcass, cast no shadow worth speaking of; and he might have passed for a specter come to warn, but too well mannered to intrude, were it not for the persistent cough which proclaimed him mortal. When at last we made a move M. C—— declared it was far too late to think of going up the mountain, and that we had better try the plain near the river, and take our chance of such game as might pass. The fact was, I suspect, that although he did not mind letting a green hand like me into the secret of the two paths, and the ambush he had prepared for the patriarch of the Mahouna, he was loth to take so redoubtable a hunter as Cheret into his confidence. Be it a lion or a covey of partridge, when a sportsman has his game marked down, he naturally objects to seeing it shot under his very nose by a rival. Between the auberge and the river lay a strip of plain, about half a mile wide, dotted with a few trees and patches of brushwood, and two or three plantations of prickly pear. That the lion did occasionally pass this way, we had evidence before we had gone many hundred yards, in the form of the bones of a goat, on which he had supped some nights back. But it was obvious that where there was such a choice of paths, if we saw any thing, it would be by the merest chance, and to increase that chance we spread ourselves out in a line parallel with the river.

They assigned me a post on the right flank, under the shade of a prickly pear garden, commanding an open space in the brush, and left me with strict injunctions not to sleep. These, to any one who has never tried the position, will seem wholly unnecessary. They did so to me at first, but long before the vigil was over I found that a state of drowsiness was by no means so remote as I fancied. For the first hour or so expectation, excitement, the novelty of the situation, all combine to keep you well up to the mark; and you sit probing the twilight with patient eye, and straining your ear-drum to extract sound from silence. Time after time some falling leaf sets you a listening with an intensity that threatens to crack your tympanum; time after time you fancy some bush or rock in your limited landscape does not look exactly as it did before, and

you watch it with a vigilance that makes your eyes run water, until you find that there is nothing new in or about it. But after a while the optic and auditory nerves grow weary of that most wearisome of all labors, striving to do when there is nothing to be done; and then supervenes that state of restlessness under difficulties which men call fidgets. Your nose, stung by the sense of inferiority which the temporary importance of its rivals, the eye and ear, suggests to it, begins to assert itself by itching violently. The privilege of scratching it privately would be cheap at any price; but dare you do it? If a boar or a panther be in the case, it is just possible that the animal, having perceived something peculiar about the bush or bank under which you are sitting, is at this moment studying your position with watchful eyes from the depths of some shade which yours can not penetrate; and the slightest movement on your part will clear up the doubt which is now agitating his mind. With a young and inexperienced lion, perhaps, it does not so much matter; but if it be an old and wary bird, who has been wounded once or twice, he will know the meaning of a crouching figure, with a gun on its knee, and will take another path, so the hunters say; or he will fall upon you and rend you, say the books. Quien sabe? At any rate, scratching your nose is not to be done unconsiderately; but at last, driven to desperation, you stealthily raise your hand, (hoping fervently that no body or thing sees you,) and find, when you reach the offending member, that the irritation has suddenly transferred itself to the nape of your neck, or to your spine between your shoulder blades, or to some other spot, as unattainable in your present position as Spitzbergen. Your nose, having exhausted that line of aggravation, suddenly starts a new idea, and you find that he has taken it into his tip that he wants to sneeze. This, of course, would be fatal; so, with a tweak or two, you bring him to a sense of the situation. No sooner have you put down insurrection in this quarter than you discover a fresh seat of disturbance in the stone upon which you are sitting. Besides being harder than any geological formation has a right to be, it seems to have suddenly acquired the property of producing knobs, lumps, and protuberances for your especial discomfort; and, encouraged by this, and by the

fact that they have been at the same angle for some hours, your knees begin to ache, and your lower limbs begin to show symptoms of the disease known in nursery therapeutics as "bone in the leg." Most likely there will be a running accompaniment of mosquitoes all the time; but that being a fair and legitimate annoyance on the part of nature, you have no right to complain. After a couple of hours of this, the period of reaction sets in, bringing with it weariness. Like ear and eye, your mind has now got tired of doing nothing laboriously. You have thought of every thing you can think of to kill time, and now you begin to think that this kind of sport is rather monotonous. At this point a faculty for making Latin verses would stand a man in good stead. If you could only put "I wish I was with Nancy," or some other lyric appropriate in sentiment, into Sapphics, the employment would carry you famously through the remainder of your watch. A hardened snuff-taker, too, one seasoned beyond sneezing-point, would have a great advantage. I recommend the acquirement of these two accomplishments to all intending lion-hunters.

I had reached this stage, and was battling hard with drowsiness, when, lifting up my eyes, I beheld in the middle of the clearing before me, a wild boar. How he had got there, I could not make out. I had heard no sound of his approach, nor seen any movement among the surrounding bushes. However, there he was, with a magnificent pair of gleaming white tusks, and looking, in the uncertain moonlight, about as big as a moderate-sized donkey. Four-and-twenty hours before such a sight would have seemed too much happiness to be real, and I have no doubt, there would have been a certain tremor of the rifle, and one or two other symptoms of "hirschfieber," as German sportsmen call the nervous affection to which tyros at large-game shooting are so liable. But since then I had been in the company of men who rather despised pigs, and whose talk was of lions, and I regarded the boar much as a small boy who has been initiated into the mystery of perch fishing regards a stickleback. I don't know that I did not even, in some degree, resent his abrupt appearance as an impudent attempt at producing a sensation. This extra coolness very likely lost me an uncommonly fine beast. He was not more

than fifty yards off, and even if I did not succeed in dropping him scientifically on the spot, I might have given him such a pill as would have enabled us to find him next day; but, influenced by the opinions of the company I had been keeping, I did not think it worth while firing until I was certain of success. Of all animals, a wild boar is the worst subject for a Fabian policy. Long before he had reached the distance at which I had determined to open on him, his quick eye or nose detected something wrong, and with a loud, angry grunt he slid out of sight. There is no other word to describe his disappearance. He did not run, or rush, or bolt, but seemed rather to glide away into the darkness, like a magic-lantern figure. Shortly afterwards the cracking of a twig hard by put me again on the *qui vive*; but this time my vigilance was thrown away, for it was only Cheret, coming to tell me that they were going to return.

At the auberge nature's sweet restorer behaved with its usual perversity, and took a mean advantage of the fact that I had repelled its advances before. Furthermore, the floor was what Mrs. Gamp would call "harder than a brick-bat," and the establishment proved to be, like Shakspeare's inn at Rochester, "a most villainous house for fleas." From a persistent rustling in Cheret's corner, I inferred that he, too, was a sufferer; and he confirmed my opinion in a tone that would have touched the heart of a lioness, even though she were a widow through his means. "Allons," said he, "vaut mieux d'être mangé par le lion que par les puces;" and, taking our guns, we strolled up the hill behind the house. We sauntered and sat under the trees till daylight, but nothing came of it except an invitation from Cheret, who doubtless thinking it a pity not to encourage a nascent taste for sport, proposed to me to go with him to Nechmeyya. The chances, he said, were far better there than near Guelma. Boars were plenty; there were tiger-cats, lynxes, hyenas, a sprinkling of panthers, "and other enchanthers;" and, to complete the attractions of the spot, it had been ascertained that there were four lions in the immediate neighborhood. These natural advantages were enough to prepossess one in favor of any place; but before we agreed, I felt myself bound to caution him, as Dante did Virgil when they were starting on their expedition—

"Consider well if virtue be in me
Sufficient, ere to this high enterprise
Thou trust me."

But it appeared that he was willing to accredit me with enough of that property to meet the demands that might be made upon it, and I had nothing more to say, except to stipulate that I should be permitted to fire at any wild boars or other inferior game that might turn up in the way of business, as a sort of training for the more important work.

That night's diligence brought us to Nechmeyya, a pleasant, though perhaps shabby little village, situated in the belt of hilly country that lies between the valley of the Seybouse and the great salt lake of Fetzara; and next morning, having laid in breakfast, and comestibles enough for one, or it might be two days in the wilderness, we started to seek what Cheret called "renseignements." For this purpose we repaired to an Arab douar, some miles up among the hills, where Cheret was immediately hailed as an old friend; and a conversation ensued in which, from the frequent repetition of the word "sayd," it was evident that the recent proceedings of some local lion or lions were being discussed. A friendly and refreshing bowl of milk was passed round, and we left with what I presume were benedictions from the adults, and sarcasms from the children, most of whom were dressed in a string round the middle, a light summer costume much worn by the younger members of society in remote regions of Barbary. From the information which he had received, Cheret decided upon trying a fountain a few miles further on, called Aïn Mounchar, a favorite drinking place with the wild animals of the neighborhood,* and led the way along a valley of promising loneliness. At every step the red-legged partridges rose and skimmed away, or trotted up the path before us with easy indifference, and every pool showed traces of the recent mud-bath of some family of wild boars. At length we came to a mass of dense brushwood, apparently blocking up the valley, into which Cheret plunged through an aperture that looked like the mouth of a sylvan tunnel, so closely were the branches interlaced overhead. This seemed to

* This is the spot where Jules Gérard's perseverance was so tried by a panther, as recorded in the third chapter of his *Chasse au Lion*.

be the great thoroughfare for the inhabitants of the forest. In about ten minutes he had shown me the slots of a whole menagerie of wild beasts. The broad pugs of the lion were indeed wanting, but all the other færs of North Africa, from the panther to the porcupine, were represented; and the different styles of signature left in the soft clay—the firm, decisive impress of the boar, the clumsy scrawl of the hyena, the neat, dainty foot-prints of the lynx and tiger-cat—would have furnished a study for one of those sages who offer to describe characters for four-and-twenty postage-stamps. Creeping out of this, we entered upon an open glade surrounded by wooded hills. Just before us, on the summit of a bushy knoll, rose a lofty precipitous limestone rock, so like a Rhineland castle, that at first sight it was hard to believe it was of nature's rearing, and over and around it there wheeled a flock of vultures, just as one sees the jackdaws circling round a village steeple. Some steady old-birds had already retired to roost on the top and ledges of the rock, and others might be seen in the distance leisurely sailing home. At the foot of this Chêret led the way into a sort of cavern among the bushes, where many generations of wild animals had left a well-marked foot-path, and we came upon a little pool of clear cold water, upon which the sun's rays never fell. This was the Ain Mounchar, and he showed me with some pride the nest he had made for himself, and sat in on divers previous occasions. It was undeniably snug, but there was not room for two in it; so, after one of the hearty repasts usual in such circumstances, we looked about for a suitable lair, and fixed upon a flat slab like a tombstone, partly screened by brambles, and commanding the approach to the spring. Here we settled ourselves for the night, and cleared for action, Chêret producing, among other things, a formidable-looking pistol. He had laughed to scorn my little Adams' revolver, until he had seen its penetrating power, when he agreed that it might be as well to take it. I am not sure, however, that he was not right, and that, in case of a difficulty with a dangerous animal, a common pistol of large bore is not better than any revolver. While on the subject of arms, I may as well add that he, as well as every man of any experience that I met, was strongly in favor of

the explosive balls made by Devisme, of Paris, which they said never fail to explode and knock a terrific hole in a beast's carcass. To use these safely, as well as for other reasons, I fancy the model tool for lion-hunting would be a double breech-loading rifle, on the Lefauchaux principle, about fourteen gauge, and made as short as possible, so as to be handled easily in a confined space. With such a weapon a man might take it easy in the face of a wounded lion; for he could reload in little more time than would be required to cock both barrels; not to speak of the time saved by not having to cap, which will be appreciated by any one who has tried that operation at night.

Night, as it does in the south, came on rapidly. First the various tints of the foliage became blended into one uniform sap-green, then the stems of trees faded away, the trees themselves got mixed up with the background behind them, and the surrounding hills loomed out like great black walls, which might have been ten feet or ten miles away, according to fancy. Strange sounds, too, began to float about. Hoarse croaks rose from the valley below, and now and again a cry rang through the woods as of a person shivering with bitter cold. It was somewhat of a disappointment to find that these, so far from being the voices of monsters peculiar to Africa, were nothing more than the night-songs of the frog and the owl. Suddenly I felt Chêret begin to tremble violently. The chill and the damp had brought on a sudden attack of a fever which he always carried about with him—a legacy left by an old illness caught in the woods some years before. His teeth rattled like the bones of Mr. Pell, and he shook so vehemently, that the only wonder was that he did not shake off the fever then and there. To return to Nechmeya then was impossible; but luckily, contrary to his advice, I had brought with me a plaid, the tried companion of many bivouacs, with which he made himself as warm as possible, and lay down to try and sleep off the fit. "If the lion comes," said he, "mind, waken me before you do any thing;" and with this he turned over, and left me to mount guard.

Chêret slept and I watched, the frogs croaked, and the owls hooted, without interruption for a couple of hours; but at last I thought I detected a rustling among the bushes on our right. After a moment's lis-

tening there could be no doubt about it: there was something there. The only question was, whether that something was of sufficient importance to justify me in rousing the invalid: it might be only a pig or a porcupine. But at length it got beyond all bearing, and I laid my hand quietly on Cheret's arm. He started up just as if I had touched some spring, or as if he was a Jack-in-the-box, and I had raised the lid, and peered into the night in the direction whence the sounds proceeded with eyes that gleamed like those of the animals he hunted. When I spoke of this afterwards, he said: "Ah, that's what M. le Comte used to say: he told me my eyes looked like coals when I was watching for a lion." Whatever the creature was it did not show; the sounds ceased after a little, and Cheret lay down once more. Soon after this the moon rose above the hill-tops, lighting up the valley, and I felt relieved of much of the responsibility thrown upon me; for now there was no possibility of any thing stealing a march upon us. Once during the night I thought we were fairly-in for it. My eye was wandering listlessly, perhaps a trifle sleepily, over the moonlit clearing at the edge of which we lay, when it fell on an object at the other side that I certainly had not perceived before. It seemed to be just the size and shape of a recumbent lion, and as I watched it I felt almost sure I saw it move gently, as if stretching itself. For the moment the illusion was so perfect, that I said to myself: "No mistake this time: there he is"—and was going to waken Cheret, when I thought of the former false alarm. He was sleeping so soundly, that it seemed a pity to disturb him for any thing short of a certainty; besides, the lion, if lion it was, was at least a hundred and fifty yards off, and there would be plenty of time after he began to move in earnest. I must confess, however, in spite of all the encouraging tales I had heard, I was conscious of a somewhat heightened pulsation. When ten minutes of close watching had failed to detect any further movement in the object, I began to suspect my mistake; but it was not until the moon shone out brightly through some passing clouds that I was quite convinced. The incident shows how necessary it is on an expedition of this sort to make a mental memorandum of every object within range before night sets in, in order to prevent

deception afterwards. The false lion, examined next morning, proved to be a large block of light-colored stone, sufficiently like, however, in shape to justify the mistake, and the appearance of motion was no doubt produced by the shadows of some clouds passing rapidly over it. But the strangest thing of all was, that the stretching action which I had attributed to it was, Cheret said, eminently characteristic of a lion under the circumstances.

As morning approached the air got chilly, and Cheret, waking up, proposed lighting a fire, as there was now no chance of any thing coming till daybreak. We were fortunate enough to find plenty of dead branches, and in a few minutes we had got up a lordly blaze, that threw a glare over the woods, and lit up every cranny of the old rock above us, making several serious-minded vultures, to judge by the croaking and flapping of wings that followed, fancy the end of the world had come. By the side of this, after either the latest of suppers or the earliest of breakfasts, we lay down for a short nap, but overslept ourselves shamefully, for it was daybreak when we woke; so that if the lion came, it is probable he either was touched by our confidence or judged us to be tough. On the principle of having something for our money, we managed before starting to bag one of the vultures. Not without some difficulty, however; Cheret said he took as much killing as two lions or half a dozen boars.

At the inn at Nechmeya we found two carriers at breakfast, who accounted for the absence of at least one of the lions of the neighborhood. They had met him that morning on the roadside, not far from the village, and he had almost frightened their horses into the ditch. Cheret, however, was too ill for any thing except quinine and castor-oil, of which I luckily had a stock in my portmanteau, so their information was useless. We strolled out one or two evenings to try for a boar or a panther, or any thing that might turn up; but he was not well enough for night-watching. On one of these occasions we had something of an adventure, which was rather illustrative of life (and death) in Algeria. We were making our way one evening after dark through the brushwood, I in front, Cheret a few paces behind, when something in the nature of a firearm went bang among the bushes, and

a bullet whizzed passed unpleasantly close to my head. "Cré nom de Dieu!" said Cheret, dashing into the brush, where, as I followed, I found him at grips with a long Arab, who held one of those villainous-looking horse-pistols which figure so conspicuously in Horace Vernet's pictures of Arab warfare. In spite of this evidence of a criminal intention, the gentlemen swore, first that he had not fired at all, then that he had fired under the impression that it was a wild boar that was coming, and finally that he thought it was a marauder. Cheret, in his wrath, was at first, I think, for shooting him, which certainly would have been the simplest way of settling the difficulty, and, with such conveniences for disposing of the body, might have been done with impunity; but ultimately he proposed that we should take him, and that I should proceed by that night's diligence to Bona and lodge a *procès verbal*. This did not quite suit my views. Being bound over to prosecute at the assizes scarcely seemed to come in among the pleasures of an autumn tour; so I suggested, as a kind of friendly compromise, and to settle the matter on the spot, that it would be better to thrash him, especially as there were plenty of sticks lying ready to hand. There was a particular fascination, too, about the idea of this mode of punishment. He was a stately-looking scoundrel, and picturesque withal; and as he roared and rubbed himself under castigation, there would have been that incongruity about his appearance which Sydney Smith says is essential to a sense of the humorous—to say nothing of the strict justice of the infliction. Cheret, however, wisely I have no doubt, objected to this as being a half measure, and only calculated to get us into a scrape; so we let the poor fellow go, with a promise that he should be arrested the next day, and shot at the earliest convenience of the authorities. No doubt he did not perceive the second figure when he fired; and his motive was probably either a desire of plunder, or of knocking over a Christian, or possibly a mixture of both.

A night or two afterwards I was in the diligence bound for Bona, when, just about the spot mentioned by the carriers, the horses began to snort and plunge violently, and the driver to call them pigs and brigands, after the manner of French Jehus in difficulties. At this a stout gen-

tleman, who had been asleep in the opposite corner of the *coupé*, woke up and said: "C'est un lion dans les broussailles; on le rencontre souvent ici," and went to sleep again; but whether or not he was right in his conjecture, the darkness of the night prevented me from ascertaining.

Once again, notwithstanding previous disappointments, I was induced to try my luck. Being at the pretty little town of Jemmapes, on the road between Bona and Philippeville, led away by glowing descriptions of the scenery and sport to be found, I accompanied a *garde forestier*, Fannet by name, up into the mountains between the town and the coast. As far as I could judge in a two days' ramble, the accounts I had received were not exaggerated. The scenery was something like that of Devonshire, but on a larger scale, richly-wooded hills and winding valleys opening out here and there into park-like expanses, dotted with noble evergreen and cork oaks; and as for game, there was evidence enough to show that it was not scarce. Wherever the acorns fell the tracks of the wild boars abounded; and once or twice we got glimpses of their black backs, like porpoises rolling in a sea of foliage, as they plunged through the underwood of some ravine. Panthers, too, seemed to be plenty, from the frequent occurrence of their footprints, and of spots where they had torn up the soil with their claws, stretching themselves, I presume, or, as our Arab guide put it, by way of "fantasia." Of lions we saw nothing, though we heard a good deal. A plucky old lady, the wife of the forester at whose hut we put up, said they used to come and roar in the little garden before her door. She did not mind it now, she told me, though when she first came to live there she did not like it at all, especially when her husband was from home. It made her feel lonely, she said, and she used to keep a candle burning all night.

One morning, in one of the higher valleys, we came upon a colony of apes holding a noisy public meeting on some subject which seemed to admit of a vast variety of opinions, and I confess with shame that I was led to put up the rifle and cover one of the orators. But happily the reflection, "What would Professor Huxley say?" joined with a certain "am-I-not-a-man-and-a-brother" expression about the creature, checked me in

time, and saved me from a crime worse than even monkeycide; for here there was not tail that I could have pleaded in excuse.

Our attempts here show what a Will-o'-the-wisp kind of pursuit this sport is. The first night we selected a spot where the traces of the panther were numerous and fresh. It was a well-known place, too, evidently; for up in a tree hard by was one of the nests the Arabs build for themselves when they try for a lion or a panther. But nothing visited us, nor did we hear any thing except the chattering of the apes, and once, miles away among the hills, a deep moaning sound, which swelled gradually into a prolonged below, and died away again as it had commenced. Distant as the sound was, there was no mistaking what Jules Gérard calls "la voix du maître." In the morning

* The Arabs fancy they can detect in the lion's roar the words "Ana ou ben el m'ra"—"I and the son of woman;" implying that he and man reign jointly over the brute creation; but the distance was so great that I can not speak to the resemblance.

we heard that a panther had been seen at a spot lower down the valley, and there we placed ourselves for the night. Next day we found that if we had kept to our first position we should most likely have met with him, for he had been observed in that direction. Finally, at Jemmapes I learned that on the evening of the day we left the hills a lion had passed down the valley, close to the place where we had been sitting the night before.

From all I have heard from the mouths of old hands, it would seem that this kind of thing enters largely into the experience of the hunter in Algeria. Still I can not regret the trials my patience underwent in this way, for I look back upon these rambles as some of the pleasantest episodes of a pleasant tour. As Camps says, speaking of this same land:

"The echo of these wilds enchanted me;
And my heart beat with joy when first I heard
A lion's roar come down the Libyan wind."

I thought it reminded me more of the voice of an angry bull than of any thing else: at the same time there was an indescribable difference.

From the North British Review.

THE SEAFORTH PAPERS.

[Concluded from page 174.]

THE public joy at the downfall of Napoleon was heightened by the visit to England of the allied sovereigns and princes, the Emperor of Russia, the King of Prussia, etc., with old Marshal Blücher and the Hetman Platoff, who proved still more attractive to the multitude. Addresses of congratulation, magnificent entertainments, and applauding crowds greeted the illustrious strangers. A lady writes as follows, June 15, 1814:

"Nobody has thought, spoke, or dreamt of any thing for the last fortnight but these great potentates; and this, to be sure, is natural enough, as such an event never occurred before, and probably never will occur again. The newspapers will tell you all they have done publicly; but as I know you have, as well as myself, a great regard for Lady Jersey,

I must tell you how much I have enjoyed the sort of triumph she has had. You perhaps know that she is on very bad terms with the Regent. She is warm in her politics; he warm in his resentment, and, in short, as there is a mutual hatred, each goes on making bad worse. Of course, she is excluded from every party at Carlton House, and the Regent is as perfectly uncivil as he can be. The first ball that the Emperor of Russia went to was at Lady Cholmondeley's. All the old ladies to whom the Regent presented him, such as Lady Hertford, Lady Winchester, Lady Melbourne, etc., were all ruffling their plumes and fussing to get up to him, because, they said, 'He will have nobody to speak to unless some of us get to him.' They made to the first row, but, not one imperial word or smile did they obtain, for the emperor spied some younger, and, in his eyes, handsomer ladies in the background, as Lady Jersey, and Lady Grantham, whom he poked

out and brought forward, leading Lady Jersey out to dance, exactly in front of the Regent. This, you may be sure, was good fun, and Lady Jersey made excellent use of her time, for she asked the emperor to come to her ball two nights afterwards, which he promised to do, if he could get back in any time from Oxford. She accordingly prepared her house magnificently: but when at half-past two in the morning he had not arrived, we all gave him up. The Russians alone said he would come. They all observed, 'Il la dit, et quand il dit quelque chose c'est sur qu'il le fait.' Sure enough, at half-past three he came, having fresh dressed in plain clothes, without any stars, orders, or attendants. He stayed till near six, and I really never saw, according to my ideas of good manners and good breeding, so well-mannered a man. Wherever I have seen him, he has allowed no disturbance or fuss to be made. He does not suffer himself to be controlled in the slightest degree by our Regent. At Lady Hertford's ball, the Regent told him it was customary here to hand the lady of the house to supper, which he did accordingly, but having taken her to her place, and planted her there, he went himself to the bottom of the table to stand by Lady Jersey. . . . He does not at all admire our Regent's taste in Lady Hertford, for he shrugs up his shoulders whenever he sees her, and exclaims, *Quel goût*. It is lucky he can not stay longer, for otherwise we should certainly have a Russian war again!

"The King of Prussia is so shy and reserved, that few people have got acquainted with him; but he is so truly and un-royally grieved for the loss of his wife, that I think his gravity most interesting. His brother, Prince Henry, is one of the handsomest men I ever saw, and, with his cousin, Prince Augustus of Prussia, the ladies are all desperately in love—his eyes are so fine, his moustaches so black, and his teeth so white. The King of Prussia's two sons and nephew are cheerful good humored boys, and are much liked.

"The influx of foreign princes, and of foreigners of distinction, is immense. Only conceive there being here seventy-nine Russians and eighty Prussians of note! The Prince of Orange, too, is very much liked: but the marriage is at hand, and poor Princess Charlotte is in a lamentable situation. She was hurried into consenting to the marriage originally, but at last liked it, and only stipulated that she should have her establishment here, and not be compelled to leave the country unless she chose. This has been resisted by Ministers. She begged hard to be allowed to partake of all these festivities, which was refused, by way, I suppose, of taming her into compliance and forcing her to capitulate. She has taken great offense at the Prince of Orange not commiserating her situation, but going about amusing himself, and she has broken off the marriage. Now, I suppose the poor girl will be used

worse than ever. I firmly believe it is all owing to that horrid old queen! I own I do enjoy her being well hissed whenever she appears in public. Last Sunday the mob spat at her chair in the park, and now she goes in her sedan with guards. The Princess of Wales gets applauded by the mob, and Whitbread keeps Ministers in hot water by talking about her in the House of Commons. Her character, however, is too generally known to get beyond that."

Two months after the date of this letter, Byron wrote his *Condolatory Address* to the Countess of Jersey on the Prince Regent's returning her picture. The lady was triumphant both in verse and prose.

Among the entertainments given to the allied sovereigns was one by the Marquis and Marchioness of Stafford, at which the Prince Regent was present. It was like all the rest, remarkable for gayety and splendor, and connected with it, the Marchioness used to relate an amusing incident, characteristic of the prince's vein of humor and *bonhomie*. In the course of one of the dances, the noble host and hostess happened to meet at the bottom of the room, when Lady Stafford, looking round on the brilliant scene, whispered to her husband, "What would Willie Young say?" Willie Young was their Scotch commissioner or manager—a shrewd, intelligent man, who was likely to regard all such costly vanities as threatening to trench on the funds that could be better employed in the improvement of the northern estate. The Regent standing close by, behind a pillar, overheard the ejaculation, and when he was about to withdraw, the Marchioness expressed her hope that his Royal Highness had enjoyed himself. George, in his usual style, poured out profuse acknowledgments; "But," he added, "I could not help thinking, what would Willie Young say!" Of course, an explanation followed, to the infinite amusement of all the parties.

With Sir Walter Scott there appears to have been a frequent correspondence. Scott was in London in 1820, on the great occasion of his baronetcy, and one incident of his visit seems to have afforded him much gratification:

"Old Mr. Crabbe was so good as to come up to town expressly to meet me; a circumstance which flattered me as much as any thing I ever met with,* as I am a great admirer of

* Testimonies to his popularity must have been

the British Juvenal, though his views of life are somewhat of the darkest, owing, I think, to his having had his home amongst a very degraded set of the English peasants—smugglers, poachers, and so forth. He is a man of very simple manners, and with a certain degree of affectation. This sounds odd, but it is just so. The affectation is of a very quiet and entertaining kind, and pops out on you as the puns do in his poetry, and you love the gay old man the better for it."

There was one point on which Sir Walter Scott and his fair friend cordially agreed. They were both passionately fond of dogs—as much "bitten" as Dr. John Brown himself—and had equal room and affection for all breeds and varieties of the faithful animal. Mrs. Mackenzie sent the poet a beautiful thorough-bred Highland terrier, which reached Abbotsford in great preservation :

"I never saw a creature more perfect of her kind," writes Sir Walter. "I did not like the name of *Sharp*, as not being quite appropriate to a Highland Miss: I have therefore called her *Oursik* or *Goblin*, to which her little sharp eyes and shaggy coat seem to give her a good title. She went out a-coursing with me the only day that the fresh weather gave us leave, and shows a natural genius for rummaging out hares, which is highly creditable. I leave her for two or three months in the country under the charge of my overseer, who is an accomplished sportsman, and he has promised to enter her properly both against vermin and rabbits, which is a most material part of her education, according to Dandie Dinmont. She has a fine Highland temper of her own; for when I huffed her a little for some inaccuracy, she sat in a high state of sulkiness for half a day beneath a chair. I should not forget to add, that, to supply the shortness of her legs, she rode on Sophia's knee when she went a-coursing."

The unfortunate Queen Caroline, her travels and trials, furnished abundant materials for comment and speculation. One lady writes, July, 1820 :

"We are in a strange state here, agreeable to no one, I suppose, except the downright

constantly occurring. We find the following curious compliment mentioned in a letter. Anne Scott wrote to her sister, Mrs. Lockhart, for a fashionable bonnet. "I knew," said Mrs. L., "that my humble people would never do for Anne, so I went to the great Madame Maradan." Well, the bonnet was chosen by her best advice, and ordered to be packed and dispatched to Miss Scott, at Sir Walter Scott's. "Mais comment donc! Le grand Sir Walter?" She lifted up her hands; and what was more, she insisted upon bating ten whole shillings of the price.

Radicals, those who really wish for the days of 'rugging and riving' to commence, and wise good Lady Anne, whose love of fishing in troubled waters must now be fully gratified. Does it not amuse you to think of her in the midst of it, sitting backwards for fear Alderman Wood should be sick in the carriage? Do you see her grave face? When I recollect the amazing mischief and *imbroglio* she made, with the best intentions in the world, in a family with whose concerns I was much acquainted—pleading the cause of a poor unfortunate woman in an embarrassing situation with such zeal that she made bad a good deal worse, did her all the harm imaginable; and at last the father of the person came to me with 'Oh, Lady L., if you could but induce Lady A. H. to hold her tongue.' When I remember this, I say I can comprehend the consequences of her engaging in matters of State. Miss M. says, 'We live at the court end of the town.' We do, indeed, and have twice seen a royal procession. Her — is daily dragged about the streets by the dirtiest ragamuffins, with such a troop of boys hollaing as you see round Jack o' the Green on May-day. She would fain have gone to the theaters and Vauxhall, and had actually ordered a play, but Mr. Brougham threatened to resign, and wash his hands of her affairs if she went, and thus with great difficulty prevented her. I fancy she makes her *legal advisers*, as she calls them, half-mad. And, I presume, pretty much the same may be said on the other side. Mercy on those who have to answer for the actions of ungovernable people!"

The death of the queen did not terminate this strife, her funeral having been attended with violence, and even bloodshed. Caroline had left injunctions that her body should be conveyed to Brunswick for interment; but the government—or rather the petty vindictiveness of the king—prescribed that the procession should not proceed through the city, but take a by-route out of the metropolis. This was effectually prevented by the populace, who interrupted the progress of the cavalcade by throwing carts, wagons, and other vehicles across the road and streets, and forced it into the Strand, and from thence through the heart of the city of London. Of the subsequent journey with the royal remains, Lady Anne Hamilton writes, November 7, 1821 :

"I was obliged to take much upon myself or be guided by Alderman Wood, and I never thought him the man to set a queen upon the throne. I am glad I have gone through what I did, now that it is over. But what a journey!—nearly shot at Tyburn turnpike (instead of being hanged!) The ball hit the carriage immediately before ours while my head was out of the window, not four yards from it—thirteen

hours in the coach without stopping—horses and all ready to drop—then at sea so sick, and no assistance, for all the women were equally sick; and not having been abroad, I could not reconcile myself to men's care and superintendence on that occasion. Then as to traveling in Germany, you must see it to believe it. From Cuxhaven to Brunswick, nearly the whole way is a sandy desert, without the vestige of a road, sloughing through sand at one English mile an hour, and yet that was paradise compared to the pavements. We had our axletrees broken four times, and our wheels mended at every blacksmith's shop; and when these things did not occur, our carriage was taken to pieces and packed into a German wagon, with a truss of straw in the middle for Lady Anne Hamilton, as her bones were too much dislocated to walk like the rest of the party! Arrived, straw beds, with plenty of company; dinner, garden-stuff fried in oil and garlic, and raw bacon; sour bread and sour wine, no cheese or meat, and rancid butter. These were their delicacies, and they wondered that we were so nice as not to be able to eat them!

"But the palaces at Brunswick and Cassell were worth almost all we had suffered. The former was fitted up by Jerome, thirty-six rooms in one floor, one hundred and forty-five rooms in which they lighted fires, done up in the French taste, each room different; the richest velvets, the richest silks, such carpets as I never saw before, every ceiling painted and gilded, the floor in mosaic, and such pictures! Yet Jerome lived there only eight days in four years. He preferred his palace at Cassell, one day's journey from Brunswick, and no wonder. We could not see the interior, but such a situation and view!—such woods, cascades, and water!—all these must be drawn, not described. Brunswick Palace is in the town, open on one side to a garden, like Hampton Court, with this addition, that the myrtle trees, in tubs upon wheels, are twelve or fourteen feet high, with stems as thick as one's body, and some eighty years old. At Cassell you approach the palace by an avenue a mile and a quarter long, with a double row of trees; so no sun can scorch, and on either side are scattered pretty houses, gardens, and villas. Before I quit Brunswick, I must tell you that the government there is (regarding Queen Caroline) the same as ours, consequently every impediment was thrown in the way of the people showing respect to their princess; but notwithstanding this, the town was partially illuminated, and several deputations presented addresses to us. The two chamberlains who govern during the minority are both in the king's interest, but, thank God, the prince takes the reins into his own hands, now that he is eighteen. As to newspapers, they are nothing. The poor princes adored their aunt, adore England, and are never so happy as when they can speak with the English; they wrote, begging to come to the funeral, but of course were refused, and kept at

Lausanne on purpose. They are very popular. Failing them, the dukedom *descends* to our king. Think, then, how precious their lives to their own country!

"I suppose you know that we had the largest frigate in the service and two others to carry us away, but only one small one to bring us back, which would only have afforded standing-room. We therefore preferred taking our government allowance, and paying the extra cost to find our own way home by land. We went to Hanover, and saw the Duke of Cambridge's house, which is but a little larger than South Audley street; we met himself, his duchess, and son while we were waiting to have our carriage mended. He came up with three broken carriages out of four, and put up at the same inn. His son preceded him, a fair sickly child, but I did him the honor to kiss his hand. The duchess is a pleasing, genteel looking woman, with a long thin pale face, and the blackest eyes and eyebrows I ever saw. He was dressed in a green coat, and would not look where we were; but Lady Hood, who minds nothing, went up and spoke to him. From Hanover we went to Frankfort, came up the Rhine to Cologne in boats, from Cologne to Aix-la-Chapelle, and thence to Brussels, the finest town we passed through. At Calais we sold our carriages for five pounds! I have done nothing but write letters since I have been in London, and shall be happy if I can wind up my political career in a twelvemonth, and enjoy my books and my work as I used to do. . . . I only hope that now party spirit will cease, and that they will please to leave her remains in peace. I hear that the king can not sleep, that her image continually haunts him, and that the ministers let him travel about to engage his mind. Suppose he should end as his father did? Sincerely yours,
A. H."

The greatest family in the north sixty years since was the ducal family of Gordon. Early in life Alexander, the fourth Duke, married Jane Maxwell, "the flower of Galloway," and a handsomer couple has rarely been seen. The duke was in his twenty-fourth year; the bride in her twenty-first. Reynolds, in a fine portrait that still graces Gordon Castle, has preserved some memorial of the youthful beauty of the duchess, in which intelligence was mingled with sensibility and tenderness. A lovelier profile was never drawn: the woman of whom so many tales are related, representing her as scheming, worldly, and gross, might have sat for a Saint Cecilia or a Theresa. And there were passages in the life of Duchess Jane that wore the hues of poetry and romance. As a girl she was strongly attached to a young officer, who recipro-

cated her passion. The soldier, however, was ordered abroad with his regiment, and shortly afterwards was reported dead. This was the first great calamity that Jane Maxwell experienced; and after the first burst of grief had spent itself, she sunk into a state of listlessness and apathy that seemed immovable. But the Duke of Gordon appeared as a suitor, and, partly from family pressure, partly from indifference, Jane accepted his hand. On their marriage tour the young pair visited Aytoun House, in Berwickshire, and there the duchess received a letter addressed to her in her maiden-name, and written in the well-known hand of her early lover. He was, he said, on his way home to complete their happiness by marriage. The wretched bride fled from the house, and, according to the local tradition, was found, after long search, stretched by the side of a *burn* nearly crazed. When she had recovered from this terrible blow and re-entered society, Jane presented an entirely new phase of character. She plunged into all sorts of gayety and excitement; she became famous for her wild frolics, and for her vanity and ardor as a leader of fashion. She shone at the balls and musical suppers of Edinburgh, leading the poet Burns one season in her train. In London her routs and assemblies were the most brilliant of the capital, attracting wits, orators, and statesmen. When her family grew up, she found fresh occupation and interest in chaperoning her daughters, and stimulating the ambition of her favorite son, the Marquis of Huntly. It was chiefly through her exertions that her son was able to raise a regiment for general service. In order that the ranks of the Ninety-second, or Gordon Highlanders, might be filled up, and Huntly obtain his command, she has been known to *recruit* in kilt and hose, bonnet and feathers, dancing with and kissing parties of half-mad mountaineers! No Cameron or Macpherson could resist this—the recruiting was eminently successful.

Having married all her daughters, the gay duchess said she would set about marrying herself again to her old duke! She was, however, too late. It was no use looking to the east in the evening expecting still to find the sun there. The duke's affections had strayed towards a village damsel, a certain Jane Christie, destined afterwards to become Duchess of Gordon. In the commencement of this

unfortunate and reprehensible connection there was also a touch of something like "sensational romance." Jane Christie was on the eve of marriage, she was actually a bride, when the Duke of Gordon interposed, the intended marriage was broken off, and Jane became inseparably united to her lordly admirer of the castle. She was a fine-looking woman, as such hapless victims usually are—above the middle size, always plainly though richly dressed, without feather, flower, or jewel; she had sense and tact, was kind-hearted, and beloved by the poor over all the ducal domains. During this time the veritable and great duchess resided chiefly in the south, and led a wandering, *scattered*, homeless life. She died in London, and the event is thus announced by Lady Keith:

"So the great leader of fashion is gone at last—the Duchess of Gordon! Her last party, poor woman, came to the Pulteney Hotel to see her coffin! She lay in state three days, in crimson velvet, and she died more satisfactorily than one could have expected. She had an old Scots Presbyterian clergyman to attend her, who spoke very freely to her, I heard, and she took it very well. She received the sacrament a few hours before her death."

The clergyman referred to was the minister of the Scots Church in Swallow-street, to which the duchess bequeathed a service of communion plate, which is still in use. Another lady writer, May 5th, 1812:

"When we consider that active spirit sunk to rest, it affords a striking and forcible lesson on the vanity of those schemes of worldly greatness in which she found her almost unparalleled success, but which contributed so little to her happiness. There was something peculiarly revolting in the kind of mockery of state which attended her remains. The idea of her lying in state at such a place as the Pulteney Hotel seems in itself preposterous, and from the great want of judgment and attention with which the body was exposed for above a week after her death to the curiosity of all who thought fit to go into the hotel, it became quite indecent. It is said that the whole was done, not only without the consent, but without the knowledge of the duke, who by no means approved of the proceedings when he heard of the expense of £2000 which they brought upon him. I shall not waste much compassion on him. It was his part to give what orders he thought right about the funeral, and see that they were performed. Nor was this last mark of attention too much to have given to one whom his own conduct, perhaps more

than any thing else, contributed to make what she was—a melancholy instance of gifts neglected and talents misapplied. . . . C. P.”

Eight years after this event the duke married Jane Christie. We find him referring to the event in terms of sincere satisfaction :

“GORDON CASTLE, August 7th, 1820.

“You, no doubt, have heard of the step I have lately taken, for which I know that I am much blamed; but my conscience approves, and I trust that I shall not have any cause to repent it.”

In fact the old peer was supremely happy, for he had at last done justice to the woman, whom he loved with the strongest affection. Duke Alexander was one of the most accomplished and graceful noblemen of his time. He was a scholar, had a great practical knowledge of mechanics, was a draughtsman, a musician, and even a poet; at least he wrote a good Scots song to a native air, “Cauld kail in Aberdeen,” which obtained the praise of Burns; and this song is characteristic of its author, in decrying indulgence in the wine-cup or *cogie*, and extolling the superior fascination of the fair sex. In the afternoons, when the ducal work-room was closed or the chase over—for his Grace was a keen sportsman, and thought nothing, even after he was seventy, of swimming his horse across the Spey after a stag—the duke would sit down to dinner with his old librarian, James Hoy, and over a bottle of claret discuss any new book that Hoy had been reading, or any new discovery in science; and by this pleasant mode of *cranning*, the duke kept up pretty well with the literature of the day. Their post-prandial colloquies were not disturbed, it appears, by female society :

. . . . “My spirits have been much distressed since I had the pleasure of seeing you. The duchess’s state of health becomes more serious every day, and I dread the consequences. She grows weaker, and can take no nourishment. God only knows how it may end; I am very unhappy about her. Her kindness and attention to me are beyond my powers of expression; and I can say that upon every occasion *but one*, she has always conformed to my wishes, and that one is rather to her credit, and must give all those who know the circumstance a high opinion of her. I must now, however, explain myself. After my marriage I wished to bring her home to Gordon

VOL. LXL.—NO. 4

Castle, and have urged her since; but she has always refused, saying, that were she established at Gordon Castle, she is sure that my friends would not come to the castle, and she should never forgive herself if she were the means of preventing any of my friends from visiting me as they have always done. Excuse me for giving you this detail on what only concerns myself; but, being well aware of your friendship, I open my mind to you, knowing you will feel for me in my present distress. . . .

“Yours most affectionately and truly,
“GORDON.”

The illness thus deplored and dreaded proved fatal. The unambitious duchess died in July, 1824. The duke erected a monument over her remains, and it was his wish to be interred beside her, (he died in 1827,) but the family refused their assent. His dust is mingled with that of his ancestors in Elgin Cathedral, while she whom he loved, not wisely but too well, slumbers among the rude forefathers of the hamlet, in a church-yard near the banks of the Spey.

In the circle of friends and correspondents embraced by these *Seaforth Papers*, there was no one more valued or beloved than Lady Louisa Stuart, daughter of the celebrated Earl of Bute. Her letters are remarkable for literary ability, fine observation, and delicacy of taste, with just a tinge of the old patrician exclusiveness. In the course of her long life (she lived to the age of ninety-four, and was never married) Lady Louisa had, from her position and talents, mixed in the best society of her times, both literary and fashionable. With Sir Walter Scott she maintained an intimate friendship, which, after his death, was extended to his children; and all who knew her reposed unbounded confidence in her clear judgment and goodness of heart. Though well qualified to excel in literature, she shrunk from the publicity of authorship, and from any thing like literary display. The following is an illustration of this peculiar sensitiveness :

“June, 1816.

“I dined one day with Mr. Morritt and a troop of blue-stockings, Lady Davy taking the lead amongst all. It diverts me to witness the progress of people who ride into the world, whether on a fiddle-stick, as the Duchess of Gordon said, or on any other stick; to see the regular steps of humility and confidence, till at last they attain to superiority, ‘scorning the base degrees by which they did ascend. Lady Davy, I assure you, is now a great lady, and I observed she took quite a tone of pro-

tection with Agnes Berry. Payne Knight was of the party. . . . I do not repent of my advice to you [not to publish her Indian journal.] Have you repented of following it, or do you waver? I am more than ever confirmed that loss of caste, and what is worse, loss of peace and comfort, would have been the consequence. You would have had from your connections high compliments in the *Edinburgh Review*, and that would have determined the other reviews to sneer with all their might. Witness your friend and my cousin's account of Cabul.* The *Edinburgh Review* talked of the high expectation, etc., rather, indeed, in the way of puffing. The *Quarterly Review*, by mere dint of sneering, has convinced half the world that it is a very silly book, not worth reading. Yet there can not be a work that affords less *prize* to ridicule, from the unpretending plain manner in which it is written. Oh, what a *mer à boire* would all this be to a woman of quality! The *pros* and *cons*, and *dits* and *redits*!—and finding one's self unawares engaged in a faction, instead of standing on one's own ground independent, and bowed to by both parties—a person who has nothing to do with them being by tacit consent, though they would not own it, held above their sphere. But once entered the lists, there is no retracting, and the very people who most advised you to publish would have a secret pleasure in setting up Maria Graham above you.† I have often thought, however, that not one person in a hundred would have taken my advice as you did, whether they had followed it or not; and I wonder how I dared to give it. Pray take it in another respect—learn Gaelic.”

In the previous extracts, some members of the family of George the Third appear in a ridiculous and unenviable light. We may, however, quote affectionate notices of another of the royal household, whose name has now faded from the public recollection. Lady Louisa appears to have entertained a strong regard for the Princess-Royal, married to the Duke (and subsequently King) of Wurtemberg.

“May 20th, 1827.

“I expect a very old acquaintance in England shortly, one I little thought I should ever see again, the Queen Dowager of Wurtemberg. Thirty long years have elapsed since she left us, and few, very few of her friends will she find still living. I used to be often at the queen's

house in her youth, and she was the only princess I felt inclined to be attached to; for she had sense, though not brilliancy, a thoroughly right mind, and real dignity, which I preferred to the *hail fellow well met* manners of some of the rest. Then she dearly loved her excellent father; she had no taste for gossip, and did not take notice whether your gown was a new or an old one, while her mother and sisters took an exact account of every body's wardrobe and trinket-box. ‘I always think I will observe how people are dressed,’ said she, ‘but somehow I forget it.’ I am glad the king has invited her to visit him, for of yore she was no favorite of his, and he often mortified and teased her; therefore it is the more flattering. How the recollections of age naturally pass over little unpleasant passages, and lead one to return to those whom we ought to have loved even if we did not!”

The visit to England was duly made in the summer, and is thus mentioned:

“July 5th, 1827.

“I had a long interview with the Queen of Wurtemberg when she was in London, and had real pleasure in seeing her far better than she was represented by the reports circulated. These talked of her size as something enormous, which it really is not; she is rather shapeless than fat, not having worn stays of any kind these twenty years. And her dress is nothing extraordinary—what any body's would be who went with their own few gray hairs, instead of wearing a wig. Revisiting this country seems to give her great pleasure, yet she speaks with affection of the King of Wurtemberg and her *grandchildren*, and I have heard that he is most respectful and attentive to her. There is a general benevolence about her difficult not to love. Mentioning her, of course, brings the rest of the family to one's mind. Would you believe that the head of it received a letter from Mrs. Coutts, to ask his consent to her marriage? I do not speak from report. I had it from Lady Elizabeth Stuart, who spent a day at Windsor, and heard his Majesty give a very droll account of it at his own table. Dickie brought the letter;* as that promised better entertainment than the ministerial red boxes which were on the table, they were all put aside, and Dickie was immediately admitted into his presence. ‘Well, Dickie, you are the very last person I expected to see in the character of *le Mercure galant*.’ ‘In what character, your Majesty?’ quoth Dickie, alarmed, and probably not understanding the words. ‘Well,’ resumed the king, ‘the Duke of St. Albans has greater power than I; for, Dickie, I don't think I could possibly make you a duke.’ But her impudence (as I must call it) succeeded to her wish; for, delighted with so good a joke, he actually wrote

* The Hon. Mountstuart Elphinstone's *Account of the Kingdom of Cabul, and its Dependencies in Tartary, Persia, and India*. 1815.

† Mrs. Graham, afterwards Lady Calcott, published *Travels in India*, 1812, and various other works evincing taste and research. She died in 1843.

* Mr. Dickie was a confidential clerk in Coutts' banking-house, and afterwards a partner in the establishment.

to wish her joy with his own hand, which, you know, was all he could have done to the daughter of the first duke about to marry the second—all that the most respectable character in the kingdom could have claimed—all that Queen Mary could do to Lady Russell. Yet she might just as well have asked my consent as his, being equally my banker; and one does not see in what other way he was a party at all concerned. Lady Sheffield and I going down to dine with the Butes at Sheen, met the happy pair proceeding to Highgate through the middle of the *airers* in the Park, then at high tide. All the equestrians (in newspaper language) turned about and galloped after them."

The Queen of Württemberg did not long survive her visit to England. She died on the 6th of October, 1828, in the sixty-third year of her age. The event attracted little public notice, but Lady Louisa writes:

"No one of any rank ever left such sincere mourners. Her charities were unbounded, and she had so endeared herself to her husband's family and to all his subjects, that from the present king down to the beggar, I hear, all seem to have lost a parent: In speaking of him, she constantly said: 'My son;' she sent for him when she thought herself dying, had a long conversation with him, and bade him bring his wife and children the next day. By that time her sight had failed. She said: '*J'entends vos voix, mais je ne vous vois plus,*' and was in the act of putting out one hand to him, while his little boy, on whom she doated, was kissing the other, when an apoplectic seizure ended her life. They could hardly remove the child from the body; and the young Princess Pauline, the orphan daughter of the *saurien* Prince Paul, would not leave it for several hours. The last day I saw her, she showed me a set of ornaments she had bought at Rundell and Palmer's, saying: 'Don't think I wear such things myself; these are for Pauline, my spoiled child.' It was her custom on Sundays to make her English maid read her an English sermon. On the 5th of October, she said, after hearing it attentively: 'There, my dear, you have done, and I thank you; you will never read me another.' The woman answered, she hoped she should. 'No, no,' replied the queen, 'I know my death is near at hand,' so prepared was she for the awful change; I trust a blessed one to her."

We may here string together a few observations taken from the letters of this accomplished lady. The fortitude with which Sir Walter Scott bore his loss of fortune is thus alluded to:

"Before I left town on Friday I received a letter from Walter Scott, whose thus answering

mine by return of post sufficiently showed he took it kindly; and so he expresses himself. But he writes with such calmness and content, dwelling on the blessings he has left, and making light of what he has lost, (though at the same time saying he shall not tell so stupid a lie as to pretend indifference,) that really, like the honest chambermaid in the play: 'I could cry my eyes out to hear his *magnanimity*.' It completes his character. One sentence I must copy out: 'We have ample means for ourselves. I am ashamed to think of it as a declension, knowing so many generals and admirals who would be glad to change fortunes with me.' . . . Perhaps by this time you know it all from himself or Mrs. Lockhart. If not, I think it will give you and Mr. S. M. satisfaction in seeing a character you esteemed rise instead of fall under such circumstances; for of all things one hates to be disappointed, and forced to give up one's favorites—even favorites one never saw."

On the kindred subject of recollections of eminent persons seen in youth, Lady Louisa observes:

"I quite agree with you as to the benefit of early recollections of remarkable people, but I own I have a doubt whether they are often to be found or formed where many children herd together. *Le mot pour rire* is then the thing sought for, let the elders preach as they may. Any trifling particularity is much more attended to than the intrinsic merit of the character, or even the agreeableness of the conversation. One naturally looks back to one's own experience. I was in some sort a solitary child, from being much the youngest of my family. In after life I recollected with a degree of respect all my mother's friends, some of whom were eminent people—for example, Anne Pitt, Lord Chatham's sister, and his counterpart in petticoats, whom we saw almost every day, and whose wit was remarkable. I found that my elder brothers and sisters—those from ten to seven years older than myself—chiefly recollected that she had a long nose and a great square foot, wore a French cap and very long petticoats, and altogether was a person to be laughed at; but not one word of the conversations which I could repeat to you at this day. The reason was that they were an assembled group who amused themselves with quizzing the particulars above mentioned, and never dreamt of listening to what an old woman with a square foot could utter. If I had had a comrade to play with, no more should I have done, but being alone, and not fond of quizzing, (because usually the object of it,) I, perforce, heard and remembered her words. It was the same with the Duchess of Portland, Mrs. Delany, and others. Familiarity breeds contempt, as our writing-masters told us, and not veneration. Solomon himself, probably, had some odd trick or other, which would have withdrawn the at-

tention of a set of young folks or of children from his proverbs."

On the death of relations :

"As to the death of relations, where the nerves are concerned, they do play strange tricks with us, banishing reason to an extraordinary degree. Occasions of this sort always appear to me peculiarly apt to display the infirmities of human nature. It is rare that mutual affliction produces the mutual union which one would, in cold blood, suppose to be its inevitable result. It is not only that there are gradations in sorrow—that A is more grieved than B—but two people, who feel equally, perhaps, show their feelings so differently as to disgust or irritate each other. Even when this does not happen, when the mournful event softens all hearts for a time, the effect seems to cease almost as soon as the mourning is put on. You hear in the first month how admirably everybody has behaved, and, in the second, you are astonished to find the whole family at variance, possessed with heart-burnings and discontent."

Mrs. Stewart Mackenzie, on her first perusal of Scott's novel of *Woodstock*, conceived that there had been too free a use of Scriptural expressions, and that the novelist had painted certain vices too broadly. From this hasty impression Lady Louisa dissented, and successfully vindicated their illustrious friend :

"(July, 1826.)

"I can not agree with you about *Woodstock*. I believe the author means no more than to paint the times faithfully, which can not be done without the language then used. The irreverence is in those who use it, not in him. Nor is it, I am sorry to say, obsolete. I have the copy of a letter which a lady I know received from a tallow-chandler, that beats any thing in *Old Mortality*. The most awful names and phrases are so blended with the puffing of his mottled soap, and his cheap spermaceti candles! What is far worse, I have myself known higher people employ scriptural language, and drag in texts when the matter in hand was most thoroughly worldly—in fact, when they were bent on gratifying their own passions. This I think irreverent and pernicious—the exposing of it neither. I have lately been reading some of Walter Scott's prefaces to Ballantyne's *British Novelists*, and I am sure the manner in which he reprobates infidel writers there, shows how much at heart he has the cause of true religion. For Cromwell, if we are to read history at all, we must take the liberty of forming our own different judgments of him; and of Queen Bees, and Louis Quatorze, and William the Conqueror, and Julius Cæsar to boot. And Walter Scott is surely

free to think of him as was thought in his own day by Walker, Whitelocke, Colonel Hutchinson, and all the Presbyterians—that is, all the religious men of the Roundhead party. You forget the famous anecdote of his dismissing some of these with 'The Lord will reveal, the Lord will help,' and then turning round to Waller, 'Cousin Waller, I must talk to these men in their own way.' I think you will be like his granddaughter, Mrs. Bendysh, who, her biographer says, 'got into many quarrels about him; for she was not content with his being a great general and statesman, which most people would allow, but she would have him a great saint, and that few would allow.'"

Nor would Mr. Carlyle, we suspect, allow as proof the anecdote of Cromwell and Waller, which rests on no good authority, and is inconsistent with the real character of Oliver.

The death of friends, that penalty which all must pay for advanced years, calls forth some striking and pathetic communications :

"ROYSTON, HERTS, 26th October, 1832.

"I have lost my earliest and latest friend, poor Lady Emily Macleod, with whom I had been on a sister's footing since I was fourteen years old. Our mothers had been the companions of each other's childhood like ourselves; and as neither of us had a sister near our own age, all the little half-childish, half-girlish interchange of thoughts and schemes and wishes—folly to grown-up years—took place, which perhaps never can begin later. Sometimes it fades away and is wholly forgotten; the parties grow gradually estranged or indifferent. But where people go on together through life—a long life—as we had done, it is something no intimacy formed in riper years can resemble. We knew each other as no one else knew either of us, thought aloud to each other, wrote as if we were talking to ourselves. Yet such is the tranquillizing effect of time, that I have borne the blow without those violent emotions it would have produced formerly.

"The news of poor Sir Walter's death came just at the same sad moment, consequently made little impression on me at the time; but I have thought enough about him and *them* since. Miss Berry, whose forte is not delicacy of tact, picked up a life of him in an Edinburgh Journal, and thought it so fair and accurate that she sent it to me in an office frank. It strikes me, as depreciating throughout; high general praise, only he was no poet, and a very indifferent writer of prose. This is matter of taste; but what enrages me is the audacious assertion that he was too aristocratic to care for the people, and never painted a good character in the middle or lower classes! Jeanie Deans, Dandy Dinmont, and I know not how many more, were lords and ladies, I suppose! If ho

had one characteristic more than another, I should say it was his kind and affectionate familiarity with those below him, which I know he took pains to make others adopt likewise."

"November 19th, 1832.

"The best character of our poor friend [Sir W. Scott,] and the best critique on his works which I have yet seen, is in that most mischievously Radical magazine, the *New Monthly*, edited by Lytton Bulwer, author of *Eugene Aram*. This character dwells particularly on the kindly feelings of Sir Walter towards the lower class, and the favorable portraits he drew of them. It has pleased me highly, notwithstanding the doctrines which the magazine pretty plainly inculcates, namely, away with clergy, universities, lords, courts of law, primogeniture, and every thing that used to be held dear to old England—France and America for ever! The work, however, holds forth a very taking lure just now—Lady Bessington's *Conversations with Lord Byron*, which make one ten times better acquainted with him than one can be by wading through Moore's two quartos, and all the other books and pamphlets that have been written about him since he died. Was she not one of the class yclept *Oh Fies?* Be that as it may, she is a very sensible woman, details every circumstance very well, and makes the most just remarks as she goes along, keeping herself out of sight—at least in the background—which a vain person would not do. She simply tells what she saw and heard. *Après* of Lord Byron, was it not a strong measure in Miss Berry to have Countess Guiccioli at a soirée? This was told me by a person highly scandalized at it, though I know not that Countess Guiccioli is any worse than others whom I have met there and heard of elsewhere. But the real four-footed lion, wearing mane and tail, and teeth and claws, is not so greedy of prey, nor so indiscriminate in the choice of it, as your catcher of figurative lions. I am convinced that if Thurtell or Burke could have been left at large between the time of their murders and their execution, one should have had an invitation to the treat of seeing them at somebody's soirée."

In 1837, contrary to her fixed opinion, Lady Louisa appeared in print. Her "Introductory Anecdotes" to the edition of Lady Wortley Montague's Letters, published by her kinsman, Lord Wharncliffe, were extorted from her, she said, by her nephews, and the publication brought her a good deal of vexation and mortification. The pleasures of authorship she was a stranger to, while she felt the pains—that is the stings—pretty acutely. But in truth she had communicated to the public a store of literary anecdote and biographical facts both interesting and valuable;

and considering that the composition was the work of a lady of eighty, it is one of the most remarkable contributions made to the literary history of our times. There were no traces of senility in the "Anecdotes," nor are there any in letters like the following, written at still more advanced periods of life:

"October 28th, 1840.

"How little did we think when we were so lately talking together of poor Miss Fox, and admiring the strong affection between her and her brother, [Lord Holland,] that such a blow as his loss was just about to fall on her. Alas, alas! the happiness, the comfort, the blessing of her life thus suddenly taken away! Knowing she was unwell, I wrote to ask after her on Tuesday the 20th. She answered me the next day, mentioning his illness but slightly, and talking of other things in a way that showed she was under no alarm. Before I got the note on Thursday morning, it must have been over some hours, though I did not know it till Friday's newspaper came in and really knocked me down. Had visitors called, they would have been surprised to find me sobbing for a man I hardly knew. What Dr. Holland told Lady Charlotte Lindsay, is this: They had settled to go to Brighton on the Thursday, and he called, not as a physician, but to take leave of them, the day before. Lord H. complained of sickness. Dr. H. gave him a medicine, and not liking his state, called again at one o'clock, then grew uneasy, and stayed on; towards evening he sent for Dr. Chambers. The pulse continued sinking, and early next morning there was an end. He (Dr. Holland) said Miss Fox bore the misfortune with fortitude and resignation, as did also Lady Holland, who, he said, though fanciful and fidgety often without reason, did bear up under real calamity. I subjoin a stanza found on a bit of paper on the floor of Lord Holland's room; it appears like the beginning of something he meant to write:

'Nephew of Fox, and friend of Grey,
Enough my meed of fame,
If those who know me best can say,
I've tarnished neither name.'

"January 22d, 1841.

"Jeremy Bentham was nearly right in Miss Fox's age. I take her to be about ten years younger than myself. We were at Brighton in the summer of the year 1770—I just thirteen. I can exactly see Lady Mary Fox, who visited my mother, (her Welsh aunt,) and hear her give a description of the play they acted at Winterslow, their house in Wiltshire (afterwards burned.) She was Jane Shore; her husband Stephen Fox, Gloster; Charles Fox, Hastings; her brother, Richard Shore; I remember Miss Fox, a little toddling thing, who could just speak. The men called her 'Little Ste,' from her likeness to her father."

"GLOUCESTER PLACE, 11th of May, 1843.

"May every cloud pass away, and sunshine beam on your path in future!—a future it is very improbable I should live to see, as you talk of returning in *two years*, and I am in my *eighty-sixth*. So great an age sits lightly upon me in some respects. I am wonderfully blessed with the eyesight of absolute youth, and with good general health. On the other side, I am too deaf to hear any sound but through a trumpet, and that very imperfectly, so can converse with only one person at once; and an increasing rheumatism, or neuralgia, or tic douloureux—for I know not what to call it—affecting the whole of my lower limbs, has nearly taken away the use of them, and keeps me in almost continual pain, worse in bed than any where else. My mind and memory, I believe, are unimpaired, but of that, to be sure, I can not be the best judge. No more of my insignificant old self! Our friend M. has not written to me lately. It is about the time that he used to make one of his short visits to London, and I hoped the more that he would come this year, because I understood his sister meant to take a house for two or three months, and lodge her niece Anne. Mr. Lockhart told me this a good while ago. The W.'s have arrived. Those who have seen him describe him as a consummate puppy. I am afraid two lines of Dryden, quoted somewhere in the *Spectator*, may be re-quoted for that pair:

"But while abroad so prodigal the dolt is,
Poor spouse at home as ragged as a colt is."

I saw Miss Fox a week ago, well, and, I thought, in good spirits. She passed the earlier part of the winter at Bowood with the Lansdownes, and the weather then being extraordinarily mild and fine, she enjoyed it extremely. When she came back she was a good while in town with Lady Holland, by which I hoped to have profited, but as she never was out of an evening, and in a morning was what one may call *upon duty* to go airing every day, she could not call here often. On her removing to her home, Lady Holland very soon removed thither too, carrying, I understood, her cook, etc., and giving dinners at Little Holland House. However, as Miss Fox kept her own hours and dined alone, joining the party when it suited her, I daresay it annoyed her less than if the other had occupied Holland House and commanded her attendance there. The queen's dominion falls far short of it! Lady Holland has just lost her old friend, her inmate for above forty years, known by the sobriquet of 'her Atheist'—Mr. Allen, whom, I suppose, you know. Some of my visitors tell me she has shown a great want of feeling on this occasion, giving a great dinner at Miss Fox's house, while he was actually dying in her own. But the proverb declares that Satan himself is less black than he is painted. Lady Charlotte L., an unprej-

udiced person, on whom I can depend, says that at the dinner in question they were rejoicing over Mr. Allen's being pronounced out of danger, although a fatal relapse carried him off next day. She also says, that he was a quiet, inoffensive man, who, if indeed an atheist, did not obtrude his opinions on others. And for Lady H.'s calling in company now, it is not from insensibility—for her eyes betray that she has been crying half the morning—but from absolute horror of spending two or three hours alone. Poor unhappy woman! She is looking out for another medical man to supply Allen's place in that capacity. I do believe that Miss Fox is sincerely attached to her, and submits to all her caprices and tyranny, not from weakness, but affection. And, on the other side, it is impossible not to give her credit for loving Miss Fox after her own fashion; how can she help it? I hear Lady Davy has thought of returning to England this next summer. Sir Thomas Apreece, her first husband's relation, has died, by which event she obtains one thousand pounds a year; but there are some law difficulties in the way, and she must come to look after her affairs in person. You must have seen her at Rome. . . . "Very affectionately yours,

"L. STUART."

There are some affecting details of the last illness, death, and family circumstances of Sir Walter Scott, but we can not here quote them *in extenso*, and they would lose their interest by mutilation. We may, however, cite one very characteristic passage in a letter of Mr. Lockhart's describing the efforts made by the London Committee regarding Abbotsford and a memorial of Sir Walter:

"As to monuments, if I could choose—passing Abbotsford—I should say, put a plain sitting statue of Sir W. S. on Princes'-street, Edinburgh, at the south end of Castle-street, backed by the rock; and put a cairn on the Eildon Hill, that every lad might carry his stone to. As for *temples* and *pillars*, they have been vulgarized in Edinburgh. A friend said to me, 'Good God, what a grand thing it will be to have Sir Walter put on a level with the late Lord Melville! Let us have another pillar at the west end of George-street, by all means.' This man is a sensible one, and was dead serious. On a level with Lord Melville, whose name will appear only in the *flag-end* of a note to the future history of this country, and really will be kept in memory chiefly by the pillar! Dugald Stewart and Playfair, admirable dominies both, have their temples; so I fancy will now Sir John Leslie. The Calton Hill had better be left to the schoolmasters; in a hundred years they will have covered it; but, if they please, they may keep a place in the midst for Sir John——."

It is time, however, that we should close these extracts. Mrs. Stewart Mackenzie survived nearly all her early contemporaries, whose letters she had so fondly preserved. She was within a few months of eighty at the time of her death. Her old age was chiefly spent at Brahan Castle, surrounded by "troops of friends" and relatives, and was marked by a certain placid dignity and grace scarcely less interesting than her earlier period, when she sat to Lawrence, and was the charm of London society. In her tall figure and commanding features she still looked the chieftainess; and her rich conversation,

her store of traditions, anecdotes, and tales of adventure were most unrivaled. As the infirmities of age confined her more and more to her home, the milder features of her character became prominent. Her piety, which had never been dormant, even in the midst of her busy life in India and Ceylon, was more ardent and unsectarian, her efforts to spread education over the Highlands were ceaseless, and her charities and sympathy with the poor were unbounded. Time, money, and influence were freely spent in these labors of love and patriotism, and she was literally "full of mercy and good fruits."

From the London Society Magazine.

THE STORY OF THE SNOWY CHRISTMAS.

SNOWED up in a lonely inn amongst Irish mountains, the writer of this little record paid a dreamy heed to the loose scraps of romantic retrospect which floated about from the lips of those who came and went about the hearth-place. They leaped and fell in fitful snatches, just as did the blaze in the shadows; and amongst the rest the following little history glimmered forth from the smoke, and wrought itself for the listener into a lasting shape in the embers. Referring to the fearful fall of 18—, which is remembered with horror in the district, they called it the story of the Snowy Christmas. Knowing what the words mean, it seems hard to turn one's eyes from the blank of the end, and dash warmly into the beginning: for the beginning was warm and bright, and this page should open, as a small door opens, into a garden of sunshine.

It was August, the glorious golden month. Hills were flushed with crimson ether, and glens were dim with purple mystery. Valley rivers ran red at sunset, and rainbows hung about the waterfalls. The bronzed corn-fields palpitated faint for joy when a stray breeze crept over a hedge and fanned their hot hearts, and in the cabin doorways the women joined their brown hands above their eyes

whilst looking for the reapers coming home.

It was a sultry afternoon. The curlews on the burning beach below had not energy to scream as the flowing tide flashed like fire to their feet, where they perched luxuriously on the wet stones, and the fishermen's boats drifted idly out into the dazzling western haze, as though toil and trouble were a bygone dream, and they steered to the shores of eternal rest. High up on a stretch of golden moor a white cottage flung the shadow of its gable on the hot ground, and the faint smoke from its chimney hovered sleepily above in the lustrous air. The door lay open, and the threshold-stone was boldly marked with a red breadth of light. Beyond it there was a cool little hall, at present deliciously filled with the murmurous echoes of a pleasant voice ebbing and flowing from somewhere near. A white door opened from either side of the passage. In one of the rooms beyond these, a pretty little chintz-draped parlor, a pale lady was lying on a sofa. A great vase of fern stood beside her on the floor, and the green blinds were half let down, filling the place with a cool, dreamy atmosphere. The other room was the cottage kitchen, tiny, white, and glittering. A strong-

featured old woman, wearing a brilliant handkerchief folded like a turban over her white cap, sat by the hearth tending some cakes which were "browning" over the fire, and at the white-curtained window, flung wide open to the top, a young girl was baking at a table. Her gown was brown gingham, no brooch fastened her collar, a white apron was tied round her waist, and her sleeves were rolled up over her arms, past her elbows. Many housemaids would have been discontented to wear her dress, yet a glance must convince the most dull of comprehension that this little baker was a lady.

She prattled gayly as she baked, now and again tossing her head to shake back the waving dark hair from her throat and forehead, or flashing round a merry look from her bright face at the old servant.

"It's very ominous, certainly," she said, cutting out her cakes with an air of mock seriousness; "the tongs have twice fallen right across the hearth without any awkwardness of yours, therefore most surely a stranger is to come. And then you had an awful dream last week, which makes it doubly sure that if a stranger does come something terrible will be the consequence. What do you think he will do, Bab—decapitate us all? or bring an enchanter's wand, and change us into ducks and geese? That would not be so bad this hot weather. It would be so nice to swim in the lake all day!"

Bab shook her head. "It's all very well for you to have your fun out of it, Miss Elsie," she said, "but I hope he mayn't darken our door: that's all!"

Elsie laughed blithely as she untied her apron, and laughed again as she ran up the one little flight of white-painted steps to her small bedroom under the eaves. Coming quickly down again, in her outdoor dress, with a basket in her hand, she looked in at the kitchen, and said:

"I am going for some moss and flowers, Bab. Have the kettle boiling, for mamma will want her tea. And, Bab, if I meet the stranger I'll send him to you. Oh, perhaps he is coming to take The House!"

Not waiting to see the result of this suggestion, Elsie tripped through the door out on the sunshiny heath. "The House" was a large pile, standing solitary in a wooded recess between hills, not far distant. It stood upon the lands of Elsie's ancestors, and the setting sun was just now blazing on the windows of her old

nursery. In that nursery Bab had sung her to sleep and taught her her prayers; and if Elsie's bright youth cared little that her life had fallen from its worldly high estate, the faithful servant fretted sorely over the cruel chance, and could not tolerate the idea of a stranger in the old house.

Elsie sauntered slowly along in the sun, filling her basket with mosses and water-lilies. She stood up to her waist amongst the rushes, and, shading her eyes, gazed round and round the welkin. All the earth was quiet; heavily, sultrily still, and at rest. Eternal ridges of mountains prisoned it between purple walls. A dull fever throbbed in its veins, but there was no effort, no varied action. Elsie had heard of the "busy world," and often wondered what it must be to behold the works of men, to be one in a crowd, to have variety in one's days, to see new faces, to make new friends. "It is so still," she murmured; "so eternally, intolerably still. Nothing changing, nothing renewing, nothing passing away. Nature going through her slow, monotonous courses; time making us older; and still the same dull, dull, quiet life! Oh, that I had a pair of wings to fly over yonder mountain, with its smiling, denying face, half amused at and half pitying my restlessness, or that I could paddle a boat right over that golden line, out so far, where the ships pass like ghosts! There are plenty of paths to cloud-land streaming down the air in colored labyrinths ending in golden vistas; and they are crowded with travelers, fancies, and wishes, and hopes, coming and going; but on that one weary, drowsy, yellow road that leads out into the world where men and women live and work there is never a shadow, never a speck! Bab's tongs!" she repeated, smiling to herself. "I wish some one—man, woman, or child—would come and rouse us up a little, before we die of stagnation. Heigho! Mamma says she had plenty of friends once; but nobody minds us now. Well! I don't care; only one does tire of baking bread, and gathering flowers, and going out for walks. And I wish I had not read that novel. It was a delightful treat, but I don't think it was good for me."

She smiled again as she came near the house, and looked up at the windows. "Now, if I were in earnest with all this grumbling," she said, "how wicked I should be! For it is a blessed thing to

have such a pleasant little home to come to, and a dear, patient mother waiting for her tea!"

At this moment Bab appeared on the threshold gesticulating wildly and mysteriously.

"Why, what is the matter?" cried Elsie.

"He's come!" gasped Bab, while her turban nodded with frenzied impulse.

"Who?" asked Elsie, opening her eyes wide.

"The stranger. He came up the road a bit ago, as tall and as grand as you please. And he asks, 'Is this Mrs. Leonard's house?' And I don't know what come over me that I said 'Yes,' or I might have sent him about his business. But he's in the parlor; and oh! Miss Elsie, dear, hurry in and get him out of this as fast as you can!"

Bab opened the parlor door, and Elsie advanced to it, mechanically, quite bewildered, and only half understanding the old servant, only half prepared to see a real stranger in the room with her mother. She walked in, fresh and bright after her ramble, with her curly hair, somewhat tossed, straying in picturesque rings and tendrils from under her slouched hat, and with her basket of mosses on her arm. A gentleman was sitting by her mother's couch, and as he rose up at her entrance the girl almost sank into the earth with shyness. She heard her mother say, "Elsie, this is Mr. North, the son of your father's friend who went to India. He has only been a short time in England, and has kindly come to see us."

Elsie, having nothing to say, gave him her hand, and then sat down. Too shy to look, she sat gazing at the fire and listening to the pleasant bass voice which was so unheard of a novelty in that small parlor. She fell into a reverie of pleased wonder at the strange, new sensation of having a friend. Where had he come from? Had he really traveled that speckless yellow road; or had he landed with a fleet in the bay, or strode across the hills?

"You are not perhaps aware," said Elsie's mother, "that there is no hotel for very many miles from here. If you will accept such mountain hospitality as we have to offer it will be given most gladly."

The pale lady said this with a pink flush on her white cheek, whilst there hovered about her an echo of that sweet,

stately dignity which in past years had so well become the mistress of "The House."

And then the stranger, having gladly accepted the invitation, went into the hall to look after his gun; and Elsie, trying to shake off her bewilderment, went upstairs to lay aside her hat. She brushed back her curls, and shook out her dress, and tied a blue ribbon under her collar, and then her toilet was complete; for Elsie in summer time, except on Sundays, never thought of wearing any thing better than a gingham gown. As she came down stairs the stranger stood at the open hall-door, and Elsie, having conquered her first impulse to turn and fly up again, came soberly down, and saw him plainly for the first time; for before he had only been to her a vague, kindly presence. He was tall and strongly made, handsome and brave-looking, with a bronzed skin and sunny eyes. The light fell on the little maiden herself as she came down the stairs with a strange spell checking her steps and veiling the frank light in her eyes. Elsie did not realize what a miniature place it must seem to him altogether, this traveled man: a miniature house, and a miniature young lady (not more so in stature than in the very small amount of the usual requirements which sufficed to proclaim her the lady) who dared to wear gingham at tea-time, and yet approached with as stately a little step as though she were clad in silks and laces. Philip North must however have found it a pleasant picture which the sunset illumined before him, for his eyes kindled, and a delicate thrill of appreciation hovered tenderly on his lip. Elsie tried to say something polite as she passed close by, but meeting those warm observant eyes fixed upon her she relapsed into shyness, and retreated to the kitchen.

A glass dish of water-lilies stood in the center of the tea-table, and Philip North said, "I think I saw you gathering these." They were the first words he had spoken to her; and Elsie colored and overflowed a cup, and then looked up in surprise and said, "Did you? Where?"

"Down by the side of a little lake. And after you had got them you stood for a long time in a brown study, looking at the sky."

And this was all the conversation they had till after tea. Then Elsie's mother, having conversed too much and too eagerly for her strength, lay resting on her sofa,

and Elsie, looking out into the starry shades of the twilight from the open window, forgot her reserve, and found herself talking quite frankly to the stranger, telling him how she spent her time, (not concealing the fact that she baked the bread,) what books she read, and a number of other small things too trifling to be recorded. And then the moon appeared between two mountains, large and yellow in the soft purple night; and Philip North enraptured Elsie by telling her that he had beheld no finer scene in any land. Then he described to her countries whose very names made her cheek throb. Poor little Elsie! that was a night never to be forgotten while the light stayed in those earnest eyes.

One evening soon afterwards it happened that Elsie came to the door just as Philip North arrived from the moors with his gun and his dogs and his day's spoil. He stooped and laid the dead game at her feet, and passed on to put away his gun. Some wild idea suggesting the poem of "Hiawatha" flashed fiercely through her brain, and sent a fearful delight tingling through her veins. She stood pale and trembling, like one who had got a blow, then rushed upstairs and threw herself on her bed in a passion of tears—why, she did not dare to know. She felt something cold on her face, and looking up saw one of Philip's dogs staring at her with mute sympathy. She leaned forward to kiss his rough face, but checked herself, pushed him fiercely from her, and drove him from the room.

Weeks passed, and still Philip North stayed, and still Mrs. Leonard observing him, weighing his words and his looks, and studying his character—still Elsie's mother was glad that he stayed. And even Bab had forgotten her dream and blessed him for a kindly gentleman. And Elsie, tripping happily about her household work, did not care if he saw her through the open window baking her bread; nor was she ashamed when one day he came in and asked her for one of her cakes, fresh from the fire. And so her life wore on towards that sunniest point where the glad feet were to stop, where the music was to be hushed, and the light to go down. Oh, dead eyes! if you can look back on life, how do you thank God for the blissful brightness that blinded you to the end and let the grave open beneath you unawares!

Was it the creeping on of the shadow of death, that restlessness which would not let Elsie be happy in peace? or was it the ghost of Bab's foolish superstition rising after she herself had laid it? At evening, when she closed the door upon the sad mountains, Elsie longed so to shut out the world that they three might stay together thus for ever. At night she lay broad awake assuring herself "Our friend is here." Then the shadow would reply, "How long will he be here? He will go, and you will never behold him again, never, never, till the last trumpet shall sound." And weary and feverish she would rise when the dawn had swept away the night clouds, and in the fresh pale morning, while the birds chirruped sleepily under the eaves, she would haunt the restful house, stealing out to feed and pet Philip's dogs; and then in again to watch the sunrise, now from one window and now from another, reading the pale scrolls of early clouds, and wondering at how recklessly we sleep away half our bright youth, drowning in dull dreams happy moments whose fast waning measure has been meted out to us with a nice balance. And at last when her eyes grew pained with vigil she would steal to the garden and bring a handful of flowers and place them on her pillow, and laying her cheek against their cool sweetness would fall asleep.

One day Elsie, having been down on the beach, came in with a glorious light on her face and told her mother a story, over which the pale lady cried, as women sometimes do when very happy. But Elsie could only look out upon the mountains with a transfigured countenance, and whisper triumphantly, "What can come now, unless death?" The glory vanished from her face and she crept away to pray for that which God saw not right to give.

Philip North bought "The House," and thither Elsie's mother was to return in the spring, when Elsie had become its mistress. So, being mercifully blinded, they planned in the gladness of their hearts. And Elsie went with Philip one evening to view the old place and arrange about alterations and furnishing. She went in her pretty simple dress and straw hat, walking by Philip's side over the moors, and through the wood, and across the threshold into the deserted house, flinging back shutters, and letting in the

light, and making the silent old rooms ring back the echoes of her quick feet and merry voice. And so they agreed how this room and that should be appointed, and Philip made notes of all, for he was going back to the world to make many arrangements before Christmas Day, which was to see their wedding.

November came and Philip went, and in the joy of receiving his first letter Elsie forgot the pain of parting. One week went by, wet and dreary, and the next set in with heavy snows; falling, falling, whirling and drifting night and day, till dykes were filled up, and roads were blocked, and all landmarks were lost. On the first white morning Elsie stood at the window, with some dainty needlework in her hand, watching and smiling at the eddying flakes, thinking little of how soon their cruel white sting would freeze up her young life, how soon the pitiless drifts would seal her dead eyes.

There were no more letters; the mails were stopped. Thick and unceasing the snow fell. The valleys, like overflowing seas, rose to the knees of the mountains. Dwellers in the lowlands fled for shelter to their friends on the hills and forgot where their homes had been. Streams and rivers lay congealed like blood in the veins of the dead.

Every morning the day stared in at Elsie with its white blank face where she sat holding her mother's hand — her mother, whom the long piercing cold of that cruel snow was killing, whilst with daily sullen denial it forbade all aid to approach her. Day after day she sat so, holding the thin hand while weeks went on and December was half spent, gazing out at the imploring hills and the mourning trees, trying to pray with patient courage while her eyes searched the relentless sky in vain for mercy.

Downstairs a lamp burned constantly in the garnished parlor. Christmas decorations had been made, and white curtains were looped with the red and green of the holly. Bab kept the fire burning and the lamp trimmed, and Elsie stole down now and again to see that all was neat and bright, for the thaw might come any day, and Philip might arrive, and her mother recover.

And the pale lady who lay upstairs, knowing herself to be dying, spoke bright words to the child whom she feared to leave lonely, urging her to omit no prepa-

ration, to have all things brightly in readiness, so that when the thaw should come and Philip arrive, her own wasting life might yet have a little time to burn, even until she beheld that which her heart craved to see accomplished.

"Christmas Day will be bright, love," she would murmur, stroking the faithful little hand that held hers so strongly, as if it would not give up its grasp to death. "I dreamed this morning that the day had come, and the sun was shining, and you and I were both dressed in white, and I was quite well again. I know it will be a bright day!"

And then the pale lady would turn her fast-changing face to where she could see the chimneys of her old home, and, thinking who knows what thoughts of the happy days passed under its roof-tree, she would gaze away above the white hills beyond with the eyes of one whose soul goes with them, trying to learn the track, trying to grow accustomed to the path by which it soon must go on its lonely journey to the unknown land.

And so the hearth was swept and the walls were garnished, and the lamp and fire burned brightly downstairs; and above, Elsie's white dress lay in her room like a wreath from the pitiless snow outside, which had drifted in through the window and remained there undisturbed. And the wind moaned round the house, rattling at the locks of the doors as if to warn that one was coming to whom closed doors were nothing. And that one came in the dead of a dark night and summoned the pale lady from sleep. And opening her eyes, she recognized the call, and, riveting one last prayerful gaze upon the dear face beside her, she turned her own from the world and followed the messenger.

Oh, pulseless earth! oh, tearless sky! you had no pity for the longing life that would fain have lingered yet a little space, how then could you melt for the unpraying dead that lay there, meekly defying you in its shroud, with its patient hands folded, waiting so stilly till you vouchsafed it a grave; or for the stricken figure that sat at its feet with a brain dulled from studying hour by hour the changed features in their unsympathizing repose, where all the flood-gates of warmth had been suddenly locked and set with the seal of that chill, unheeding smile?

So Elsie sat at her dead mother's feet,

and old Bab came and went heart-broken, and could not coax her to weep nor to rest. And still the wedding gown lay in the next room, and the lamp burned downstairs, and the wind rattled at the locks, and still the earth and sky were a blank.

At last the thaw commenced slowly to work. Life began to appear, and passages were cleared here and there. And one or two of those kind Christians, the poor, with difficulty found Elsie's mother a grave. And after that was done, Elsie, shunning the garnished parlor and the lorn bedroom, crept into the kitchen and laid her head on Bab's knees.

Late in the evening she roused herself and asked if it was not Christmas Eve. Yes, it was the eve of her wedding-day.

"Then, Bab," she said, "we must have every thing ready. Mr. North will be here to-night."

Bab shook her head. "No, no, Miss Elsie. The thaw has done something, but not so much as that. It's dark already, and no human bein' could know his way from the moor beyond where the roads cross. He'd most likely take the one that goes out to the Black Craggs, and if he did he'd go down headlong as sure as heaven and earth!"

Elsie sat up straight and stared at the old woman, and then put up her hand to her head as if to collect her poor shattered wits.

"Some one must go," she said, "and watch on the moor all night, to show him the way when he comes. He will be there as sure as God is above us. I feel it, Bab! I know it! Can not some one go?"

"Oh, no, no, Miss Elsie!" cried Bab, wringing her hands at her young mistress's white distraught face; "no one could stay there the night through, he'd be foundered dead before mornin'."

"You are sure of it? Ask some one; I must know."

Bab went to inquire, and came back. It was as she had said; no one dared venture to pass a night on the moor. The snow might come on again at any moment.

"Then God help me!" moaned Elsie, as she crept from the kitchen and felt her way up stairs in the dark. She went into her own room, where the wedding-gown still lay, and she could see from the window that line of moor where the roads met. There, with hands locked in her

lap, and strained eyes fixed on the distance, and white cheek close to the pane, she sat. The sky had cleared a little, and the moon had ventured out, looking pale and meek, as if she, too, had had her troubles and wept away all her brightness.

Twelve o'clock struck; and Bab, who had vainly tried to move her mistress, had perforce laid her own weary old head on a bed in the room off Elsie's and fallen asleep. One o'clock, and the night had brightened, and the moon shone clear and brilliant on the white ridges and levels of mountains and valleys. Two, and still Elsie sat fixed, and nothing had changed. Three, and the moon began to sink away among cloud-drifts low on the hills.

Four struck in the hall, and the sound roused Elsie from a state of numbness like stupor into which she had fallen. Was it the shock that made her start to her feet, and, with bent brows and strained eyes, gaze toward the moor, whilst all her frame shook with the agony of suspense? Was it fate that pointed to her a black something moving in the dim distance like one riding on with difficulty? Another instant and the window is flung open and head and shoulders are thrust out. A low groan, "My God!" bursts from her as the shadow seems to pause and then move away into that dim distance. Fleet as thought she has left the window, dashed from the room, and is gone.

Till her death poor old Bab remembered with remorse how heavily she slept that night, till she seemed to dream that Miss Elsie's figure flashed past her through the room in which she lay. The vision made her sleep uneasily, and she awoke troubled, and, rising to reassure herself, searched the house for her young mistress. In vain; one room was empty, and another was empty. Elsie was gone.

Who shall tell where? The moor-fowls that screamed past her as she struggled on, fired to supernatural effort by the strength of her purpose, plunging through snow-wreaths, stumbling over fences and clogged marshes, with her eyes fixed on those Black Craggs? Or the moon that pitied her as she fell and bled, and rose and fought on again, as she must have done terribly, piteously often, ere those fatal rocks were won?

Oh, those pitiless white wastes, how they must have frozen the blood in that

brave battling young heart! How they must have stung that daring soul with bitter wounds ere it could acknowledge its defeat! How they must have torn the plodding feet with treacherous stones and rocks ere they carried her to her goal—death!

But the moon waned, and the gray Christmas dawn broke, and a traveler, riding with difficulty along the partially-cleared road, paused suddenly, thinking he heard his own name called, a sharp, clear, bitter cry, fading suddenly into silence—"Philip! Philip!"

He wheeled about and gazed seaward, just as the red sun bared his brow above the eastern mountains, and glared fiercely over the crimson-stained wastes of whiteness like a ruthless conqueror exulting after the carnage is done. And out, out far, just by the Black Crag, he thought he saw a slight dark figure standing in the red light against the snow. But his eyes were dazed with the sun, and when he looked again the form was gone. He pressed on his horse eagerly and thought no more of his odd fancy.

"Philip! Philip!" Oh, that last woe-ful cry, falling unheeded into stillness just

as the poor heart broke! And he, the watched and prayed for, entered at last that garnished home; but the hearth that had glowed so brightly for him all through the long, long weeks was quenched for ever, and the heart whose love had fed its flame, and the fingers that had trimmed the lamp, and the lips that had kissed the little love-gifts lying about, where were they?

Ay, where? Who shall guess from what hollow gulf of snow, from the feet of what cruel rock, the tide carried the dead girl? The sea-gulls may scream her *misereres*, and the waves roll their muffled drums over her head, but no human mourner will ever kneel at her grave, for the body of Elsie Leonard was never found.

Philip North still lives, but wherever he goes the vision of that figure out on the snow in the red dawn will haunt him till death, and the echo of that last bitter cry, "Philip! Philip!" ring in his ears.

This is the story of the Snowy Christmas. It is told over the logs in the cabins at night; and children will turn pale if, in the wintry gloaming, a plover sobs from seaward or a curlew cries over the Black Crag.

R. M.

From The Leisure Hour.

ELEPHANT-STALKING IN ABYSSINIA.

THE following account of elephant-stalking in the easterly cliffs of the Abyssinian range of mountains is translated from a letter of his Royal Highness the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, written during his recent African expedition:

Elephants in the mountains? No huntsman or friend of nature will believe it. But, however they may shake their heads in astonishment, there they are nevertheless. It is a peculiarity of that vast range, which in the east almost reaches the Red Sea, in the north runs out into the deserts of Habab, and in the west into the low lands of Barka—being only in the south connected with the mountainous countries of Hamarfen—to be visited

in regular intervals by large troops of elephants. They do not stay in the valleys and on the table-lands, as would seem more probable, but chiefly occupy the highest and roughest cliffs.

They move on and change their places three or four times a year, being in all probability connected with those large flocks which in the low countries of Central Africa lead a migratory life, and, according to Vogel and the few other Europeans who have penetrated so far, have rendered themselves masters of these regions.

The mountains in question consist mostly of coarse-grained granite and mica slate, and rise up to an elevation of about nine thousand feet. A thick vegetation

covers them, changing by degrees according to the height of the mountain, on the tops of which our native European shrubs and plants are growing. The tropical vegetation is, besides, quite different from that of America and Asia; it resembles in its appearance rather more the mountains of Upper Austria and the Bavarian Alps. The thermometer is supposed never to sink to the freezing point, and even on the highest tops you feel the beams of a tropical sun. The year has two summers and two winters, and all seasons are refreshed by storms.

To our own astonishment we met with elephants' traces before we expected, namely, in our second day's journey in the narrow valley of Mensa, after having crossed the Samhara. The eyes of the hunters beamed with joy; but we scarcely believed in what we saw, and were greatly afraid of mistake and disappointment: for how should elephants come to these places? Our doubts vanished, however, by degrees, and our misgivings were relieved as we proceeded. There were cracked branches and young trees all around us, and likewise some traces in the loamy sand.

When, however, in our third day's journey we ascended the table-land of the Mensa, we lost those traces again, and thought that some stray elephants had only crossed the Mensa valley. But after remaining in Mensa for some days, and roving with indefatigable eagerness through the surrounding mountains, we soon learnt something more of the peculiar habits of those migrating elephant tribes. The indigenous inhabitants told us that these strange animals were within a few weeks sure to make a short stay in the immediate neighborhood of Mensa. More certain and trustworthy accounts were not to be had, since no elephant-hunter was to be met with, the thin population of Bogos being, as a rule, no hunters. But, after having left Mensa and crossed the Aimsaba river, we had the good chance to meet an elephant-hunter at Keren, who joined us to consult our physician about a lingering disease. It is mainly to this incident that we owe our nearer acquaintance with the monsters.

After our return to Mensa, I charged S— with searching the neighboring mountains, in order to learn where the elephants staid. He returned very soon with the excellent news of having met

with three flocks of elephants on the steep cliffs of the Beit Shakhan, one of the highest mountains of this neighborhood. He had seen them feeding quietly, which told well for their not being likely to leave these plains soon again. We resolved at once to make a hunting expedition. Your obedient servant, my nephew Herman S—, and my German huntsman were to form the vanguard, in order to spy out the position of the elephants, and to make the plan of attack accordingly. My second nephew, Edward, the English consul, the Dutch baron, and a second elephant-hunter, whom we had found out by mere chance among our muleteers, had to follow and to meet us on a certain point. Our German footman and a native had to carry some victuals on their backs. The rest of the company of huntsmen were either indisposed or not willing to join the hazardous adventure.

We started at three o'clock in the morning, under the most brilliant moonshine, and ascended without interruption in the traces of elephants or other animals until nine o'clock. We had to cross the mountains bordering on the Mensa valley in order to reach another range. After a short stop, we made at noon the tops of the Beit Shakhan, probably the end of the Merrara range, which we estimated from eight thousand to nine thousand feet high. S— had, as he stated, from this point seen elephants. The prospect was large enough, indeed, a panorama being before us, the like of which I have seen only in a few places of the Tyrol or Switzerland. An unbounded sea of green and brown hills, in the finest and softest outlines, and then again stretching forth sharp-marked rocks, in picturesque shapes and admirable juxtaposition. A golden streak in the far-distant east pointed out the waves of the Red Sea; in all other directions mountain followed mountain, all about of the same height. Had we met no elephants, the difficult ascent of those Alps would still have been sufficiently rewarded through the indescribable prospect we enjoyed from this point. Our friends had met us, and we strengthened ourselves by a luncheon. The sun shone scorching hot, but a cool breeze refreshed us at the same time, and, stretched out in the high grass, we revelled in the enjoyment of the beauties of nature.

Nowhere on the cliffs were elephants to be seen with the aid of our best tele-

scope, and I began to doubt if the whole tale of elephants was not a mere myth, and sent two huntsmen to the deeper cliffs, which, by the peculiar formation of the range, were concealed and invisible for our eyes. We agreed upon a certain signal, after which we should follow the huntsmen.

It was about two or three o'clock in the afternoon, when the ear of one of the young natives in our company was struck with a sound which the others were scarcely able to perceive. With the sudden impulse and elasticity of a serpent, jumped this black naked fellow up from the grass, and his excitement showed in strange and violent gesticulation that he had heard the signal. He answered at once with a shrill yelling cry, and then a second one carried along by the light mountain air resounded in our ears from the abyss underneath. We jumped on our feet and seized our rifles. The charming view, and our weariness, all was gone; the beams of the sun were scorching no longer; and without considering what now ought to be done, and what was the meaning of the signal, the whole company trotted forth over stones and rocks and holes towards the valley, whence in several intervals the signal was repeated.

The young native, with shield and lance, led the way, and not being impeded in his course by garments, or by the bulk of his body, he soon fell into a really dangerous movement, which none but young and vigorous legs were able to follow. The English consul and our German provision carrier fell back. The others, however, kept together like a pack of well-trained dogs. It took an hour and a half before we met the two elephant-hunters. But then we had to follow only from two hundred to three hundred yards, when on the opposite rock-wall, between brush-wood and euphorbia trees, we saw elephants quietly taking their dinner. On another cliff, in a greater distance, we observed through the telescope a more numerous troop of elephants.

This was the time to form a council of war, and to accomplish our designs of attack, according to previous agreement. But the excited natives gave us no time. S— seized my arm, shook it as if to shake apples from a tree, and, with grim gestures, pointing to the feeding elephants, bore me away. Herman and my huntsman followed, whilst the other savage laid

hold of Edward and the baron, to disappear with them in another direction. We could only guess that the huntsmen intended to bring me and Herman to a good place for stalking an elephant, whilst the other gentlemen were placed safely near the road of the retreating beasts. This view proved afterwards to be correct.

Onwards we went again in full race through aloe, caihir, and mimosas. Our shirts and trowsers were soon torn to rags, and the scorching sun bathed us in perspiration. At once the huntsman stopped short, made a furious grimace, and pushed upon my shoes with the long barrel of his musket. He wished evidently that hence I should walk barefooted like himself. But I gave him to understand, by an equally grim mien and significant gesture, that the soles of our feet were not, like his own, prepared for thorns and sharp stones; and onward again, down a declivity, across a ravine, and opposite up a steep wall. We followed, in the else impenetrable brushwood, exactly the narrow paths the monsters in feeding had trodden down a minute before. Down another wall, and we were just about to cross a second ravine, when, at fifty yards distance, we saw four elephants engaged in the same purpose. All was breathless. I raised my rifle to take aim at the biggest of the elephants; but the huntsman seized my arm, and made such a fearful grimace, that I could not but think that in his estimation the distance was still too great.

The elephants, which have no sharp eyesight, passed by. As soon, however, as they had reached the other side, our race on their traces began again; the huntsman's intention was, evidently, that we should come up with them at only a few yards distance. We were all in a fever of expectation, almost unable to mind the danger which threatened us. After the lapse of a few minutes, in which we, jumping from rock to rock, pursued the trace downwards, we met the first of the elephants on a sudden, and at three yards distance. The beasts had turned their steps backwards. One yard onward, and every one of us would have been crushed to atoms.

The huntsman, with full presence of mind, gave a yelling cry, and down jumped he into the thickest of cactus-plants, which was about ten feet underneath the place where we stood. We all followed

instinctively his example. Bruised and scratched, we stooped behind a rock like a covey of partridges under a sheltering bush. The elephants, startled by the unexpected sight, made half a turn to the right, and showed just their broad flanks in a slanting down-hill direction at from ten to fifteen yards distance.

The moment for action had arrived. The huntsman, Herman, and myself were at the same time on the rock, which had saved us; our rifles were on our cheeks, and four pointed bullets were fired behind the monster's colossal ear. The elephant was hit mortally.

A second elephant crossed the way of his wounded companion. He received from Herman a bullet in the flank, which caused him to ejaculate the same cry of agony, but made him only accelerate his escape. Our first friend tottered from one side to the other, slowly trying to turn himself round. Then our huntsman, whose musket had five times missed fire, gave him the finishing shot through the heart. Down he went, and rolled down the mountain to a distance of three hundred yards, crushing trees and shrubs before him. The path he had leveled by his rolling body resembled the trace of an avalanche, which chamois hunters often see in the mountains. We followed the dying giant with shouts of triumph, and found him hemmed in between two blocks of granite, still struggling with his feet violently. We should have been inconsiderate enough to climb down the last rock to approach him, unless S—had stopped us, almost by force. He pointed at the same time at an advancing young elephant.

We were in a difficult situation again—some hanging, some sitting, some lying in the cliffs, Herman stooping down on an isolated rock, from which he could only go downhill, not upwards to where we were.

I opened fire upon the young animal, and with two bullets at twenty yards distance, well aimed upon his flank, brought him down on his knees. But he rose again, and, running over roots and rocks in a fury, attempted to attack Herman. He, however, being fortunately on too high a seat to be knocked over, and just

high enough to send his mortiferous bullet into the enemy's skull, finished him instantly.

The herd of devastating animals had got a good fright, and the dead prey proved a welcome boon to the natives. The highest excitement was over, and the last beams of the scorching sun shone upon the scene of our wild adventure. A few minutes after, being almost rendered speechless by fatigue and exertion, we stood on the colossal corpse of the old elephant. Edward and the baron arrived soon afterwards. They had been placed too deep, and the other elephants must have got the wind from them; for in these mountains likewise, as in the Alps, the sun causes the wind to blow upwards from the valleys to the tops.

The night came on at a sudden, as is usual in tropical countries. Where should we find shelter or a drop of water? After a long search we found a green puddle, from which we quenched our thirst, and a small plain rock on which we resolved to make our night quarters. The few victuals, which were intended for a lunch only, were soon consumed. A fire was lit to protect us against the roving beasts of prey, and branches were brought together to make a provisional camp.

While making these arrangements, we missed, to our great bewilderment, the German, who had to carry our coats and a few biscuits. He was said to have been missed for four or five hours. What could have become of him? Shots were fired, the aborigines were sent out, shouts were raised, hunting horns sounded, until at last one of our retinue met him behind a shrub, where he had fallen asleep, exhausted through hunger and fatigue. He was brought up to the fire, to our great satisfaction, as we should have been very sorry to leave the poor fellow alone in such a desert.

Heavy sleep oppressed the fortunate huntsmen, who, however, were soon enough awakened again by the chill dew and the first beams of the rising sun. After a slow return we reached our camp at Mensa, exhausted by hunger, late in the afternoon; but what are fatigues and privations in comparison to such a hunting-day?

From Fraser's Magazine.

REVOLUTIONS IN ENGLISH HISTORY.*

WITHIN little more than four years we have lost two eminent historians; but in every period of English story, such is the vigor, versatility, and energetic resources of our people, that we have always been able to carry on the work left unfinished or imperfectly executed by those taken away. Hallam was undoubtedly a writer of well-balanced intellect, of great reading and research, conscientious, careful, and eminently capable in his particular walk; and Macaulay, who disappeared shortly after his predecessor, was equally erudite, and much more brilliant, and striking, and effective in his style than the author of the *Constitutional History*. But without undervaluing these great writers, or unduly exalting the living, we may say that the field of history is still open to independent inquirers; and there are views and opinions concerning the men and the parties that have passed away which have not yet found the fullest and the completest expression. Irrespective of this, a very old story may be told in a new fashion; or a new flood of light may have gleamed upon us from the discovery of fresh materials, hitherto unexamined or unpublished.

Although the author of the volume now before us has not, like Mr. Froude, examined the archives of Simancas, or gone through the vast repertory of dispatches written by De Faria or Alvarez de Quadra, in choice Castilian, yet, in reference to the Saxon time, he has availed himself of the labors of Palgrave, Lappenberg, and Kemble; and in his second volume, while acknowledging his obligations to Mr. Froude, feels himself occasionally constrained to differ from that gentleman. But the difference is more in the husk than in the kernel—it is more of opinion than of principle, and is always expressed in courteous and scholarly fashion. As both

are honest, honorable, earnest, and inquiring men, it is well for the interests of free discussion and of truth that they should occasionally differ. We can not expect, nor is it desirable, that a Nonconformist divine, however liberal and large-minded, should always agree in his views with a Churchman. Though Dr. Vaughan is singularly free from any thing like narrow-mindedness or bigotry, though he admits that the Church of Rome in her early days became strong by means of her better tendencies, and that her form of Christianity, imperfect as it may have been, still exercised a benign influence, which caused it to be treasured and transmitted, yet it is not to be expected that a writer, even so tolerant and well-judging, should find men equally tolerant and philosophic, or disposed to accept all his own views with respect to the Puritans and Cromwell.

The third and concluding volume of Dr. Vaughan's history is fully as interesting and more instructive than the two former ones. It brings the labors on which the author has been so long occupied to a close; and though the material is to a very large extent the well-known material of the past, yet it is arranged and recast in accordance with the writer's long-declared and defined object. It is very true that history, taken in the largest and most philosophic sense of the word, means something broader and larger than this scheme; but Dr. Vaughan has wisely, we conceive, limited his labor to particular epochs in English history, and, without denying the regular growth of society and events, or that moral concatenation of causes depending on each other, and the result of a wisdom more than human, because infinite, he has selected particular epochs and events to which he has consecrated a larger share of attention than to minor matters. There is good warrant for this treatment of the subject in the literature of ancient, mediæval, and modern times. Not to speak of Greece and Rome, Machiavel, Giannone, Davila, and Mari-

* *Revolutions in English History.* By ROBERT VAUGHAN, D.D. Vol. III. London: Longman, Green, Longman, and Roberts. 1863.

VOL. LXI.—No. 4

ana, among continental authors, selected certain exceptional or abnormal epochs; and among ourselves, Lord Bacon, Lord Lyttleton, Mr. Fox, Sir James Mackintosh, and others, followed a like course. In France, the number of historians who have chosen to fix upon the French Revolution for an historical subject is named legion; but while they nearly all admit that the Revolution of 1789 was an irregular and anomalous moral convulsion and outburst, most of them seek to explain the phenomena, not as a casual, inevitable, or fatal event, but as depending on a chain of causes, every one of which could be distinctly traced up to the time of Louis XIII., if not to a still earlier period. This was the course likewise followed by an eminent expositor of history at Cambridge, the late Professor Smyth, whose lectures on the subject of the French Revolution have been published in three volumes. Dr. Vaughan nowhere contends that the life of society at large, or the march of humanity towards better things, is impeded by those desperate occasional and exceptional moral distempers, on which he lingers longer than on events of less momentous importance. All he contends for is, that historians generally have not examined those events sufficiently clinically, so to speak, by the side of the fevered and suffering nation. So far from severing cause and effect, as has been objected to him, Dr. Vaughan distinctly admits that the errors and the crimes of Mary Stuart may be traced to the taint of the Guise blood, as the errors of Charles I. may be traced to the disposition and character of mind inherited from—not to speak of the teaching, training, and example of—James I. In fact, a very considerable portion of Dr. Vaughan's last volume is written with a view to show that the character and system of James I. contributed to prepare the catastrophe of his unfortunate son.

The reign of James contains, doubtless, many a dark bad secret, which future inquirers may yet lay bare to the sun, with small advantage to the royal reputation; yet hardly can any discovery give a blacker shading to the portrait of that monarch than is presented in the sketch in the volume before us.

The son of the beautiful and accomplished Mary was without vigor either of mind or body. He had neither courage, sincerity, nor truthfulness; and his selfish pedantry, awkwardness, and gluttony

were not his worst vices. On this topic we do not care to dwell at any length; but abundant authority for all that is stated by Dr. Vaughan, and for more than he has stated, may be found in the collection of Lord Somers's tracts, edited by Sir Walter Scott.

The change from Elizabeth to James, says Dr. Vaughan, was every where felt by the people as a personal humiliation. And no wonder; for both old and young who had lived under the past reign must have contrasted the stately demeanor and queenly carriage of Elizabeth with the squat figure and ungainly carriage of the small, fat, flabby Scotchman, more like some clownish simpleton than a ruler of men.

A king who could neither walk, ride, nor speak English, articulating imperfectly from his ill-shaped mouth indifferent Latin and broad Scotch, was indeed a strange spectacle to English subjects. James, too, was surrounded by a set of needy dependents from his own country, who sought to make their fortune in England. So unanimous, however, were the people in the advantages of undisputed right, and the prospect of a union of the crowns of England and Scotland, that they received the great-grandson of Margaret of England and the son of Mary Queen of Scots, notwithstanding the coarse and contemptuous manner in which he spoke of his predecessor, with a certain amount of hopefulness and expectation. Nor was it till by his proclamation he overstepped the law, by his collisions with his parliament, and by his attempts to coerce members, that James awakened a spirit of general discontent. This discontent was the fruitful seed-plot whence sprung great constitutional improvements. Out of it ultimately grew the right of the Commons to judge concerning disputed elections, to debate on all questions affecting Church and State, to impeach ministers of the crown, and to regulate customs at the ports.

The great question to be determined under the Tudor princes was, whether England was to be under a foreign ecclesiastic or to profess the Reformed faith. Under the Stuarts the great struggle was for the liberty of the subject, and the future of that constitution whose blessings we now enjoy, and under whose aegis we live. When the House of Stuart came to the throne, as Dr. Vaughan says, the

whole of England was represented and impersonated in the king. *My king*, he truly remarks, was an expression charged with that loving and proud loyalty which had flowed on with our life's blood through centuries. But it is a remarkable circumstance that in half a century from the death of Elizabeth the man who had come by law and heritage to the English crown was sent to the scaffold, and England became a Republic. It is the causes of such a revolution that Dr. Vaughan traces, and on which he bestows a more careful study than on smaller events of subsidiary interest. The character of the sire was nearly as much accountable for the coming catastrophe of 1649 as the character of the son and sufferer; for, as the author pertinently remarks, the court and government under James were to become to the reign of his successor what the court and government of Paris under Louis XV. were to become to the reign of Louis XVI. This fact has certainly not been brought out till now, and in this book; with due distinctness and prominence in any one of our popular histories.

A historian has to deal with events, not with speculations, and it was no part of the business of Dr. Vaughan to do more than chronicle the character and death of the Prince of Wales, the elder brother of Charles I. This prince was in every sense a contrast to both his father and his younger brother. He differed as much from James and Charles as the late Duke of Kent, the father of her present Majesty, differed from George III., his father, or George IV., his brother, or as Alexander I. of Russia differed from his younger brother, the Archduke Constantine, the Governor and Viceroy of Poland. Brave, generous, and ardent for fame, both the High Church and Puritan parties anticipated from Prince Henry's reign measures of vigorous energy and enterprise, and had believed a civil war might have been prevented. But this was not to be; and Charles, of a different nature, and more susceptible of evil impressions, became mentally and morally depraved by the evil of the paternal example, and the ascendancy which early in life the favorite Buckingham had acquired over him. It is a mistake to suppose, as some historians have imagined—but the delusion is dispelled by Dr. Vaughan—that at the period of the Stuart accession England was so backward, not to say barbarous, as our

country is ordinarily represented. Though Spain and France had at that period lost their Cortes, Parliaments, and free institutions, and popular rights were nearly absorbed by an absolute authority, yet in England it was different. Our middle classes were even thus early increasing in wealth, in intelligence, and therefore in strength. Though loyal in the main to the crown, yet their loyalty proceeded from a well-understood principle. It was not a blind, unreasoning acquiescence, but a distinct conception, that if the crown had its prerogatives, the nobility their privileges, so also had the people their rights and liberties. This sturdy feeling appeared amongst us long antecedent to the time of James: it existed in the days of Henry and Elizabeth. For though it is true that the power ceded to the Tudors was great—so great, that there were times when all other powers paled before it, yet there were also seasons, as Dr. Vaughan remarks, when both Henry and Elizabeth were made to feel that their authority was far from being absolute—seasons when they were constrained to learn that there were great lines of protection thrown about the persons and the property of Englishmen, which it became the monarch to respect. The frequency with which these two sovereigns convened parliaments, and acted with them in the most weighty affairs, established, as is remarked in this volume, a mass of precedent, that could not conduce so largely to the dignity and authority of the crown, without also simultaneously operating strongly in favor of the liberty of the subject.

The causes which tended to weaken the power of the crown under James I., and to strengthen the power of the Parliament were many, and they are well detailed in this volume. One cause overlaying most others was the personal character of the king. His grandfather had married into the House of Guise; his mother was born of that marriage, and had been educated in that school. In families, as Dr. Vaughan well observes, moral as well as physical qualities are often hereditary. In the princes of the House of Stuart there was little of Gothic honesty, but much of the vanity, unsteadiness, and insincerity incident to the Italian and Gallic stock from which they had sprung. Independently of this James had a super-abounding sense of his own importance, and of the divinity by which he was "hedged in."

In his ready acceptance by the English people he recognized only the proper corollary of his heaven-descended prerogative. When men listened with wonder—which was not, according to Dr. Johnson's definition, "involuntary praise"—to his strange discourses, he attributed their amazement to the extent of his learning and the indefeasible nature of his divine right and authority. At first and for a time these worse than follies were condoned and overlooked by his subjects, but a perseverance in error provoked utterances of national thought and feeling which day by day grew in intensity. Grave, honest, and generous men did not come into the service of the State in the reign of James; but they made themselves felt at intervals, and they did their work in season.

While the domestic policy of the king was thus exceptionable, his foreign policy was as little satisfactory. It was unsatisfactory, not only to the Puritans, according to Dr. Vaughan, but to all sound Protestants. It had no religious principle—no nationality. Bohemia, by the votes of a majority of Calvinistic Reformers, offered its crown to Frederick, the son-in-law of James; and the new sovereign, with his queen, was crowned at Prague. England was ripe for a great effort in favor of a Protestant champion against Rome, Austria, and Spain; but the wretched pedant who then governed this country, had neither heart, feeling, nor courage, and gave no assistance to his son-in-law, though civil liberty and religious progress were inseparable from the struggle in which that Saxon land was engaged. In the Parliament of 1621 Dr. Vaughan shows that an organized opposition to the policy of the court had already manifested itself in the House of Peers as well as in the House of Commons. This, he concludes, was to be attributed in part to the meddling arrogance of Buckingham, in part to the advancing temper of the times, which forced minds the least disposed to innovation into new modes of thought. There was much in the policy of James toward Ireland that was commendable; and this is the one bright spot in his long reign. Dr. Vaughan's retrospect of the reign is careful and just.

"Much [he says] had been done to show that in the English constitution proclamations were not to have the force of law, except as

based upon law; and the Commons moreover had assumed a power—a dangerous power—of summoning political offenders to its bar. But the policy of the king consisted from first to last of an artful attempt to wring as much money as possible from the subject, while ceding as little as possible in return. Majesty itself descended to teach the wealthy, and many below the wealthy, to pour contempt on all piety not after the court pattern, to sneer at professions of conscientiousness, and even at a regard to decency."

Such was the complexion of affairs when Charles I. succeeded to his father in 1625. The influence of the father's teaching and example on the conduct of the son is thus sketched, faithfully taken from MS. letters of that son, written before or soon after his accession:

"It was hardly possible that the constant lessons of James on the virtues of kingcraft should have been made so familiar to Charles wholly without effect. Nor was it probable that the duplicities into which the prince had been himself initiated in the late transactions with Spain, and in the subsequent negotiations with France, would leave his mind firmly set against vice in that dangerous form in the time to come. The discoursing on politics to which he had listened from his boyhood upwards, had placed popular rights before him as so much license which had been either extorted from the crown, or ceded by it, and which might be justly reclaimed on the first convenient occasion. How to cozen the tribunes and demagogues calling themselves the House of Commons, using them with as much advantage, and at as little cost as possible, was almost the beginning and the end of the talk heard by him on State matters. Large views, great principles—principles having respect to the great Protestant interests, and to the liberties of Europe—were not only without favor, but were utterly proscribed in the circle where the conceptions of his youth and manhood had been formed. The infirmities of character which he too soon betrayed were such as might have been expected in one so descended, and who had been so schooled."

The reign of favoritism commenced by James was continued under his son. To Carr, Viscount Rochester, and afterwards Earl of Somerset, succeeded, in the last reign, Buckingham; and the favor of Buckingham still continued. He was sent over to Paris to bring the new queen, Henrietta Maria, to England; but the daughter of that Henry IV. (who would not lose France for a mass) was a Papist, and she brought over with her a cloud of

priests, who would celebrate the Popish service overtly in the palace despite Acts of Parliament. The king, as was his wont, compromised the affair by directing the ceremonies of the Romish Church to be strictly private. Parliament soon voted a sum of money to aid the Huguenots of La Rochelle; but Parliament and the country heard with indignation that the king and Buckingham had ordered the admiral to surrender the vessels for the use of Louis, and the seamen to be employed against the garrison of La Rochelle. Turpitude such as this caused the gravest imputations of treachery and insincerity to be cast upon the king. Captains of ships and sailors in numbers joined the Huguenot defenders; and the consequence of the whole proceeding was, that the character of Charles was branded with falseness, insincerity, and indirectness.

It is not possible to realize the conception of the crisis foreshadowed in Dr. Vaughan's second chapter, which he calls the "Crisis and the Law," without obtaining an answer to the question, What was English Puritanism? In no historical work that has yet been published do we find this question so satisfactorily answered. Any one desirous of hearing what can be fairly said in favor of Puritanism will carefully read the chapters first and second of the tenth book, contained in the second volume, and the second chapter, commencing at page 125, in the volume now under review. We do not say that all Dr. Vaughan's statements, as to the history of Puritanism and the Puritans, are to be fully and unhesitatingly accepted; but we do say that, for a light of nonconformity, his statement of the opinions and views of Puritans is singularly fair, calm, and judicial. He does not, like Lingard, in reference to Romanism, conceal the hateful and intolerant portions of the creed to which he belongs, or uphold Puritanism—as Lingard does Romanism—as the only one consistent system. He admits, on the contrary, that many of the views of the Puritans were extremely narrow, and that their spirit verged on intolerance; but these, he plausibly urges, were the faults of their peculiar position and of the times in which they lived. It is a candid and a not unimportant admission made by one of the foremost—if not, indeed, the very foremost—men in the Independent Con-

gregation, that the design of the leaders of Puritanism was to make the National Church a church according to the Puritans, and not a church according to the bishops, or to any council of the State.

In this he does not struggle against the conclusion that they deserved to be resisted as they were resisted by the Independents, men of bolder and broader views, who, in claiming liberty of conscience, claimed it not selfishly for themselves alone, but for all mankind. While candidly allowing the defects of the Puritans, however, Dr. Vaughan always strenuously, and often successfully, contends that they deserve credit and gratitude for the force and vigor with which they insisted on Scripture authority, and of individual conscience as against both king and church. Candid churchmen, at least of the Broad Church school, will, we think, even go so far as to admit that in thus acting, the Puritans, even while imperfectly understanding liberty, manfully battled against regal and priestly tyranny. Without loving or defending Puritanism, it were unjust not to take into consideration the causes that moulded and shaped the character and opinions of these men, and gave them courage in a dark and dreadful hour of the nation's fate. The Puritans had their errors, but they were neither fools nor knaves, nor, in general, hypocrites or canters, though there were some hypocrites and canters among them, as there are amongst the most orthodox churchmen. Dr. Vaughan allows that they were in many cases open to the imputation of spiritual pride; but he contends, and not without some show of reason, that their profuse use of scriptural words and phrases was not wonderful—nay, was natural—when the English Bible had not very long appeared in print. Dr. Vaughan says, and says truly, that Puritanism never could have become the great power which it grew to among Englishmen if it had been a mere hollow hypocrisy or a sham. That the doctrines of Puritanism were occasionally exaggerated by fanatics or travestied by pious fools, Dr. Vaughan does not deny: he even admits that there were men of little principle even among their leaders; but the cause is not to be judged of by men of this stamp, but by the nobler, and grander, and better natures, exhibiting heroic civil courage and pure self-sacrifice.

We have not ourselves any very hearty sympathy with Puritanism, but we are constrained to admit that it is rendered less unlovely, less austere, and less forbidding in these pages. The fact that English Puritanism embraced not only the strong feeling of the middle and lower classes, but much of the intelligence and culture of the classes above them, is nowhere so distinctly and vividly brought out as in this volume. There were many men in this now happy land—men of the stamp of Laud, or the more vigorous and able Wentworth—who looked approvingly on at the desperate deeds of the sanguinary Tilly and “the soldiers of Christ and the Pope,” as these butchers were impiously called; but the Puritans and the Calvinists of Scotland shared not, to their honor be it said, these feelings. The Puritans were as deeply moved to indignation by the foreign as by the home policy of the monarch. They regarded the events on the Rhine and at La Rochelle with nearly as much indignation as they looked on the misdeeds perpetrated at home. It was, however, a mistake to suppose that the discontent and disaffection created by the measures of Charles were confined to the Puritan and patriot parties alone. The discontent, as this volume shows, was general among all classes, excepting placemen and courtiers; and of this the evidence is accumulating every day by independent inquiries, such as Dr. Vaughan has made. Men of the stamp of Lord John Manners, and romantic young ladies who acquire some of their notions of history from novels written in praise of the chivalry of the cavaliers, may still talk of “those horrid Puritans;” but the better and more tolerant class of even English Tories, whose ancestors served under the standard of Charles, now generally admit that there was a moral earnestness, an ardor of conviction about the Puritans which renders a cause always formidable, if not always successful. Even Hume admits that from the period of the murder of Buckingham, Charles became his own minister; and the monarch’s stiff-necked and stubborn persistence in acting on the principles early instilled into his mind, confirmed by fresh evidence from the State-Paper Office, prove that the king’s own dogged and uncontrollable will, his personal interference, and his desire to govern alone, was the primary cause of all his misfortunes.

In this volume it is made more apparent than it has ever been made before, that every concession made by the monarch was made with a reserve and reticence eminently insincere and Jesuitical. The king, in truth, never made a concession in favor of the subject that he did not resolve to retract or neutralize. In dealing with a ruler of such abounding insincerity there could be neither trust nor compromise. The autocratic tendencies of the monarch were fostered by the influence of his queen, a woman of beauty and courage, who was continually spurring her husband on to play the despot’s part. Hence successive parliaments were called together only to be dissolved. Sir John Elliot’s denunciation of ministers led to the dissolution of the third parliament. The Petition of Right conceded some of the points at issue between the king and his subjects; but the conduct of Charles in regard to it had still further tended to destroy confidence between king and people. The king himself, therefore, must be held in the greatest degree accountable for all the miseries of an after time. In some respects Charles appears more favorably in history than his father, but there was much of the old leaven in him. He was very nearly as obstinate as his father, and entertained scarcely a less exalted opinion of his own authority. Of James Dr. Vaughan says:

“But the king was not to be convinced. Resistance to his will was always regarded as factious—as the perpetration of wrong, and of wrong verging upon treason and impiety. He would gladly have substituted an imperial despotism, based on the civil law, in the place of the system of liberty based on the English constitution. Had he possessed the power, he was fully satisfied that the right to do so was inseparable from his office. At the same time, in the intellectual and in the moral character of the king, there was almost every thing that could tend to give to such pretensions the appearance of a grotesque absurdity.”

Of this grotesqueness there was no touch in the composition of Charles, for he was grave, gentlemanly, dignified, and elaborately ceremonious; but he was also evasive, shifty, and insincere, and potted in a double sense on every momentous question. It is, therefore, truthfully, and with reason, that Dr. Vaughan says that distrust of royalty grew by degrees to be a prevailing sentiment. He thus sums up the character of Charles:

"In nearly all respects Charles proved a true representative of the House of Stuart—arbitrary, obstinate, insincere, revengeful. Great indeed was the discordance between the spirit of the sovereign and the spirit of the nation he was called upon to govern. On the side of the king we see a limited intellect, of artificial culture, coupled with a cold and suspicious temper, and with a dreamy and mystical worship of kingly and priestly power. On the side of the nation, we see, in the main, fixed principles, the clear head, and a stout heart, bent upon upholding the national liberty and honor. So long as sovereign and subject shall be governed by such tendencies, there can be little agreement between them. Charles was, on the whole, the best of his family known to this country, but the dangerous elements in his character were of a grave description, and not to be eradicated."

The appeal to the sword, in dealing with such a man, though dangerous, became unavoidable; and, after a long life spent in considering questions connected with English history, the author says:

"We feel no difficulty in affirming that the Parliamentarians could not wisely have taken a course materially different. The limits which they sought to impose on kingly power may have been too narrow; but with such a monarch, and in such circumstances, it would have been suicidal in the popular leaders to have exacted much less as the basis of security for themselves and their adherents."

Of the Royalist army a fair and unprejudiced account is given. They are represented as coming from the higher and lower classes, with here and there a few from the middle ranks. They were for the most part men of unsettled principles and loose habits, their commanders young men of ancient lineage, accustomed to a reveling self-indulgence generally incompatible with and often destructive of discipline; some were soldiers of fortune from the wars of Germany or the Low Countries, careless how they employed their swords, and preying alike impartially on friends and foes where booty was the object.

The Parliamentarians, on the other hand, are justly described by uniform principles well understood, and by objects more distinctly defined. There were among them some eminent peers and several wealthy land-owners; but they were especially recruited from among the merchants, traders, dealers, and chapmen of the towns, and a majority of the stalwart yeomanry. Though most of the birth

and chivalry of the country ranged itself on the side of the king, yet the sinew, bone, and real muscle and strength of the nation ranged itself on the side of the Parliament. On that side were the men who appreciated what Englishmen had done in all antecedent time towards giving a real security to the persons and properties of Englishmen. At first the aim of the leaders was to restrain the high prerogative notions of the sovereign within constitutional limits. Neither the overthrow of the monarchy nor the abolition of the kingly office were at first contemplated. Dr. Vaughan candidly admits this fact. The extreme measures which subsequently ended in the death of the king arose partly from the monarch's own vacillation and untrustworthiness, partly from the inordinate desire to command of the Protector, "a man," who, to use the language of Burke, "in whom ambition had not wholly suppressed but only suspended the sentiments of religion and the love (as far as it could consist with his designs) of fair and honorable reputation."

There are those who might suppose that an eminent Nonconformist divine who has written so strongly, so laudably, on the cases of Raleigh and Elliot, and others, who were the victims of the arbitrary power of James and Charles, and who sympathises so deeply, and often so justly with the patriots and Puritans, would speak of the execution of Charles as a partisan taking a one-sided view. Not so, however. Dr. Vaughan uses language befitting a Christian minister and a gentleman:

"Throughout these trying scenes, Charles acquitted himself with a self-possession, and a natural dignity, which may well awaken our admiration and our sympathy. When the fatal summons was announced, he passed from the end of the gallery in Whitehall, to the floor of the scaffold, through an opening made in the wall. At some distance before him were the block, the axe, and the executioner in a mask. The platform was hung with black. Around it were several lines of infantry and cavalry. In the space beyond was an immense crowd of spectators. From the distance to which the people were removed by the military the king could not address himself to them; but he delivered a short speech to those who were near him. He declared that he forgave all who were concerned in bringing him to such an end. He did not account the sentence passed upon him as approved by the Parliament of England or by its people. He had not been without his faults, particularly in consenting to the death of Strafford; but he declared that the whole

guilt of the late war rested with his opponents, and not with him. Before God, he could aver, it had never been his intention to encroach upon the privileges of Parliament. But the people of England would never be happy until a king should be among them possessed of the powers which belong to him by law; until the church should be restored as in former days; nor until men should learn to admit that 'sovereign and subject are clean different things'—all government being a matter belonging to the former, and 'in nothing pertaining to the latter.' Having given expression to these sentiments—sentiments which show that to his last moments he could not understand the position proper to a constitutional sovereign—Charles conversed for a little with Juxon; then laid his neck upon the block, gave the appointed signal, and at one blow the head was severed from the body."

The retrospect of the reign is thus fairly given:

"Such was the close of the struggle between Charles I. and that portion of his people who would not be governed according to his principles. The crisis in which the appeal was to the law, had been followed by a crisis in which appeal was to the sword, and this was the result. The men who called this tragic scene into existence were of two parties—the Independents, and the religious men allied with them, in whose case the religious motive was prominent; and the Republicans, in whose mind the political motive, nurtured by ideas of patriotism derived from their admiration of the republics of antiquity, took precedence. But there were both Independents and Republicans who protested against this extreme policy; and among those who were in the beginning of this strife, there were none to suspect such an issue. The church, the peerage, the monarchy—all are prostrate; the doom of the misguided king presenting the culminating point in this memorable series of reverses. Concession in time, and in good faith, might have prevented all this.

"It should be confessed that the men who were now in possession of the supreme power were the men to whom it rightly pertained. The appeal had been to the sword, and the sword had declared in their favor. But their final proceedings against the king will ever be variously judged. The execution of the king may have been both an error and a crime, but the general policy of the men chargeable with that deed was on the whole rational and just. They were right in accounting Charles utterly untrustworthy. They were right in resisting the Presbyterians at Westminster quite as sternly as they had resisted the Cavaliers at Naseby. Not to have taken the latter course would have been a surrender of the liberty they had gained, a grave wrong to their country. As we have seen, the army under Fair-

fax and Cromwell did not consist of mercenaries, but of men prepared to return to their social relations the moment the liberties for which they had taken up arms should be secured. Power is now in their hands; and they are satisfied that it behooves them to retain it, until they can bring the Presbyterians on the one side, and the Royalists on the other, to such terms as may guarantee a reasonable measure of equal liberty to all parties.

"But a revolution which has left so little from the past is a change which must entail deep inquietude on the future. The successful power in such cases is sure to include the seeds of division within itself; and the vanquished power is sure to be much too strong not to be aware of its strength, and too sensible to injury not to be disposed to make a new trial of that strength whenever circumstances may seem to promise a chance of success. As a rule, revolutions, to be safe and permanent, must be based on moderation, and on a manifest sense of right and humanity. To necessitate such extreme forms of change as we have now described, is to necessitate a long continuance of bitter disaffection, and almost to insure the kind of reaction which seems for a while to undo all that has been done. What we want in the history of nations is growth, and growth is silent and gradual. But governments may become so bad as to resist all ordinary efforts towards improvement. Resistance in such cases becomes excess, and excess generates protracted disorganization and suffering."

Dr. Vaughan admits that the establishment of the Commonwealth was not the act of the people of England. Not more than one fifth of their number could be said to approve of what had been done. The responsibility rested with the army and with some fifty persons who occupied the place of the five hundred assembled as the Commons of England in 1640. To give a little more apparent authority to its acts, the House of Commons invited some of the expelled members to return, and issued writs to those places where the influence of the government was most powerful requiring new elections. By this means the number of the members were raised to one hundred and fifty, but not more than half this number were in regular attendance. The military chiefs, however, insisted on the wisdom and justice of their policy. To their thinking, and probably they judged rightly, the only choice they had was between such a government as this and the ascendancy of the Presbyterians and Royalists, who would inevitably bring back the old civil wrongs and the old ecclesiastical intolerance.

Revolutions, as all history proves, are almost uniformly the work of active, energetic, and daring minorities; and no one who looks at the course of events so lucidly and candidly detailed by Dr. Vaughan, can say that it was otherwise in this important, or as some would say, this deplorable passage in our national history. No one who regarded the contending parties at the earlier period of the struggle, however, would, on the doctrine of probabilities, have predicted success for the popular party. Allowing the spirit, sagacity, civil ardor, and religious fervor of the leaders—allowing also the full extent of the civil and religious oppression which their followers endured, still the victims were but as a small minority compared with the great mass of the nobility, gentry, and people of England whose sympathies and feelings, though not always over-demonstrative, inclined to the cause of the King and the Cavaliers. The influence of the aristocracy and the church were at this period greater than they have ever since been, and the Royalists possessed advantages in organization, in military training, in discipline, in credit, and in resources which the Parliamentarians did not at first enjoy. But notwithstanding these early impediments, the Parliamentarians, in the end, triumphed because they had to deal with a king who never knew when properly to yield or when properly to resist. Now vacillating and obstinately resisting, then again complying, Charles never seems to have adopted the right course at the right time. By his duplicity and insincerity, he deceived alike friends and foes. By his weakness he deadened the enthusiasm and abated the hopes of his followers. Well has Rochefoucauld said, "Il n'y a qu'un seul défaut qu'on ne sauraient jamais corriger, c'est la faiblesse." Weakness, too, is generally accompanied by duplicity; and in the science of insincerity the monarch proved himself a perfect master. When men lose confidence in the leader of a cause, the cause itself is generally doomed to disaster. It was the misfortune of the king, too, to be opposed to a man of a deep and sagacious mind, who from the beginning enjoyed and retained the confidence of his followers, and was at all times distinguished by sagacity, vigor, firmness, and inflexibility. The author of this history has so long reflected on the

character of Cromwell, and has written in time long past, and when he had no backer whatever, so much concerning the great Protector, in the very same spirit that he writes now, that we can not expect him to change or modify his estimate of the statesman, the soldier, the ruler, and the man whom he vindicated thirty years ago, in 1864, when so much new matter has been revealed to the world, sustaining and fortifying his earlier and almost solitary estimate. That the author entirely sympathises with and greatly admires Cromwell, there can not be a doubt; but in no part of his work does he go the length of making him an idol as Macaulay does William III. But it can not be denied that Dr. Vaughan treads on very dangerous ground in maintaining that Cromwell became an arbitrary ruler from "the necessities of his position." If the plea of necessity be thus put forward in justification, we have the doctrine of that which must be, and can not be otherwise—which is but the euphemism for inevitable fate; and the tyrants and scourgers of the earth at all times—whether past, or present, or, unhappily, to come—desire to have no better doctrine to sustain their iniquities. Napoleon I., in the worst, the most personally aggressive, and the most dangerous and wicked portion of his selfish career, hypocritically and mendaciously maintained that he also had only become an arbitrary ruler from "the necessities of his position." The necessities of a despot's position are, as a great judge said of equity, (as compared with the strictness of common law,) long or short as suits a lord chancellor's convenience or conscience, or peradventure the length of his lordship's foot. The doctrine of necessity is, in truth, an exceedingly dangerous one, and has been made by the Napoleonic historian, M. Thiers, to cover every enormity, however hateful. There is unfortunately among the vulgar herd of men of all nations and times a desire to pay almost divine honors to triumphant success and to the swift and irresistible predominance of a mere stratoeracy. This disposition and feeling of the masses has been greatly whetted by Mr. Carlyle's panegyrics on what he calls, in his *Life of Frederick II.*, the veracities. But tyranny and slavery are not the less evils because they are christened with a softer name. A great orator and patriot, Grattan, in

speaking of the downfall of the first Bonaparte, said: "If a prince takes Venice, we are indignant; but if he seizes on a great part of Europe, stands covered with the blood of millions, and the spoils of half mankind, our indignation ceases; vice becomes gigantic, conquers the understanding, and mankind begin by wonder and conclude by worship." Expressions of this kind, "necessities of position," are now to be especially eschewed; for let us remember that there is again an empire in France, and an emperor whose desires are the only rule of his public and private conduct.

There is, however, little or no analogy, Dr. Vaughan would probably contend, between the characters of Cromwell and Napoleon I. Cromwell's was certainly no vulgar nature. He was a gentleman by birth, by fortune, and by education, and always associated with gentlemen. He was not born among Corsican bandits nor cradled in the chicanery of a petit procureur, half pirate, half attorney. There may have been a lurking personality in the ambition of Cromwell, but there was in it also a far larger substratum of patriotism and public duty. Napoleon's ambition, on the other hand, was altogether selfish and purely personal. He wished not merely to rule and subdue France, but to rule and subdue Europe, to amaze, to dazzle, and to overpower every will but his own lawless and imperious one. He had no sympathies with race or country; and if he held no nation had rights but France, it was not that he cared a rush for France, but because he was the absolute master of France and Frenchmen, and made them and their military qualities his instruments for the subjugation of other lands. Napoleon made himself Emperor of France, made his son King of Rome, made his son-in-law Viceroy of Italy, made his brother-in-law King of Naples, made his brothers Kings of Holland, Spain, and Westphalia, and made his government a military government "in much like the Roman legions in Rome's worst time, Italia or Rapax, responsible to nothing, nor God, nor man." Cromwell did nothing of this kind; and though he went beyond the law and felt himself above it, yet he ruled this land with equity and judgment. Even when he marched a file of soldiers to the House, and said to the Speaker, "Remove that bauble," he re-

tained the forms of legal government. He confiscated no Cavaliers' lands; nay, he even settled pensions on the widows and children of gentlemen who died fighting against him. Cromwell, unlike the modern tyrant, respected treaties and kept his word as a gentleman. He shot none of the Stuart family, direct or collateral, in the ditch at Deptford, as the Duke d'Enghien was shot in the fosse at Vincennes. Ireland and Scotland became quiet under his sway, and we gained by his efforts Jamaica and Dunkirk.

Parcere subjectis, debellare superbos, was his motto. He kept France and Spain in check, but admitted the United Provinces to an equal alliance. He protected the Protestants of the valleys of Piedmont, and warned the minister of France that if the Vaudois were persecuted, he would hold him and his master responsible. The whole business of the nation passed through his hands. He ruled the army, the navy, the law, the church, and guided the general domestic and foreign policy of the country. He sought out with great solicitude and selection—to use the language of Burke—and even from the party most opposite to his designs, men of weight and decorum of character; men unstained with the violence of the times, and with hands not fouled with confiscation and sacrilege. He chose Hale for chief justice, though that great lawyer refused to take the oaths or to acknowledge the legality of his government. The answer of Cromwell was, that since he did not approve his title, all he required of him was to administer in a manner agreeable to his pure sentiments and unspotted character that justice without which human society can not subsist. He said it was not his particular government, but civil order itself which he wished the judge to support. Here shone the pure patriot above the dynastic and selfish egotist of modern times, with whom it is the fashion to compare Cromwell. Cromwell, too, wished to reform the law, to secure freedom of trade and the growth of manufactures. He clearly saw that Popery, in its full and swelling Ultramontane development, was inconsistent with all civil freedom and all good government, and he therefore held that England could only be great as a Protestant power.

Under his short sway, instead of reducing the navy at the conclusion of the

war in 1654, he ordered all the ships to be repaired and put into good condition. He further ordered new ships to be built, and filled the storehouses and magazines with all the necessaries for a fleet, as though it had been a time of the greatest danger. He procured an annual grant of £400,000 for the expense of the navy, which at his death, in 1658, consisted of double the number of ships existing at the commencement of the civil war.

The reasons of the policy of Cromwell are thus ingeniously, though we believe in the main correctly given :

"It is not possible that a correct judgment should be formed with regard to the conduct of Cromwell in these proceedings, without a careful attention to the character and relations of the parties into which the nation was at that time divided. The Independents throughout the country were with Cromwell, and they were especially strong in the army, both among officers and men. Opposed to them were the Royalists, the Presbyterians, and the rigid Republicans, who were severally bent on establishing their respective schemes, all of which, either intrinsically or from circumstances, were so many schemes of tyranny. Cromwell resisted all these combinations, partly by the aid of the minority through England who were attached to his rule, and especially by means of the army. The language of the Protector in so doing was: The majority of the old adherents to the Stuarts are in no temper to be very considerate about the liberties of the country, either civil or religious, if once in a position to return to their old courses; the Presbyterians, for the greater part, have become indifferent to the great cause of civil right, and disposed to set up an ecclesiastical machinery not a whit less oppressive than that of Laud and his coadjutors, and would at once hail a Stuart king who should promise them power in that form; while the Republicans, if in theory more favorable to freedom, being so small a minority, could not be expected to retain ascendancy for a month without resorting to the miserable hypocrisy of upholding the iron rule of a military oligarchy under the specious name of a commonwealth. Cromwell maintained accordingly, and with manifest justice, that for the present, an enlightened regard to the interest of the nation required that the most vigorous efforts should be made to prevent the complete success of any one of these parties, and to balance them against each other, so as to bring them at last to some common ground of settlement. His experiments in convening his several parliaments were all designed to facilitate such an adjustment of differences by mutual concession as should be most in accordance, in the circumstances, with mutual right and duty. Unhappily, in his time, the enmities of the

several factions were not to be so far controlled, either by reason or humanity, as to allow the country to realize the prosperity and greatness which it might have derived from his large and equitable policy."

The following remarks fairly sum up the great merits of the Protector :

"When Cromwell spoke, as he sometimes did, of not having sought the position which he filled, he no doubt spoke what was substantially true. Every signal service he had rendered opened the way before him to something higher. The successive proofs of his transcendent capacity were the steps which, without any effort on his part, must have raised him by degrees to some such place as was at length assigned to him. By every step, moreover, in his spontaneous career, he became more committed to the popular cause, and more bound, by the law of self-preservation, to uphold that cause. Such a man, once entered on such a course, could not look back. It would have been self destruction to have done so. The more he did, the more powerful he needed to become if his advanced ground was to be safe ground. Ambition might have disposed him to look thus higher and higher still; but apart from all selfishness in that form, circumstances made it imperative that his history should be of that complexion; and the instincts of his nature must have prompted him to adjust himself to those circumstances.

"No English sovereign has governed England more constitutionally, none so liberally as Cromwell would have governed it, had the men of his generation been more men of his own order. In his mind we see the England not merely of his own day, but of a day still to come. He was a man of his own age sufficiently to be its leader. But he was sufficiently in advance of his age to have to bear the penalty commonly awaiting men who become offenders in that form. It was in his heart to have governed justly, humanely, magnanimously. But the men about him were wanting in the large thought, and in the large-heartedness, without which it was not possible that his policy should be realized."

It should always be borne in mind that Cromwell came into a heritage of division and disorder, when men's minds were exacerbated with civil and religious animosities. He had to combat by his own energies the cankers and contentions incident to a long civil war. Dr. Vaughan admits that many of his acts are indefensible on the strict principles of constitutional law, but he urges that it is unjust to judge a revolutionary and exceptional period by the every-day rules prevailing

in ordinary times. It should be remembered that when the king was vanquished and had disappeared from the scene, the struggle was not over. Far from it. There was conspiracy, intrigue, and plotting, and it was therefore necessary that the Protector should be armed at all points. Dr. Vaughan undisguisedly sympathises with the adherents of Cromwell, and we do not say that he is wrong. Cromwell succeeded to the burden of power because he was believed to be the most vigorous and fitting man to save England from anarchy. He proved himself to be a great and vigorous ruler. He raised the nation from the prostrate condition in which it had been left by James and Charles, and the consequence was that our country became feared and respected in every court and cabinet of Europe.

The struggle between the Stuarts and the people of England was terminated by the Revolution of 1688. The moderate form of that revolution may be attributed to the leaders of the Whig party, and to the wisdom, judgment, and well-balanced intellect of William himself. "The social influences," says Dr. Vaughan, "which restrained this great settlement within moderate limits, and made it permanent, were hereditary rank and religious conviction." With the Revolution of 1688 the volume appropriately closes, but there are chapters on the national progress since that period. Generally speaking, nothing can be better than the chapter on Social Life. The growth of our population, the progress of the revenue, the state of agriculture, the woolen and cotton trades, our bad roads, the progress of Birmingham and Sheffield, the pack-horse, the wagon, and the stage coach, are all admirably traced; but as the work is sure to speedily reach a second edition, we would suggest that the chapter on the Army, and more especially the chapter on the Navy, should be increased and rendered more complete by the insertion of additional matter. Few know better than Dr. Vaughan that one of the chief claims of Henry VIII. on the gratitude of English-

men is that he laid the foundation and settled the construction of the navy. Elizabeth also augmented the salaries of her naval officers, and continued the good work commenced by her father. She issued orders for preserving timber fit for ship-building, caused her magazines to be filled with stores, and ordered many pieces of brass and iron cannon to be cast. There was no sovereign more prudent in the outlay of money; yet in 1589, in order to augment her maritime force, her Majesty settled a part of her revenue for the ordinary supply of the navy, amounting to nine thousand pounds a year.

A less warlike sovereign than James never occupied the throne, yet he expended fifty thousand pounds annually on our dockyards, exclusive of timber from the royal forests to the amount of thirty-six thousand pounds per annum.

What Cromwell did in this respect we have already shown. His care of the navy and jealousy of England's flag show him to have been one of the greatest and wisest rulers and statesmen, as he was confessedly one of the greatest soldiers, whom England has produced. Even James II., who was a sailor king, did his duty in this regard, as may be seen from the reports of Lord Falkland and Sir J. Nashborough. From 1688 to 1803 this system of fostering the navy continued, and woe to England when any disastrous influence shall introduce any other policy!

We felicitate Dr. Vaughan on the conclusion of his labors. In illustrating his thesis on the influence of race and religion, he has given the solidest proofs of an investigating, truthful, and learned spirit. Though a Dissenter, he is a man of the largest views and most liberal feelings. Though a priest—or as his people would say, a pastor—he has not allowed his sacred calling to obliterate in any iota his feelings as an Englishman, a scholar, or a gentleman. His volumes need not our commendation. They will speak, if once opened, in language that may be understood and relished alike by gentle and simple.

K.

From the Leisure Hour.

THE ROMAN ARMIES.

IN the museum of the United Service, Whitehall, lectures are frequently delivered on subjects interesting to those who follow the profession of arms, or devote their services to the Royal Navy. Strangers also are admitted to the lectures, by an order from a member; and ladies not unfrequently honor the lecturer with their presence. Reading lately some speech on military duties and discipline, addressed to Volunteers, I was reminded of a lecture which I heard some time ago, at the United Service Museum, upon the military and sanitary institutions of the Roman armies and the causes of the decay of the legions, by J. Bird, Esq., M.D.F.R.C.P. What I can remember of this valuable lecture may be useful to some readers of *The Leisure Hour*.

It was most interesting to hear a comparison drawn between the state of warfare and military tactics as they exist in our own days, and as they formerly existed in the economy of the most warlike and most victorious of ancient nations, the Romans. The lecturer began by stating that the Romans, who remained invincible for nearly nine centuries, were "good soldiers" in the proper acceptation of the word; that is, they took pains and trouble to learn the details of their profession, they attended to little things, well knowing that small details well considered and well acted upon, produce great and important results.

The Romans had also their military literature, and he quoted several names of writers whose works are unfortunately now quite lost; still, however, enough has been preserved to show many of the rules and regulations which governed their service.

The Romans learned much of their art of war from the Greeks; their writers quoted frequently from Greek authors, and were always wide awake to improvement; whenever and wherever they saw any thing better than what they had already got in their own system, they immediately adopted it. Their chief suc-

cess, however, depended upon "discipline," in the fullest meaning of the word. Since their time, the modes of actual fighting have been much changed; the Romans had no gunpowder; but even though gunpowder is so much used in our own time, genuine downright courage, or, as it is vulgarly called, "pluck," gains the day with us, as it did formerly with the Romans. Being fully aware of this fact, they paid the *greatest attention to their recruits*. In our own times, the best recruits are young, strong, and active men, who have spent their lives and have been brought up in the country; inured from their infancy to hard work, not exposed to city temptations, and accustomed to frugal diet, they find themselves, for the most part, better off as soldiers in the ranks than as clowns at the plow-tail. The recruits from towns, on the contrary, have tasted the sweets of luxury more or less, their systems are enfeebled by the habits most of them have necessarily contracted, and in consequence they sooner break down under hardships. As with us, so with the Romans, they made a point of choosing their recruits from the country, rejecting those from the towns and populous districts; for, as a Roman military writer tells us, "An army was never victorious that did not take pains with its recruits." Again, "A recruit should be taught that good conduct meets with its reward;" and also, he says, that "self-respect and self-reliance prevent flight, and gains victory."

After the recruits had entered the service, they were daily trained to hard work, endurance, and fatigue, till they were fit to enter the ranks as "passed men."

The Chinese still keep up this custom, and make their men work harder as recruits, than they would ever be called to do in actual service.

Even among the highest class of Roman officers, strict discipline was maintained, and each had his allotted duty to perform; and this duty he was expected to know well. The army was as miscel-

laneous as our own; they had heavy-armed men, and light-armed men, each differently equipped, with helmets, cuirass, greaves, short swords, (like the Spanish swords of the present day,) with long javelins to resist cavalry, or to be used as projectiles, and with short javelins for hand-to-hand combat. They had foreign troops, cavalry, archers, slingers, engineers, medical officers, and inspectors over each and every department. They had a commissariat department, whose duty it was to select good positions for camps, to order the arrangement of those camps, and especially to see that both man and beast were well supplied with necessities; we therefore find that the men had "wood in winter, water in abundance in summer, and corn, wine, and vinegar at all times." They were marched off at early morning, never exposed, if possible, to the heat of the sun at mid-day, nor to marshy vapors at night. In summer and autumn, their camping ground was frequently changed, to avoid the necessary accumulation of filth, and pure water was above all things always provided; for they regarded "bad water as a sort of poison, and a cause of epidemic disease." Besides all this, they accumulated stores in their cities, ready for the use of the army in time of necessity; for, as a Roman writer remarks, "Famine is a more wanton destroyer than the sword." When, moreover, in camp, their muscular condition was attended to, by means of frequent marchings and drillings. Why, then, need we wonder that soldiers so well looked after, so well fed, and so well trained, should prove themselves conquerors in the day of battle, against undisciplined and barbarous nations?

Very many of our military customs are copies of those which were adopted by the Romans long ago; and what we call the *new science* of "Military Hygiene," was fully understood and acted on by the Roman commanders, in nearly all its essential details. The engineer officers of the Roman armies were well trained in their profession. Their great object was always to choose good and commanding positions; they always took advantage of high ground, of a wood in front, and of a morass in the rear, etc.; they planned and executed their fortifications with skill.

They made their ramparts high, and their ditches deep and easily flooded with water, to prevent the mining operations of the enemy. They covered the wood-work of their doors and gates with plates of iron and thick leather, to save them from fire, and they erected a formidable portcullis on any important approach to a fort. They carefully stored away provisions, fuel, provender, etc., in their fortified cities, and above all, abundance of bitumen, sulphur, and pitch, besides an iron apparatus for heating these terrible fiery destroyers of life, and of the war engines of the besiegers. Does the reader require to know how these, as well as the burning pitch, etc., were brought into operation? let him read the writings of Josephus and others, and he will see what formidable weapons of destruction they were.

As long as the Romans kept up their system of discipline, and their strictness in choosing recruits, their armies were victorious over all; but when the days of effeminacy and luxury arrived in the empire, the army caught the infection; the soldiers began to complain of the weight of their arms and their accoutrements, the insufficiency of their diet, and of the frequency of drill. They became idle, disaffected, and grumblers; bad recruits were taken, who turned out worse than useless. "The name of Legion yet remained, but its strength and vigor was gone." They met in battle array the wild hordes of the Goths; they came face to face with the savage tribes of the Huns; they lost "their self-confidence, which gains victory," they turned, they fled, and Rome was lost.

The lecturer concluded his admirable address (of which this is but an abstract) by applying the lesson learnt from the history of the Roman armies to our own times, and by impressing on his audience, as regards the Volunteer movement which has now gained ground in our own favored land, among those who have honor, life, and property to defend, and who nobly stand up to do their duty in the common cause, the Roman maxim, which is as much English as Roman, that "constant and well-considered preparation for war is necessary for the preservation of peace."

From the British Quarterly.

FRANCE AND MADAGASCAR.*

MADAGASCAR is a land of wonders. To its vast size, its advantageous position, navigable rivers, capacious harbors, rich mines, and wonderful vegetable productions—amid whose tropic luxuriance the fire-fly flits—it adds an unparalleled extent of malarious and death-dealing coast. For a considerable time past the eyes of Christendom have been fixed upon the noble conduct of its Christian confessors, who, from the depth of the most degrading immorality, have been lifted by Christian truth into such sublime heights of spiritual devotion that they have sustained a persecution, which, for duration and severity, can only find a parallel in the early struggles between the Roman power and the nascent Christianity. On August 23d, 1861, the terrible persecutor Ranaivalona died; and on the same day, not without a struggle, which might have issued in bloodshed but for the wise precautions of his attached friends, her son the Prince Rakoto ascended the throne under the title of Radama II. In any other country he would have been accounted illegitimate, having been born much too long for legitimacy after the death of Radama I.; but the peculiar laws of Madagascar regarded him as the

son of his mother's husband. While yet young he had attended the meetings of the persecuted Christians, and formed an attachment to them which continued during all the period of their trial. By nature of a mild and gentle disposition, the sight of suffering affected him. He became the friend of all the oppressed and afflicted, sometimes exposing his life in their defense. His mother's cruelty gave abundant occasion for his exercise of mercy; but above all the injured and oppressed, the Christians were the objects of his greatest sacrifices and efforts. He rose at midnight and traveled with the utmost speed to rescue them. When his own means were comparatively small, they were ever at the disposal of the needy whom persecution had made dependent exiles. But during all this time he never professed himself a Christian in that deeper sense which those who taught the Malagasy Christianity are accustomed to regard as alone entitling a man to the name of a disciple. He seemed to believe in Christianity; he was attached to the Christians, but he did not yield his own heart to the truth. The strange love of the royal tigress for her offspring led her to allow through him such suspension of her executions as no one else had dared. But that love might not always be the same; yet he braved the risks. Who can wonder that when, on his mother's death, this prince, so rich in promise, ascended the throne, the joy and hope of the Christians rose to the highest pitch. Even the heathen party, who were growing weary under the awful yoke of suspicion and exaction, and disgusted with the cries of misery and the sight of blood, seem to have made no great resistance to his accession. The party of Ramboasalama, the other claimant of the throne, was too insignificant to disturb the public tranquillity. With characteristic humanity the new king was content to banish his rival to his own estates, together with some of his most determined adherents;

* *Revue des Deux Mondes*, Octobre, 1863. Art. "La France et Madagascar."

The Last Travels of Ida Pfeiffer. 1861.

Missionary Magazine of the London Missionary Society, for 1862-1863.

History of Madagascar. By the Rev. WILLIAM ELLIS. Two vols.

Three Visits to Madagascar, in the Years 1853, 1854, and 1856. By the Rev. WILLIAM ELLIS. 1858.

Madagascar, Past and Present. By a Resident. 1847.

Compagnie de Madagascar, Foncière, Industrielle, et Commerciale.

Compagnie de Madagascar: Rapport du Gouverneur au Conseil d'Administration sur la Fondation de la Compagnie, et sur l'Organisation de la Mission d'Exploration. Paris, 1er Juillet, 1863.

Trois Mois de Séjour à Madagascar. Par le Capitaine DURAZ, Commandant la division navale des côtes orientales d'Afrique. Publié par les soins de la Compagnie de Madagascar.

and the succession was accomplished with as little bloodshed as it could have been in England itself; so that even the eldest son of the banished rival was one of the first of the nobles at the coronation. The sun had not set upon the day of his accession until Radama II. had proclaimed equal protection and freedom of worship to all the inhabitants of the land. The prison doors were thrown open, and the captives for conscience were set free. Officers were dispatched to pestilential districts, where many were wearing out life in hopeless banishment; and soon the astonished people of the capital gazed on the wan and wasted figures of friends who had long since been reckoned with the dead. All was rejoicing. The London Missionary Society sent out its ambassadors: first its revered and trusted friend, the Rev. William Ellis, who was not only the historian of the country, but had hazarded his life during the reign of the queen in three successive visits to the land of death; and who now, though far from young, was ready as ever for the Master's service; then six missionaries, three of them specially qualified for the practice of medicine and surgery, the work of education, and the management of the printing press. Subsequently four more were sent, with special qualifications for various departments of the work. Nor were these alone. Popery, availing itself of the universal liberty, had its agents immediately on the field in yet greater numbers. The catholic-hearted Bishop of Mauritius, acknowledging the prior claims of the London Missionary Society, had visited the capital, and had borne his witness to the work of the missionaries who had labored there before. Others were preparing to enter. The king had given permission to all foreigners who would abide by the laws to reside in his dominions. Representatives of England and France had proceeded to the capital, and offered their congratulations; and our own gracious sovereign had written to the king an autograph letter, accompanied with the gift of a copy of the Bible. After thirteen months his coronation took place on September 23d, 1862, at which the representatives of France and England were present. A large number of the native Christians and their pastors occupied a conspicuous place. Many improvements had apparently been made. The king had deter-

mined on the abolition of domestic slavery; and free trade with all nations had become by his will the law of Madagascar. But while "all went merry as a marriage bell," and none moved his tongue against the young monarch, his own character was rapidly undergoing change of a nature the most fatal; and there were some who saw, with pain and fear, that some of the changes had been made too rapidly for the condition of the country. Even Mr. Ellis, who had looked with almost a father's fondness on his royal *protégé*, hinted some measure of alarm. Clouds were gathering, very soon to burst in destruction upon the idol of the hour.

It has often been remarked that those who have borne adversity best are frequently found amongst the least prepared for the right use of prosperity; and Radama II. has been added to the number of exemplars of this trite truth. Like his reputed father, who had been eminently virtuous in youth, but who became the victim of drunkenness and debauchery until he reached an early grave, Radama seems to have rather suddenly contracted habits which obscured the brightness of his early promise. Although he had shown a kindness of disposition, he had not given evidence of strength of character. When Madame Pfeiffer saw him she fixed her keen, traveled woman's eyes upon him, and read his character throughout. "I found no fault in him," she says, "except a certain want of independence, and a distrust of his own abilities; and the only thing I fear, should the government one day fall into his hands, is, that he will not come forward with sufficient energy, and may fail in thoroughly carrying out his good intentions." Speaking subsequently in reference to the scheme for the dethronement of his mother, which her friend was urging upon him, she says: "A good deal of the fault may be with the prince himself. He is, as I have observed, a man of many good and noble qualities, but he wants decision and firmness of purpose; and his affection for the queen is, moreover, so great, that he might lack courage at the decisive moment to undertake any thing against her." We have no sympathy with Madame Pfeiffer's reason for finding fault in the latter case; but we can not help feeling that she had formed a just estimate of his character. When in

power he soon proved that, while his instincts were good and his aims noble, he had no capability of independent action; and, as usually occurs in such cases, he gave himself mainly up to the guidance of young men to the neglect of his more experienced counselors. A class of persons was collected around him who were designated *mena maso*, or "red eyes;" in reality a class of spies, such as attend upon an absolute sovereign, whose designation was derived from the supposed effect upon their organs of vision of their severe scrutiny of all things for their master's interest. Many of these men were of utterly disreputable character, often making the palace of the sovereign the scene of their disgraceful revels. Drunkenness and debauchery became only too manifest in the character of the king; and although he attended to the private instructions of Mr. Ellis, and also had public worship in one of his houses, yet we have good authority for believing that he often turned the service into ridicule among his companions, and delighted them by mimicking the manner of his teacher. Perhaps, as one who had always lived face to face with the most disgusting forms of heathen immorality, he had not so deep a sense of the inconsistency of such a course of conduct as we feel in contemplating it; but the facts themselves show that his character was in no sense moulded by Christian truth or influenced by Christian principle.

In the early part of the year which has just passed strange things occurred at the capital. Persons who seemed to be seized with a singular hallucination came from the surrounding towns and from the provinces declaring that they had seen spirits and heard voices from the invisible world. Many reported that they had seen the ancestors of the king, and had received instructions for him relating to the good of his country. After some time, when his mind had been brought fully under the influence of the superstition, they told him that the counsel of his ancestors was that he should stop "*the praying*," or if he did not some great calamity would soon befall him. They pretended to be unconscious of their actions, and accompanied their communications with bodily contortions, leaping, and dancing. The king listened to the pretended messages with interest, seemed to believe, and soon began to act. He threatened his slave-wife

Mary (whom the polygamic laws of Madagascar allowed him to have in addition to his royal consort, and towards whom he had always manifested a tender affection) with death if she should become a Christian.

"It was then proposed by the *mena maso* to assassinate a number of the Christians as the means of stopping the progress of Christianity, and also to kill the chief nobles who opposed the king's proceedings. With a view of increasing the influence of this fanatical party, the king issued an order that all persons meeting any of the so-called sick should take off their hats, and thus show them the same mark of respect as was formerly given to the national idols when they were carried through the city. With a view also of shielding the perpetrators of the intended murders, the king announced his intention to issue an order, or law, that any person or persons wishing to fight with fire-arms, swords, or spears, should not be prevented, and that if any one were killed the murderer should not be punished.*"

M. Galos adds to this, the right of combat was extended to tribes and villages; thus legalizing civil war.† There could be little doubt that the keepers of the idols, aided by the *mena maso*, had contrived all this. Universal alarm was the result of the king's announcement of his design. On the 7th of May he announced it to his nobles. They spent the remainder of the day in deliberation, and next morning, in the most humble manner, presented their remonstrance against it, the prime minister, on his knees, entreating him not to pass the ruinous law; but he remained unmoved.

"The minister then rose and said to the king, 'Do you say before all these witnesses that if any man is going to fight another with fire arms, sword, or spear, that you will not prevent him, and that if he kills any one he shall not be punished?' The king replied, 'I agree to that.' Then said the minister, 'It is enough; we must arm;' and turning to his followers, said, 'Let us return.'‡

They returned to grave deliberation. In the peril of the crisis they collected what soldiers they could. The majority were at their command, and the few who remained steadfast to the king would not fire upon their companions. Next morning, the 9th, the minister and his friends surrounded

* Letter of Mr. Ellis, *Missionary Mag.*, August, 1863, p. 236.

† *Revue des Deux Mondes*, p. 701.

‡ Mr. Ellis, *Missionary Mag.*

the palace to secure the persons of the *mena maso*, some thirty of whom afterwards suffered death. The king in his discussion with the nobles had said that "he alone was sovereign, his word alone was law, his person was sacred, he was supernaturally protected, and would punish severely the opposers of his will;" which led the nobles to feel that their lives were not safe while he continued to live. It is said that he died by their hands, his queen ineffectually pleading for his life.* Soon after they laid before the queen the conditions of a new government, offering to place her on the throne if she consented to them; and if she did not, declaring that they must seek another ruler. After reading the document, and receiving explanations of one or two points, she expressed her full and entire consent to govern according to the plan therein set forth. The nobles then said, "We also bind ourselves by this agreement. If we break it we shall be guilty of treason; and if you break it we shall do as we have done now." The prime minister then signed the document on behalf of the nobles and heads of the people, and the queen signed it also. The chief of the nobles remained in the palace; and between one and two o'clock the firing of cannon announced the commencement of a new reign.

Every nation destined to growth and greatness must some time have its own Runnymede; and no one can prescribe beforehand the form which revolution will take. The men who were the leaders in this extraordinary movement belong to different religious parties, while they unite in seeking the national welfare. They are mostly men of considerable European intelligence; and the arrangements made by them amply show that they have studied national constitutions to some purpose, and have some clear perceptions of the elements of national welfare. We copy here, for the information of those who may not have had an opportunity of becoming acquainted with them, a few of the chief items of the constitution which they and the queen have mutually agreed to uphold.

"The word of the sovereign alone is not to be law, but the nobles and heads of the people, with the sovereign, are to make the laws.

* There is at present some reason to believe that he may be still alive.

"Perfect liberty and protection is guaranteed to all foreigners who are obedient to the laws of the country.

"Friendly relations are to be maintained with all other nations.

"Duties are to be levied, but commerce and civilization are to be encouraged.

"Protection, and liberty to worship, teach, and promote the extension of Christianity, are secured to the native Christians, and the same protection and liberty are guaranteed to those who are not Christians.

"Domestic slavery is not abolished; but masters are at liberty to give freedom to their slaves, or to sell them to others.

"No person is to be put to death for any offense, by the word of the sovereign alone; and no one is to be sentenced to death till twelve men have declared such person to be guilty of the crime to which the law awards the punishment of death."

It is impossible to read this basis of a constitution without feeling how closely the legislative authority resembles the King, Lords, and Commons of our own constitution; and the "twelve men" seem very like in function and authority to the much-discussed, but, on the whole, well-working jury of happy England. It may be questioned whether the Malagasy have yet reached the stage when such a constitution will work easily and effectively among them; it is open to question also, whether the narrator's own love for the British constitution may not, to some extent, have colored his account of these fundamental principles; but there is enough to show that the men who drew them up have an eye for what is fitting, and an understanding to weigh the merits of principles in their relation to a people's conditions. The exceptions of "duties" and "domestic slavery" were both founded upon accurate observation of the still existing conditions of their country; and in making these exceptions they act upon the principle of all wise legislators—not the law which is the best in the abstract, but that which is best adapted to the genius and state of a people. To the good in the principles of the new constitution we cordially say, "*Esto perpetuum*;" it will not be long then till the exceptional will pass away.

During the reign of Radama II. he had made and confirmed treaties of friendship and commerce with England and France. These treaties, in every essential feature similar to each other, in the privileges granted and in the friendly feelings ex-

pressed, have been accepted and confirmed by the respective governments. They permit the subjects of England and France, on the one hand, and of Madagascar on the other, to enter, reside, travel, and trade in the respective countries, in conformity with the laws of each. They afford the enjoyment of all the privileges, immunities, and advantages, accorded in the country to the most favored subjects of the nation. The English and French may practice their religion openly. Their missionaries have liberty to preach, teach, build churches, seminaries, hospitals, where they may judge convenient, only in conformity with the laws. They have the right of buying, selling, cultivating, and profiting by the soil, houses, and stores in the States of the King of Madagascar. The local authorities will not interfere in any disputes between the persons of either foreign nation, nor between the subjects of either and those of the other. The consuls alone take cognizance of them. The treaties also promise assistance to those who travel in the interests of science; geographers, naturalists, engineers, and others. They were completed at Antananarivo, September 12th, 1862.

These treaties are only such as should pass between independent and friendly nations; but, in addition to these, a clever Frenchman had in some manner won from Prince Rakoto a grant of certain special and exclusive privileges for himself, dated June 28th, 1855. This grant was afterwards recognized and confirmed by King Radama on November 9th, 1861, and purports to be a gift of gratitude to Lambert for services rendered to the king. When the new government came into operation it declared, through the Queen Rabodo, the reign of Radama II. to be null and void. Nevertheless it has declared that the treaties made respectively with England and France shall be respected. *National* interests and relations remain the same; but the new government does not regard itself as bound by the *private donations* of its late king to intriguing persons who have taken advantage of his weakness or his vices. This is the ground of complaint in the able article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* which we have placed at the head of this paper. It is written by M. Henri Galos, and is distinguished by its fullness of information and general fairness of statement, but, as we

think, proceeds sometimes on false *data*, and reaches incorrect conclusions through confounding things that differ. The writer gives a long account of the connection between France and Madagascar, extending through more than three centuries, during which France has claimed to possess sovereign rights in that island. To this history we must return in the sequel; but our present object is to show how the whole occasion of writing his article is misapprehended by the writer, through his confounding the grants to M. Lambert with the treaty of friendship and commerce with France. The two things are quite distinct; and if he had only accounted for this he would not have been led into recommending the atrocious measures for reducing Madagascar to obedience that sully his pages. In order to a full understanding of the subject, we must go back to the origin of the grants to M. Lambert, and then state in what they have resulted.

It is quite eleven years since M. Lambert began to take decided steps towards obtaining the grants on which he now founds his claim. Appearing to be greatly disgusted with the queen's cruelties, he sought to induce Prince Rakoto to dethrone his mother, and seek a French protectorate. It is said, and we think with good reason, that he obtained from him a proposal to that effect, of the full meaning of which the prince, from his ignorance of the language, and his condition at the time of signing the proposal, was not aware. M. Lambert bore this proposal to France; but the French government, before entertaining it, sent him to the British government. Lord Clarendon, then Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, gave him an interview, but put an end to the matter by refusing to coöperate with France in the project. M. Lambert, defeated in this direction, turned his thoughts towards securing something for himself, and being at the capital in 1855, he obtained the grant to which we have referred; and having collected many costly presents for the prince and the queen, returned to the capital in 1857. On this occasion he was accompanied by Madame Pfeiffer, who entered heartily into the plot, and has laid bare the cunning and duplicity of her friend with the most amusing *naïveté*. The whole scheme failed, according to her, through the irresolution of the prince, and also, ac-

cording to her, through an English missionary having communicated the design to the queen. Mr. Ellis had been at Antananarivo the year before. He had many conversations with the prince about the projects, of which he had heard from high authority before leaving England. The prince assured him that he had never signed any such proposal, in all probability not knowing its nature. When Mr. Ellis was returning he met two priests in disguise, going up to the capital as doctors' assistants; one of whom was Father Jonen, superior of the Jesuit college at Bourbon, and now director of the Popish mission in Madagascar. The self-sacrificing character of these gentlemen as missionaries and confessors of Christ may be easily gathered from Madame Pfeiffer's description of them. She met them in the house of Mr. Laborde.

"Our friendly host immediately introduced two Europeans to us, the only ones then staying at Tananariva. The two gentlemen were clergymen: one of them had been living for two years, the other for seven months in Mr. Laborde's house. *It was not the time to appear as missionaries, and they concealed the fact of their belonging to a mission very carefully*, the prince and the Europeans being the only persons admitted into the secret. One passes as a physician, the other as tutor to Mr. Laborde's son, who had come back two years since from Paris, where he had been sent by his father to be educated."

These gentlemen had not the courage to proclaim themselves ministers of Christ, but, true to Jesuit instincts, they could plot for the queen's dethronement, knowing that that must pave the way to their cherished object, the final exclusion of all Protestant missionaries from the land. The queen discovered the plot, sent back with indignation the rich presents M. Lambert had sent to her, and ordered him and his traveling companion immediately to leave the island. But M. Lambert had secured the affections of the prince, and, what he deemed better, had secured the grant, which made him to a large extent master of Madagascar. The extent of the privileges it conveys will be best understood by a statement of some of its items:

"Chap. I.—We authorize J. Lambert to form a company, having for its object the working of the mines of Madagascar, the forests, and the lands situated on the coasts

and in the interior. The said company shall have the right of making roads, canals, building yards, establishments of public utility, of coining money with the king's effigy; in a word, it shall do all that it may deem calculated to promote the good of the country.

"Chap. II., Art. 1.—We grant and concede to the company the exclusive privilege of working all the mines in Madagascar, including those already known, and those which may be hereafter discovered.

"Art. 2.—We grant and concede equally to the said company, as well for itself as for those whom it may admit to take part in it, the privilege of choosing, on all the coasts and in the interior of the country, any unoccupied lands to be put into cultivation. In consequence the company shall become proprietor of the lands which it shall have chosen, as soon as it shall give us notice of having taken possession of them.

"Art. 3.—The company shall not pay any duties upon the ore produced, nor upon the profits made upon it.

"Art. 4.—The produce of the working of the mines of Madagascar and upon cultivation shall enjoy the privilege of free exportation without duty. Its [the company's] property shall not be liable to be burdened with imposts. What shall be brought in for the company shall pay no duty.

"Art. 5.—We relinquish to this company all the mines of Soatsimanampiovana, so as to put them into condition for the immediate employment of laborers. We also give to the company the house at Soanifrana to establish there the head-quarters of its administration."

The company, for its part, engages to assist to the best of its power the king's projects for the amelioration and civilization of the country; and on the 12th of September, 1862, M. Lambert added a clause, in which he promised to give to Radama II. and his successors ten per cent. on the net profits. The company has been formed at Paris, and has been authorized by an imperial decree dated May 2d, 1863. The supreme authority in its management is vested in Commander Dupré. M. Lambert is to be specially resident about the king, charged with the delicate mission of securing the friendly concurrence of the Hovah chiefs and the king's ministers, as well as to assist in taking possession of lands; which act, "as the immediate object of the presence of the agents of the company in Madagascar is to give it *éclat* in the eyes of the provincial governors and of the king, is to be performed with all formality." The arrangements of the company for choosing

lands are admirably comprehensive. They shall choose such as—

"1. From vicinity to the ports are likely to become centers of population. 2. Those situated along the course of navigable rivers. 3. The unoccupied lands nearest to the Hovah ports, and to the actually existing centers of population. 4. The fertile lands in the most healthy localities. 5 and 6. In the neighborhood of forests, and where gum and caoutchouc are procurable. 7. Lands suitable for pasturage and rice. 8. Wherever it may be presumed that there are metallic and mineral riches."

This catalogue of qualities includes most except the barren and profitless; and if we remember that Madagascar is quite as large as France, and quite as fertile, with not much more than one tenth of the population, and that population little disposed to cultivate the soil, and consequently to inclose it, we can not fail to see that there would, no doubt, be a very large amount of land which, by an easy construction, might be regarded as unoccupied; so that this very modest proposal of the company looks very like laying hold of the greater part, certainly the better part of the island. M. Galos takes great pride in the liberality with which France, in her treaty of friendship and commerce, extends the same rights to all nations claiming the benefit, as if the English treaty did not contain a similar provision; but what does he say to these "exclusive privileges" accorded to M. Lambert and Co.? and how can he confound together things which he can not fail to see are different as light and darkness? Yet on page 705, after he has recited the provisions of the general treaty, he says, "At the conclusion of this treaty, and in some measure to give it all its efficacy, a company is formed to make use of the concessions made by Radama to M. Lambert." He boasts of the one as general. The other is in its very phraseology and whole spirit exclusive, and even personal; yet he pleads for the enforcement of the latter as if the honor of the French nation were bound to its realization. He pleads that the duration of the treaty of friendship and commerce is not limited, and then carries on the same argument as if it applied to the personal compact. In fact, the failure in logic arises not so much out of M. Galos' want of ability to see where the differ-

ence lies, but out of the exigencies of his design. That design is to show that France has had sovereign rights over Madagascar which she has always proclaimed; that she did, however, appear to surrender them in allowing Radama II. to call himself king in entering into treaty with her; but that she can not allow the new government to annul a grant which places the whole island peaceably in her hands. He is placed in sad difficulties, and is often at a loss to know which argument to use—sovereign rights, or private, confounded with public treaties—and he sometimes uses one, sometimes the other. The general treaty with France, which the new government acknowledges, has nothing whatever to do with the private grants to Lambert; they stand in no connection with each other; and the maintenance of the one is perfectly consistent with the refusal to recognize the other. On this ground, therefore, M. Galos has no reason for urging the conquest of Madagascar, except so far as the company founded on the concessions to Lambert has received the imperial authorization, has had its governor appointed by the emperor, and has sent out a party of its explorers and operatives. But if the Emperor of France does not allow commercial companies to exist without his authorization, he must be content occasionally to witness failure in that to which he has given his august sanction; and to enforce the claims of a private company by war and the desolation of a country with which he has an everlasting treaty of friendship and commerce, which the government of that country still respect, would be utterly beneath the dignity of a great ruler, as well as a most flagrant breach of the most solemn engagements. To prevent this appearance of things is M. Galos' reason for confounding the two treaties, as if the breach of one was necessarily the breach of the other, and deserved chastisement.

But being too clear-sighted not to know that others must perceive this weakness in his position, his mind seems to fall back more assuredly on the ancient sovereign rights of France in Madagascar. We have no objection to follow him into this region of inquiry, feeling, as we do, thoroughly satisfied that, even on his own showing, such rights do not exist, and never had more than the shadow of existence; while the history which is meant to

sustain the claim proves, in a manner most overwhelming, the utter unfitness of the French people and government for the work of colonization.

The writer has furnished the best arguments for the refutation of his own claims. He has rightly stated that national rights are subject to the same law with those which are personal and civil: no one can give a title to himself. "Discovery, conquest, and treaties, are the acts by which a nation takes its rights to a territory;" and by every one of these the French claim of sovereignty is refuted. Madagascar was not discovered by them, but by Fernan Juarez, a Portuguese, in 1506. Conquest gives no claim; for France never conquered the island, and was never able to occupy more than a few small posts on the coasts, from which she was invariably beaten, either by the climate or by the arms of the natives; and if the defeat of a portion of the people gave a claim to their territory, their subsequent victory over their conquerors was assuredly a sufficient termination to that claim. Nothing in treaties can establish it; for a treaty gives no more right than its provisions specify, and no treaty ever gave to France sovereign rights over the island of Madagascar. So far from this is the fact, that by the last treaty, in which Radama II. treats with France as an independent sovereign, and France allows the assumption, M. Galos himself confesses that all such claims are abandoned.

"That question of right is otherwise set at rest, at present, by the treaty of friendship and commerce of September 2d, 1861. By that act, in which Radama II. appears as King of Madagascar, we have recognized without restriction his sovereignty over all the island. In consequence of that recognition two consuls have been accredited to him, the one at Tananarivo, the other at Tamatave, who only exercise their functions by virtue of an *exequatur* from the real sovereign."

We have said the history of French connection with Madagascar, while it fails to establish their claim to sovereign rights, proves incontestably their unfitness for the work of colonization. The attention of France had been directed to it in 1642, when the *Société d'Orient* was established under the patronage of Cardinal Richelieu, and obtained letters patent, confirmed by Louis XIV. in the September of the following year. The gov-

ernment conceded to the society the island of Madagascar and the adjacent islands, "to form colonies, and to pursue commerce, and to take possession in the name of his most Christian Majesty." The first agent of this society, Pronis, a man violent and unprincipled, fixed his post of occupation at Manghasia, and by his plundering and ill-treating the native population, roused their hatred against him. By his injudicious choice of a locality, and by the immorality and rapacity of his followers, he wasted the resources of the company and the strength of his forces. He lavished life and gold in useless wars, and completed the sum of villainies by selling into slavery, to the Governor of Mauritius, a number of natives engaged in the service of the French colony, among whom were sixteen women of rank. He was dismissed from his office, and M. Flacourt was appointed in his stead. He arrived at Fort Dauphin, which his predecessor had built on a peninsula in the district of Anosy, in September, 1648, and soon commenced his rule with rigor. His object was to reduce the whole island. He sent a detachment of eighty Frenchmen, accompanied by a large number of armed natives, to lay waste the beautiful district of Franchere. Nothing was spared: the houses and huts of the lower classes, as well as those of the Roandrians, with the chief part of their property, were destroyed, and great numbers of their cattle carried away. M. Galos bestows upon him great praise; and his discoveries and descriptions of the country entitle him to much. But the society which he represented did not encourage his work; and while he was absent in France, claiming the assistance of the government, the Marshal de la Meilleraye undertook the matter on his own account. The Marshal's great influence made his effort for a time very promising. Flacourt was reappointed to the government of the settlement, but never reached his destination. He was succeeded by Charmagou, who arrived in 1660, and rebuilt the fort, which the natives had burned five years before. Soon, one of his officers, who had assumed the name of La Case, and who, having become famous among the natives, had married a native princess, became an object of envious hatred to the Governor. This division between the leaders, joined to utter incapacity for

government, together with the strifes stirred up by priests, often brought the French settlement to the verge of ruin; and this new scheme again proved a failure. In 1664, the Duc de Mazarin, son to the Marshal de la Meilleraye, sold to a company his interest in the colony for twenty thousand francs. The new company, patronized by the great Minister Colbert, under the title of "Compagnie des Indes Orientales," commenced its operations in what they are pleased to call "Eastern France," with a capital of fifteen million francs. They first appointed M. de Beausse as Governor-General; but he soon after died. In 1666 the Marquis de Mondevergue arrived, having the title of Admiral and Lieutenant-General of the French Forces on land and water beyond the equinoctial. The frigate of thirty-six guns, in which he sailed, was accompanied by nine vessels, bearing four companies of infantry, priests, surgeons, and workmen of all trades. The immense resources of the company were squandered in reckless prodigality by the impoverished gentlemen and unprincipled adventurers who formed the governing body of the settlement; and in the year 1670, notwithstanding a succor of two millions more from the king, the company became so embarrassed that it was compelled to yield up all its rights to his Majesty.

At this time of utter failure, the enthusiastic conviction of sovereign rights over the island of Madagascar received solemn expression by Louis XIV. in terms sufficiently grand and imposing:

"His Majesty, with the full concurrence of his council, after having seen and considered the renunciation which has been made by the company 'des Indes Orientales' to the ownership and lordship of the island of Madagascar, has fully approved thereof, and agreed to unite the above-mentioned island of Madagascar, with all its forts and dependencies, to his own dominions, and that henceforth its lordship and sovereignty shall be at his own disposal."^{*}

^{*} We are indebted to M. Galos for the terms of this decree, but his date (June, 1686) is evidently wrong, for the decree of appropriation was followed by the expedition of La Haye, which, as his own text shows, was destroyed by the end of 1671. In a note he informs us that these rights were sanctioned anew by the edicts of May, 1719, July, 1720, and June, 1725. It would seem to have been the uniform custom of the French government to proclaim their sovereign rights most emphatically when they had least substantial existence. Is this the

To give effect to this solemn decree of annexation, an expedition was sent out under the command of M. de la Haye, consisting of ten vessels, that of the commander bearing fifty-six guns. The expedition was royal. La Haye was viceroy. The Marquis de Mondevergue preferred returning to France rather than remain in conjunction with the new commander; but his successor had sent home evil reports concerning him, and he died a prisoner in the Castle of Saumur. La Haye, in concert with Charmagou and La Case, set about his warlike work with vigor. With a force of seven hundred French and six hundred Malagasy, he attacked a neighboring chief, Andrian Ramousy, but was beaten with considerable loss. Attributing his defeat to the jealousy and treachery of Charmagou, he abandoned Fort Dauphin, and retired, with his forces, to Surat. Charmagou and La Case did not long survive. The son-in-law of the former, M. La Bretesche, a man utterly destitute of courage and ability, soon abandoned his post, got on board a vessel in the roads bound for Surat, a number of missionaries and others accompanying. The vessel had not sailed until the remainder of the colony were massacred by the provoked natives, with the exception of a few who escaped in boats; and thus, on Christmas night, 1671, the grand efforts of company and king came to a disastrous and disgraceful end.

From that time (with the exception of a small settlement, soon abandoned, which had been formed at Antongil Bay, in 1733) until 1750, the French had no official connection with Madagascar. After the latter date the island Saint Mary was ceded to them by some native chiefs, and also a portion of territory at Fanzahere, but their agents were murdered, and no permanent residence was possible. Disgrace and ruin characterized the efforts subsequently made at Saint Mary's by M. Grosse, who, by violating and plundering the tomb of Tamsimalo, so exasperated the natives, that they rushed furiously upon the colony, set fire to the buildings, and massacred the settlers, of whom a French writer (the Abbé Rochon) remarks, "They were of such a description that their loss could excite no kind of re-

reason of M. Galos' present article, which bears marks of administrative instructions throughout, as well as professes to derive its facts from administrative sources?

gret." After this we reach the only fair opportunity ever enjoyed by France to establish herself in Madagascar, but of which she had not the genius to make use. It was afforded by the Baron Benowski, a Polish nobleman, who, having become too conspicuous in the political affairs of his native country, had been banished to Siberia. From thence he had escaped, and after many adventures, reached the island of Mauritius, then called Ile de France. Here his imagination was kindled with the stories he heard of the wealth and fertility of the neighboring island, and he proposed to colonize it. But the authorities of Mauritius distrusted him. He paid a visit to France, in which he received the required permission, together with some insignificant aid, being made dependent on his enemies for most of his supplies. He landed in Madagascar in February, 1774. By amazing enterprise and energy, he gradually drew some of the native chiefs into alliance with him. After some time and some wars, he took advantage of the affirmation of an old Malagash woman—that he was the son of one of their deceased kings—to enter, with the enthusiastic approbation of the neighboring chiefs and people, upon his kingly inheritance. Subsequently a great kabary of the people from Cape d'Ambré to Cape St. Mary, numbering about fifty thousand, prostrated themselves before him, giving him the title of Supreme Chief. Although he now resigned his commission of Governor-General into the hands of the Governor of Mauritius, he still desired to keep Madagascar in connection with ungrateful France; and, even against the remonstrance of his own people, came to seek the establishment of a treaty of friendship and commerce between the countries. Failing in France, he applied to England, where his success was no better; and having visited America, he returned at the end of eight years to be received again with enthusiasm by the people. But his old enemies at Mauritius determined on his destruction; and not long after his return, in an engagement with the forces sent by them to take him "alive or dead," he was slain by a Frenchman's hand in 1786. From that time until now, France has never had any possessions in Madagascar beyond what were purely nominal, using a few stations on the coast, and ultimately Tamatave alone, to procure

supplies of cattle, rice, and other provisions for the neighboring islands. In 1810 the islands of Mauritius and Bourbon became English possessions. Tamatave was reduced, by an English fleet, and the French fortifications destroyed.

The treaty of Paris in May, 1814, restored to France all her colonies out of Europe which she possessed before 1792. The islands of Mauritius and its *dependencies* were ceded by the same treaty to Great Britain. Many persons, and among them Sir Robert Farquhar, Governor of Mauritius, believed that this included Madagascar; but on an exchange of letters between the two courts, that of England did not sustain this view. The French, however, never learned the art of colonization, and all their subsequent efforts were as signal failures as those we have recounted. Once, and once only in the course of three hundred years, after an incalculable expenditure of men and money, had they the chance of success, through the practical sagacity and courage of a foreigner; and him they killed. If we looked at the repeated attempts with all their parade and show, and contemplated them only on the side of fruitlessness, we should describe them accurately in the words by which Borgia described the famous invasion of Italy by Charles VIII., that the French came with chalk in their hands to mark out their lodgings; or perhaps even better, in the words of the old couplet:

"The King of France, with forty thousand men,
Marched up the hill and then — marched down again."

But more than forty thousand men had perished, and memories, which "wake to perish never," had been excited in these attempts.

During the late futile attempts of the French, Sir Robert Farquhar quietly and unostentatiously formed a treaty with Radama I. for the abolition of the slave trade, promising him, in return for the gains thus surrendered, the aid of English officers to discipline his troops, together with a small annual pension. By these means Radama was enabled to extend the authority of the Hovahs over the surrounding tribes, and before his death he had succeeded in uniting the greater part of the island under the cen-

tral government. Soon after the conclusion of this treaty, the London Missionary Society, which had long looked toward this great island as an interesting field of labor, was permitted to send its messengers of peace, Radama being exceedingly desirous of the education of his people. Schools were established; the translation of elementary books and of the Holy Scriptures was vigorously carried on; the printing-press was never idle; and a new life was beginning to stir in the capital and its neighborhood when Radama I. died. Between the years 1818 and 1828 the Society had sent out fourteen laborers, consisting of six ordained missionaries, two missionary printers, and six missionary artisans. The people were instructed by them in all things pertaining to the civilization of their country and the development of its resources, as well as in relation to the things of God. During the fifteen years of their residence more than ten thousand children had passed through the schools, two large congregations had been formed at the capital, two hundred persons had been received into church fellowship, a dictionary in two volumes had been produced, many thousands of tracts and school-books had been circulated, the whole of the sacred Scriptures had been translated and printed, and many of the arts of civilized life had been taught. In this country it is well known, though it may not be in France, that the Society has no connection with the British government, that it is wholly sustained by voluntary contributions, and that its agents are never permitted to take part in the political affairs of the countries in which they labor; being restricted to their proper work—the elevation of the people by the inculcation of Christian truth and principle. It was only on these conditions Radama permitted their entrance into his territories, declaring that he would never allow his subjects to be instructed in Christianity by any other means than those of persuasion, and the diffusion of learning to enlighten their minds. Nearly three hundred years had not sufficed to blot out of the memory the fearful evils wrought by the haughty and unprincipled conduct of Father Stephen, who sought to convert the people of the south by threats of the power of the French, until he plunged the colony into a war with the natives, ruinous to them and nearly destructive to the

settlement. Radama referred to this when permission was asked for missionaries to labor in his island. The agents of the London Missionary Society have redeemed the character of Christian missionaries in that field. The blessing of God upon their labors has given Christianity a firm hold upon the minds of the people. To their labors Father Jonen and his companions are indebted for the liberality which permits them to labor on that soil; but when we reflect that these gentlemen could conceal their office while persecution reigned, that they could plot dethronement and revolution in that concealment, and can now lie with a fertility which surpasses ordinary invention, we apprehend little advantage to Christianity from their labors. M. Galos shows himself as ignorant as the generality of his countrymen of the labors of the true pioneers of the Gospel, and of civilization in Madagascar, when he speaks of them by the contemptuous designation, "Methodist missionaries." We have little doubt that the labors of these despised men will continue, and be the theme of praise to God long after the sad memories of French failure and Romish perversion have passed away.*

If the historical sketch we have given, drawn from various authentic sources, and partly from M. Galos himself, teaches any lesson, it is, as we have already said, that France is incapable of peaceful colonization. As to the claim of sovereign rights, it is difficult to see on which of its several defeats and failures that claim can be founded. What, then, is to be done with the private treaty, conceding so much to M. Lambert, on the strength of which a company has been formed under imperial auspices, and in which the people of France have embarked some capital, and whose agents have already sailed? The new government of Madagascar have repudiated it, while they respect the general treaty with France. In the "Report of the Governor to the Administrative Council upon the Foundation of the Company and upon the Organization of the Mission of Exploration," it is frequently stated that the "enterprise ought to be essentially pacific and with a view to civilization;"

* For an appreciative view of their labors we would refer the reader to the "Report of the British Embassy to the Governor of Mauritius." in November, 1861, extracted in *Missionary Magazine*, February, 1862.

former attempts, with the causes of their failure, are referred to, and it is declared that the "new era is favorable to civilization by means of peace, commerce, and industry." It is further stated that "the company founded upon M. Lambert's treaty is purely commercial, and unconnected with any projects of conquest and political domination." The company also takes credit to itself for having "declined the right of coining, and of setting up establishments of public utility, because those are rights partaking of the attributes of sovereignty. And, on the other hand, it has been decided that the company shall be accessible to other nations, and to the English in particular." All this commands our highest approbation; and yet here is an article written in the most able journal of France—a journal enjoying a world-wide reputation—which is clearly informed by the French government, and yet pleads for a warlike carrying out of these pacific designs, a barbarous method of extending the benefits of civilization.

Before presenting his *ultimatum*, M. Galos considers every possible chance of carrying out the projects of the company. He discusses the possibility of marching a French army to Antananarivo; points out very clearly the insuperable difficulties to be overcome in climate, mountains, want of roads, and impossibility of sustaining an army sufficiently large for such a purpose; and hopes that the desire of conquest will never induce France to risk such sums of men and millions on the task. He next discusses the probability of inducing the present government to continue to allow the private contract of Radama II. with M. Lambert; he refers to the fact that the company had bound the late king in a golden chain of ten per cent., that his mother habitually violated her own laws for gain, and that the whole people are greedy of commerce even to covetousness. He supposes it possible that the new government may not allow all the concessions made to Radama; that, "perhaps, some that seem to alienate the rights of the king may be modified, limited, and subordinated to new conditions; but," he says, "they will last in principle, and will prove a sufficient basis for a considerable enterprise." But suppose these motives should fail, and that M. Dupré, bearing the treaty ratified by the French emperor, is treated as an enemy

rather than a friend, and is not permitted to carry out the designs of his peaceful mission, what will be the position of France, and what conduct must she adopt? Thus he asks, and, like Sisera's mother, "returns answer to himself," "that France ought in future to regulate her conduct toward the Hovahs by the estimate she has formed of their government, and to consult, in her relations with them, whether hostile or pacific, her own interests."

This being the case, the Hovahs being a half-barbarous people, and the dangers of direct conquest of them being so great, he insists "that a wise and humane policy counsels us to refrain from any expedition into the territory of Madagascar." We presume from all the context that his humanity is toward the French, for he immediately proceeds to develop a scheme which looks not very humane toward the Hovahs. He advises not to break relations with the island of Madagascar, but only with the Hovahs. It would be easy, he says, to continue friendly relations with the people on the coast, and show them so much more sympathy that they would be more willing to shake off the Hovah yoke. He would not only sustain them with moral sympathy, but with arms, with refuge in the French territories, in Nosse Re and Nosse Cumba, etc.; and thus expects that the Sakalavas, the Betsimsaracas, and the Betanimenes, who have been friendly with the French and hate the Hovahs, would rise in insurrection, and joining with the defeated party in the capital, accomplish a revolution in their favor.

It must be acknowledged, that if all the elements of success here enumerated could be depended upon, it looks a very feasible scheme. It is not important that we should stay to show in what respects the plan differs from the methods and circumstances of Clive, to which M. Galos compares it. The differences are great. But the peculiarity of the plan is, that it is ostensibly designed to civilize a semi-barbarous people, as the writer delights to call the Hovahs. Every one who knows any thing of civilization knows, that just in proportion to its advance, petty chieftaincies are merged in wider kingdoms; and the course initiated fifty years ago by Sir Robert Farquhar was an attempt to realize that idea, which has to a large extent succeeded. M. Galos knows that the Hovahs are by far the most civilized peo-

ple in Madagascar, and yet he recommends a plan, and professedly in the interest of civilization, that would set savage people upon people who are rising out of that condition, break up a central government, and destroy the hopes of advance which even his own nation seems for a time to have cherished.* It is not true, although he says it, that the party who have promoted the late revolution are "the party hostile to progress." It is not true that they "wish to establish the system of excluding Europeans;" but no one can wonder that they should wish to exclude Europeans who would claim to possess all their mines and their products, most of their fertile lands and their navigable rivers, until they had wrested the country out of their hands. France has no right to these privileges except such as could be conferred by a drunken debauchee, whose own people, though so long accustomed to despotic rule, deemed unfit any longer to govern them, and very properly disowned the acts of his foolish favoritism or of his drugged insensibility. The Hovah people have sought to assert their manhood, and to rise above their degradation. They seek no breach with any nation; they ask only to be permitted to act out on their own soil, without foreign intervention, the constitution to which they have pledged themselves; and it would reflect eternal disgrace on France before the civilized world to listen to the advice of a writer who recommends the atrocities of savage war to civilize, and enslavement to elevate.

The revelations made by Commodore Dupré, head of the French mission, in his book entitled "*Trois Mois de Séjour à Madagascar*," (now withdrawn from circulation,) are sufficient to show that the nobles of Madagascar were never friendly even to the treaty of friendship and commerce; and that their present repudiation of the treaty with Lambert is only consistent with all their previous feeling. He says:

" . . . The meeting was numerous, of two hundred probably, and very animated. There was all but unanimity against its acceptance. A volume of objections emanated from this systematically hostile assembly. The majority would have nothing to do with it; the more moderate demanded changes which would

have rendered the treaty impossible. The general opposition—so violent that the most *enlightened* feared to controvert it, lest they should thereby exasperate the mass—succumbed before the will of the king, who caused the act to be signed by Rahanirake, and two other plenipotentiaries named at the last moment, and who signed it himself to show that his decision was irrevocable. No one breathed a word."

In another part of his book he thus describes one of the Hovah officers, Raharalahy, who had been his host at the capital:

"He appears to have understood better than any of his fellow countrymen the superiority of European civilization. His fortune is not large, but he is a member of one of the principal families in the country; he was the first husband of Queen Rabodo. He passed at Antananarivo as a *partisan of French interests*. . . . If those who slander him, and counteract his influence, possessed his intelligence, his *disinterestedness*, his moral sense, and his *patriotism*, Madagascar would be on the eve of becoming a civilized country."*

This officer, he subsequently implies, was the only noble favorable to the adoption of the treaty.

With this knowledge of the hostility of the Malagasy nobles, literally to a man, the French people should not have been so ready to enter into engagements involving such a serious expenditure of men and means. They can not plead that they were ignorant of it, for in the Report of the Governor of the Company to the Administrative Council it is all-pervasive. They every where provide guards against it. They entered upon their engagements with their eyes open; and it is certainly not reasonable for them to expect that the people who opposed their despotic sovereign while he lived will quietly yield the point now that he is dead; and to pretend that they were driven to the extremity of war by the disappointment of their hopes would be one of the most open and transparent misrepresentations.

It is a matter of regret to us to find that the British consul does not sustain that position in the pages of M. Dupré which a representative of our country

* P. 91. We found it impossible till in the press to procure M. Dupré's book. The pamphlets also relating to the Madagascar Company were steadily refused, and we are indebted for the loan of them all to a friend. Had we possessed the former at an earlier period, more extracts should have been made from it.

* For a view of the savage character of these peoples see Dupré, pp. 234-7.

should. He is thus alluded to shortly after his official entry: "M. Packenham complained to me of the cold reception he had experienced; and knowing him worthy of the king's confidence, I promised to do my utmost to dissipate the unjust prejudices of which he was the victim, and of which one of his own countrymen was the cause." This countryman, the same informant tells us, was Mr. Ellis, whom M. Dupré, identifying his own diplomatic interests with that of the British consul, denominates "our common enemy." We can hardly believe, even on the Commodore's testimony, that a British consul should stand by, and knowingly, and without remonstrance, permit the island of Madagascar to be virtually handed over to the French. We know that the praise of some persons is equivalent to the severest censure.* We feel that the patronage of a British repre-

* M. Dupré is not always trustworthy. It would amuse many of our readers to read pages 214 and 221 of his book, in which he describes Mr. Ellis as giving away "a great quantity of money." He constantly acknowledges his great influence, while he has no good to say of him; and by attributing it to an impossible bribery, pays the highest compliment to him.

sentative by the representative of France reflects little honor on the man or his nation; and we sincerely wish Mr. Packenham may be able to explain his position in these affairs in a satisfactory manner.

The question for Madagascar is now serious. Shall that land be permitted to sink into the hands of France through the barbarous method proposed by M. Galos? Shall it be compelled, just on the eve of its rising into importance as a free nation under a constitutional government, to sink under the dominion of the absolute government of strangers, whose rule at home and abroad is military, and only military, and whose attempts upon this island for three hundred years have been characterized by rapacity, ferocity, and failure? Has Great Britain no word of mediation to utter on such an occasion which may arrest the outbreak of strife, and yet save a country on which she too has had possessions, to which she is bound by a friendly treaty, and which owes nearly all its civilization to the influence of her sons? Many are looking for that kind of friendly mediation which may save Madagascar from destruction, and England and France from indelible disgrace.

From the London Intellectual Observer.

THE TINNEVELLY PEARL BANKS.

FROM time immemorial the pearl fishery in the narrow sea which separates India from the island of Ceylon has been famous in all the marts of the old world, and has rivaled the still more renowned fishery of Bahrein, in the Persian Gulf. Opinions have always varied respecting the value of the pearls from these fisheries. Tavernier, the old traveling jeweler, said, in 1651, that the pearls from the sea that washes the walls of Manaar, in Ceylon, are, for their roundness and water, the fairest that are found, but rarely weigh three or four carats. Master Ralph Fitch, a London merchant, who made a voyage to the Indies in 1583, says, on the other hand, that, though the pearls of Cape

Comorin are very plentiful, they have not the right orient luster that those of Bahrein have. Whatever the truth may be respecting the water and orient luster of the pearls of these rival fisheries, there can be no doubt that a vast concourse of merchants and others has been annually attracted to the fisheries in the Gulf of Manaar from the most ancient times, which is sufficient evidence of their value.

The Ceylon fisheries have retained their old reputation down to modern times. But it is to the smaller and hitherto less productive pearl banks, on the opposite side of the Manaar gulf, off the shores of the Indian Collectorate of Tinnevely, that the reader's attention is requested. An

experiment, with a view to the improvement of the fishery, has now been commenced there, which possesses considerable scientific and general interest.

In the golden age of the Tamil people of Southern India, the Tinnevelly pearl fishery, then established, as Ptolemy states, at Kôru, the more modern Coil, paid tribute to the Pandyon kings of Madura; and at this period, we are told by the author of the *Periplus of the Erythræan Sea*, none but condemned criminals were employed in the fishery. Marco Polo, in the end of the thirteenth century, mentions the land of Maabar,* where many beautiful and great pearls are found off the coast. The merchants and divers, he says, congregated at Betaler, in April and May, and he relates how the divers, called *Abraimain*, performed incantations to preserve themselves from the attacks of great fish in the depths of the sea. In those days the sovereign received a tenth, and the divers a twentieth of the proceeds of the fishery. The great number of pearls from these Tinnevelly banks excited the wonder of all the bold wanderers who completed the perilous voyage to India in early times. Friar Jordanus, a quaint old missionary bishop, who was in India about 1330, says that eight thousand boats were then engaged in this fishery and that of Ceylon, and that the quantity of pearls was astounding, and almost incredible. The head-quarters of the fishery was then, and indeed from the days of Ptolemy to the seventeenth century continued to be, at Chayl or Coil, literally "the temple," on the sandy promontory of Ramnad, which sends off a reef of rocks towards Ceylon known as Adam's Bridge. Old Luduvico di Varthema mentions having seen the pearls fished for in the sea near the city of Chayl, in about 1500 A.D., and Barbosa, who traveled about the same time, says that the people of Chayl are expert jewelers who trade in pearls. This place is, as Dr. Vincent has clearly shown, the Kôru of Ptolemy, the Kolkhi of the author of the *Periplus*, the Koil or Chayl of the travelers of the middle ages, the Ramana-Koil (temple of Rama) of the natives, the same as the sacred promon-

tory of Ramnad and isle of Rameswaram, the head-quarters of the Indian pearl fishery from time immemorial.

But Tuticorin, the present head-quarters of the fishery, has supplanted the ancient Coil for the last two centuries; and since the middle of the seventeenth century, the powers which have successively presided over the fishery, whether native, Portuguese, Dutch, or English, have uniformly taken their station at this little port, which is about ninety miles north-east of Cape Comorin, on the Tinnevelly coast. When the Portuguese were all powerful on the coast, the Jesuits were allowed the proceeds of one day's fishing, and the owners of the boats had one draught every fishing day. The Naik of Madura, the sovereign whose family succeeded the ancient Pandyon dynasty, also had the proceeds of one day as lord of the coast. These Naiks were the builders of all the magnificent edifices which now beautify the city of Madura, and their dues from the fishery were probably used as offerings to Minakshi, the fish-eyed goddess of the vast Madura pagoda, who now possesses amongst her jewelry, a numerous collection of exquisitely beautiful pearl ornaments. In the days of the Naiks and Portuguese there were four hundred or five hundred vessels at the annual fishery, carrying sixty to ninety men each, a third of whom were divers; and at the subsequent fair held at Tuticorin there was an assembly of from fifty thousand to sixty thousand persons. The divers, at that time, were chiefly Christians from Malabar. Captain Hamilton, who was traveling in the East from 1688 to 1723, described Tuticorin when the Dutch were all powerful at that port, as well as in Ceylon. He says that a Dutch colony at Tuticorin superintended a pearl fishery a little to the northward of the port, which brought the Dutch company £20,000 yearly tribute.

The Dutch appear to have fished too recklessly and too often; and, when the English succeeded them at Tuticorin, the banks were very far from yielding £20,000 a year. Our predecessors had well nigh killed the goose with the golden egg; and for many years we followed in the same track. It is the old story: a valuable product is discovered to be a source of considerable wealth, and forthwith a system of reckless destruction for the sake of immediate gain is inaugurated. Then the

* Maabar of Ibn Batuta and Marco Polo is the southern region of the Coromandel coast, comprised in the modern districts of Madura and Tinnevelly. Col. Yule has suggested that the word may be Arabic, (*Ma'abar*, a ferry,) in reference to the passage or ferry to Ceylon.

supply begins to fail—a panic ensues; and, when science and forethought are called in, it is discovered that ordinary prudence and a judicious system of conservancy would have insured an annual unfailing yield from the first. Such has been the history of Chinchona bark in South America, of the teak and other timber of the Indian forests, and such also is the story of the Tinnevelly pearl banks since the Dutch times.

In 1822 the Tuticorin pearl fishery contributed about £13,000 to the Indian revenue, and in 1830 about £10,000; but after the latter date there was no yield at all for many years. Between 1830 and 1856 there were thirteen examinations of the banks, and on each occasion it was found that there was not a sufficient number of grown oysters to yield a profitable fishery, and none was therefore attempted. The unsatisfactory condition of the banks was attributed to several causes. Captain Robertson, the Master Attendant at Tuticorin, thought that the widening of the Paumben channel, which caused a stronger flow of current over the banks on the coast, prevented the mollusks from adhering; and that the fishers for large conch shells called *chanks*, (which are used as horns in the worship of idols, and cut into segments of circles as ornaments for women's wrists,) anchoring their boats on the banks, killed the oysters. The dead oysters would, of course, have a fatal effect on their neighbors. The native divers attributed the state of the banks to the pernicious influence of two other shellfish, called *soorum* (a kind of *Modolia*) and *kullikoz*, (an *Avicula*), which are mingled with the pearl oysters on the banks, and, as the natives believe, destroy them.

In 1856, however, an examination was made by Captain Robertson, and it was found that at least four of the banks of Tuticorin, called *Cooroochan Paur*, *Navy Paur*, *Oodooroovie Paur*, and *Clothie Paur* were well covered with young pearl oysters, which would be old enough to be fished in 1860–61. The Madras government, therefore, determined that every precaution should be taken, in order that the banks might receive no injury during the interval. The chank fishery off Tuticorin was ordered to be entirely put a stop to at the termination of the contract, and vessels were provided to protect the pearl banks from poachers, on

board one of which Captain Robertson was unfortunately lost in March, 1859.

Captain Robertson was succeeded as Master Attendant of Tuticorin and Superintendent of the Tinnevelly Pearl Banks by Captain Phipps, to whose zeal and intelligence the fishery owes its present hopeful condition, and under whose auspices the fishery of March, 1860, the first that had been attempted since 1830, was opened.

A government pearl fishery is a most legitimate source of revenue, and forms an exception to all other monopolies; which, as a rule, have in modern times been justly condemned. But pearls are simply articles of luxury in the strictest meaning of the word; the seas in which they grow can not well become private property; and, if a profit can be derived from their sale, it is certainly a branch of revenue which can give just cause of complaint to no man, while it benefits the community at large. In India, too, the government are possessed of advantages, which enable them to get the work of superintendence and management done with far greater economy and efficiency than could be secured by any private individual or company. So high an authority as Mr. McCulloch has taken an opposite view, and says that the government monopoly ought to be abolished, because the expense of guarding and managing the banks exceeds the sum for which the fishery is let, and that any one who likes should be allowed to fish on paying a moderate license duty. The last edition of the *Commercial Dictionary* was published in 1860, and during the two following years the Tinnevelly pearl fishery yielded a large net revenue to the government, which is a sufficient answer to Mr. McCulloch's argument. It is true that there has since been disappointment; but the way to secure regular annual returns is by adopting a carefully considered scientific system of conservancy, and not by throwing the banks open to the depredations of all comers.

The fishery of 1861 commenced on March 7th, and the sale of the government share of oysters was conducted by public auction, which began at Rs. 15 and gradually rose to Rs. 40 per thousand. As many as 15,874,500 shells were sold, realizing upwards of £20,000, as the net result to government, exclusive of all expenses, and of the shares allowed to the

divers. The annual expense of the guard boats for protecting the banks is only £500.

In 1862 the results of the fishery were also satisfactory; but in 1863 the banks were found to be in a most unpromising state, and no fishery was attempted. Out of seventy-two banks that were examined, only four contained oysters free from *soorum*, eleven had young oysters mixed with *soorum*, and fifty-seven were blank. It is this unexpected failure of properly-grown shells which has given rise to Captain Phipps' experimental culture now in course of trial, and to a very careful consideration of the conditions most likely to secure a good annual fishery, which shall not be liable to this periodical sterility.

The pearl banks are about nine miles from the shore, and eight to ten fathoms from the surface, being scattered over an area seventy miles in length. They are exposed to ocean currents, which, by washing sand into the interstices of the rocks, often destroy the young oysters over a considerable area; the dead fish, when not removed, soon contaminate their neighbors; and, in addition to these sources of evil, the *soorum* shells, a species of *Modiola*, like a mussel with a swollen face, which often grow amongst the pearl oysters, exercise a pernicious influence, either by dying and spreading death around them, or by accumulating sand. It is obviously quite impossible to watch these banks efficiently, and to eradicate the evils caused by sand accumulations and dead mollusks, owing to their great depth and exposed situation in the open sea at a distance from land. Unless some plan is adopted for rearing the young fish on banks which shall be constantly accessible, and free from the above drawbacks, the fishery will always be liable to failures, sometimes of long duration. The perfection to which science and intelligent care have brought the fisheries of edible oysters on the English, and especially on the French coasts, leaves no doubt that equally satisfactory results might be obtained from similar measures on the Tinnevely pearl banks.

A few remarks on the habits of the pearl oyster will make this part of the subject more clear.

It is, perhaps, unnecessary to observe that the pearl oyster (*Meleagrina margaritifera*, Lam.) is not in reality an oyster

at all, but is more allied to a mussel; having, like the latter animal, a *byssus*, or cable, by which it secures itself to the rocks—one of the most important points in its organization. The animal's foot is composed of muscular fibers, and is two and a half inches long, when distended. On the lower side there is a groove lined by a secreting membrane, which is an exact mould for the formation of the *byssus*. When the animal desires to attach itself to the rock, its foot is protruded, and, after seeking out a suitable spot with the tip for some minutes, is again retracted into the shell. A strong fiber, of the form of the groove in the foot, is thus left, attached to the base of the foot at one end, and to the rock at the other. The process is again and again repeated until a strong cable is formed; and it was one of the most important results of the careful investigations of Dr. Kelaart in Ceylon, that the power of the animal to cast off its *byssus* at pleasure was ascertained. It leaves it behind to make another in a more convenient place, like a ship slipping her cable and going to sea. From this ability to shift its berth it follows that the pearl oyster might safely be taken from its native beds, and made to colonize other parts of the sea; and also that it would move of its own accord if the surrounding water should become impure or sandy, or when there is an influx of fresh water. The animal can re-form the *byssus* at pleasure, if in good health and condition.

The formation of pearls is another point which has received much attention, but which has not as yet been definitively settled. Pliny and Dioscorides believed that pearls were productions of dew, but that observant old Elizabethan navigator, Sir Richard Hawkins, shrewdly remarked that "this must be some old philosopher's conceit, for it can not be made probable how the dew should come into the oyster." Modern investigation has suggested various causes for the intrusion of the nucleus round which the pearl is formed. The free border of mantle lining each valve of the shell dips downwards to meet a similar edge on the opposite side, thus forming a double fringed veil. The tentacles of this fringe consist of long and short flat filaments, which are exceedingly sensitive, so that even the approach of a foreign substance makes them draw forwards and shut out the intruder. They

doubtless prevent the pearls from dropping out of the shell, and preserve the fish from the host of carnivorous creatures which infest its place of abode; and if it be true that particles of sand form the nuclei of pearls, they must run the gauntlet of these ever-watchful sentinels before they can intrude themselves amongst the interstices of the mantle. The food of pearl oysters consists of foraminifera, minute algæ, and diatoms; and Dr. Kelaart has suggested that the siliceous internal skeletons of these microscopic diatoms may possibly permeate the coats of the mantle, and become nuclei of pearls.

Lastly, the *ova* which escape through the distended coat of an overgrown *ovarium* may, perhaps, become imbedded in the interstices of the mantle, and become the nuclei of pearls, especially as pearls are usually found imbedded in the mantle near the hinge, where the *ovarium* is most liable to rupture. Large pearls often work their way out of the mantle, and lie loose between it and the shell, or become attached to the surface of the latter. They have even been found outside the shell altogether, entangled amongst the strands of the *byssus*. When the pearl banks are under constant supervision, the causes leading to the formation of pearls, as yet imperfectly understood, will, doubtless, receive close attention.

It now only remains to describe the plan by which it is hoped that, in future, the Tinnevelly pearl banks will be kept supplied with a sufficient number of well-grown shells to supply a remunerative annual fishery. The idea was suggested by the method adopted with regard to edible oysters on the English and French coasts. The chief external difference between the pearl and edible oyster is, that the former secures itself to rocks and stones by means of a *byssus*, while the latter merely lies flat on the ground on its convex side; but there is no reason why the pearl oyster should not thrive on artificial banks as well as the edible oyster.

In the Colne oyster fishery, the *brood* (oysters two years old) are dredged up out at sea, and placed on "*layings*" within the river Colne. These "*layings*" are about one hundred or one hundred and fifty yards by eighty, according to the breadth of the channel, most of them dry at low water, and they are paved with stones, old shells, and any other hard

substances, to a depth of a few inches, so as to form a bed for the oysters, which would be choked in soft mud. This material is called *culch*. In France, M. Coste has adopted a system of placing fascines on the *layings*, instead of *culch*, as resting places for the oysters; but the natural advantages of the ground render any artificial method of this kind unnecessary in the Colne. It is very important that the *culch* should be kept perfectly clean and clear of mud, and, above all, that every mussel-shell should be weeded out. The mussels have a remarkable tendency to collect mud round them in heaps, probably owing to their elongated shape, and if they are allowed to remain on the *layings*, there is danger of the oysters being choked with mud. The oysters remain on the *layings* for two years, when they are fit for eating, and during this time there are constant examinations, in order that all dead fish may be removed, and the *culch* kept clear of mud. In places where the *layings* are never laid bare by the tide, this is done by means of a dredge, all live fish and *culch* being carefully thrown back, while dead fish, soft mud, and mussels are removed.

There can be little doubt that some such system might be adopted in rearing pearl oysters, and Dr. Kelaart says that "he sees no reason why pearl oysters should not live and breed in artificial beds, like the edible oysters, and yield a large revenue." He has ascertained, by his experiments in Ceylon, that the pearl oysters are more tenacious of life than any other bivalve with which he is acquainted, and that they can live in brackish water, and in places so shallow that they must be exposed for two or three hours daily to the sun and other atmospheric influences. Captain Phipps, the superintendent of the Tinnevelly pearl banks, has come to the same conclusions; and, convinced that artificial nurseries for the young oysters are the only means by which remunerative fisheries can be secured, he has proposed the following plan, which has been adopted:

The harbor of Tuticorin is formed by two long islands, and between them and the mainland there is a bank about three miles long by a quarter of a mile broad, with a depth of from three to seven feet, entirely free both from surf, currents, and influxes of fresh water. Captain Phipps proposes that this bank should be walled

round with loose coral until it is formed into a basin, the edges rising three feet above high-water mark. Over the bed of the shallow basin thus inclosed, live coral will be regularly spread so as in a few years to form a solid mass, serving the purpose of *cutch*, and the basin will be divided into three parts, one for the old oysters, and the other two for the young ones that may be in process of rearing. After the division of the basin set apart for breeding has been stocked, it will be carefully watched, and when the spawning has taken place and the young oysters are well formed, they will be removed from the old oysters and rocks to which they are attached, and placed in one of the separate parts of the basin, and the same plan will be followed each succeeding year. On reaching a sufficient age, they will again be removed to one of the pearl banks in the open sea. The last operation is necessary, because it would be impossible to inclose an artificial space which would hold as many grown oysters as are required for a remunerative fishery, and because it is believed that the quality of the pearl depends on the depth and clearness of the sea in which it has been formed.

A single oyster, five or six years old, often contains no less than 12,000,000 eggs, and in the fishery of 1861 the total number taken only amounted to 15,874,500, so that the number of young ones annually obtained from the nursery will be abundantly sufficient to stock banks for each year's fishery. Care will of course be taken that only such banks are selected for stocking as have the rocks which compose them raised well clear of the surrounding sand.

By this system, adapted as it is from those of the English and French edible

oyster fisheries, several advantages will be secured, and all the dangers to which the pearl oysters are now exposed will be avoided. The young growing mollusks, safe on their carefully watched *laying* at Tuticorin, will be secured from the choking sands of their natural banks, as well as from their alleged enemy the *soorum*, the effects of which are probably the same as those caused by the mussels on the edible oyster *layings* in the colne. It is during the period of their growth that the pearl oysters are so exposed to these dangers, and very frequently banks have been found well stocked with young oysters, and giving promise of a lucrative fishery, at a preliminary examination, which, when the time for the fishery arrives, are bare, all their inhabitants having died and been washed away. But if preserved during the period of growth in the artificial nursery, and only placed out when they have reached maturity, the oysters can then form their pearls in security until the season for the fishery arrives, and well-stocked pearl banks may be reckoned upon for each year.

Thus it is hoped that, by adopting these carefully considered plans, and improving upon them as experience and watchful investigation dictate from year to year, a regular and unfailing source of revenue will be secured to the State, and the Tinnevelly pearl banks will, after laying dormant for thirty years, regain the immemorial renown which was conceded to them, alike in the days of Ptolemy, of Marco Polo, and of Hamilton. They form the most ancient fishery in the world, and now that science and careful supervision have been supplied they will no longer be the least remunerative.

EFFECTS OF CONSANGUINEOUS MARRIAGES.—M. Balley has called the attention of the French Academy to a remarkable result of a very singular marriage of this kind. He says, "the father and mother enjoyed good health; the father was born in lawful wedlock; the mother, somewhat older, came from a foundling hospital. From this union resulted in succession four infants, stillborn; the fifth is deaf and dumb in an asylum at Rome; the sixth is a dwarf, and the seventh has not at present exhibited any peculiarity. It is now known that the individu-

als, so afflicted in their descendants, are brother and sister, children of the same father and mother. The girl, born before marriage, was deserted by her parents, was never reclaimed by them, and was ignorant who they were." M. Balley proposes that special inquiries should be made in deaf and dumb asylums concerning the relationship of the parents of the unfortunates. In Rome he finds out of thirteen cases of persons born deaf and dumb, three were offsprings of consanguineous marriages, one being connected with the deplorable story we have cited.

From the London Intellectual Observer.

WE NEVER SEE THE STARS.

TAKE a man out into the fields on a calm, quiet night, when the moon is absent, the air clear, and as he looks upward, the "floor of heaven" seems "inlaid with patines of bright gold." Let him see Vega beaming with steady luster, like a benevolent sapphire eye keeping watch over the world; Capella fitfully flashing; the Bear careering round the silent pole; Orion with his diamond belt; and Sirius blazing in such splendor as to vindicate his title as "the leader of the host of heaven," and leave no wonder that the old Egyptians worshiped him as a sacred orb, and formed the sloping sides of their pyramids that his beams should fall straight and full upon them when he reached his highest point in the skies that over-arched their wondrous land. Let our observer gaze steadily as the smaller stars come out from their homes in the deep unfathomable blue, until, between what the eye sees, and what the mind imagines, the broad fields of space are all alive with light, and, from every point of the compass, stars innumerable seem to gleam. When the eye has thus been filled with brightness, we could scarcely make a more startling assertion than is conveyed in the words, "we never see the stars," and yet no statement can be more true. What then, do we see? The answer is, we see certain rays of light which, in popular phraseology, left the celestial orbs some time ago; years ago we know in some instances, centuries perhaps in others, and thousands of years, it may be, in still other cases, and possibly millions might be required to state the time at which, in the remote past, that force was exercised, or vibration excited, by which we recognize the existence of the most distant of those suns whose beams are able to affect our sight. The nearest star is, however, too far off for his light-rays to bring to us a picture of his face. In the moon we see, with the unaided eye, certain indications of the form and char-

acter of the surface of our satellite. In the planets, minute disks, in which all features have vanished, proclaim by the low power that makes them distinctly visible, comparative nearness to ourselves; but of the stars another story must be told. They are not like the moon, partly decipherable by the unassisted eye; not like the planets, surrendering more or less of the secret of their form to the glasses of the telescope—they defy alike the eye of the mortal, and the grandest optical machinery which he has been able to invent. They do indeed, in fine weather, look like small regular disks in a telescope, but increasing the power of the eye-piece does not enlarge their apparent diameters as it does that of nearer objects, and in the most perfect instruments they look the least. We see their luster, we note the color of their light; Betelgeuse is a topaz, Rigel more of a sapphire, Antares is flushed, and flashes with blood red; and when the telescope has separated the so-called "double stars," we have contrasts of green, orange, blue, white, gray, etc., as Mr. Webb's admirable papers tell; but whether their surfaces are rugged and mountainous, smooth, with plains or seas, diversified in outline, or monotonous in uniformity, we can only guess; for, in spite of all our efforts, *we never see the stars.*

Ordinary objects reveal to us their forms by the effects of light, shade, and color. They shine with borrowed, and often with feebly reflected light, so that by walking away, we soon lose sight of them altogether. Objects that are more luminous and brighter, show their forms at greater distances, and we often see things negatively that would be unnoticed by their positive effect. Thus a thin rod against a clear sky is seen a long way off, because we are conscious that the sky brightness is, as it were, cut through by some dark thread. But we may pass from all those cases in which light comes to us as a revealer of *form*, to others, in

which it says, "I am light," and nothing more.

All "Intellectual Observers" know Longfellow's exquisite poem beginning:

"The day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of light,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in its flight:"

and as they repeat the last two lines:

"We see the lights of the village
Gleam through the rain and the mist,"

they will recall an experience common to all travelers, the memory of which may bring with it either "a feeling of sadness which the soul can not resist," or pleasing associations to which the affections cling. These "lights of the village" may help to teach us why "we never see the stars." They come to us like good angels across the moor, or fen, but their faces are hidden from our distant gaze. We do not see the lamp or candle from which they emanate until we are close to it, although we may know what it is, and exclaim with Portia:

"How far that little candle throws its beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world."

Unless we are tolerably near we do not even see the shape of the flame, and as soon as we have lost that shape, it is, on a small scale, an imitation of the distant stars.

The distance at which objects become invisible, although their light is still seen, varies with different eyes. Without light no man sees; but some men see with less light and much further than others, and long after the longest sighted man has lost all perception of bodily shape, the hawk tribe appear to see it acutely, so that Tennyson was a true exponent of nature when he depicted the eagle in his home:

"He clasps the crag with hooked hands:
Close to the sun in lonely lands,
Ringed with the azure world he stands.

"The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls;
He watches from his mountain walls,
And like a thunderbolt he falls."

When the sea waves are dwindled down to wrinkles by their distance, the king of birds still perceives upon their shore, objects that would be quite invis-

ble to man; but there is no reason to believe that even the eye of the eagle has ever "seen the stars." The bird, however, may teach us that with perfect visual organs, remoteness would not prevent the discovery of form, but merely reduce its apparent size.

A distant body must have a certain magnitude, in order that its shape may be visible to any eye, with any particular instrument. The larger the body, the greater the distance at which its shape can be seen, under similar and proportionate illumination, but as the distance increases, the apparent size of any body is rapidly reduced, in conformity with a well-known physical law, so that the mightiest celestial orbs may dwindle through remoteness to the merest specks of light which the eye can discern, and by still further remoteness, completely elude the power of the largest telescope.*

We know that the sun's diameter is, according to the best calculations, 850,100 miles, and his distance, by recent determination, about 91,328,600 miles, nearly four hundred times that of the moon. Now the enormous face of the sun, more than one hundred times broader than that of our earth, is eclipsed by a pin's head held near the eye, and it only appears the size of a very small disk held a foot off. Could we pass from our present abode to the more distant planets of the solar system, the great luminary would become smaller and smaller in appearance; and from Neptune, "30½ times the mean distance of the earth from the sun,"† it would look like a mere point of light that would require considerable magnifying to raise into a disk. Mr. Breen tells us that with a power of 150 we can see the appearance of a disk in Neptune "if we consider it attentively," and the body which thus requires enlarging to the extent of 150 diameters, or 22,500 times superficially, in order to be seen at all, is 108 times as big as our earth;‡ its diame-

* An easy mode of illustrating these facts, is to cut a disk, one inch in diameter, and a triangle (with each side equal to the diameter of the circle) of white paper; stick them against a wall, and walk backward until the eye fails to see which is the circle and which is the triangle, although two patches of white light will still be discerned.

† Breen's *Planetary Worlds*, p. 248.

‡ The dimensions and distance of Neptune, and other planets, will have to be revised, to meet the present views of the size and distance of the sun, but this will make no difference in the argument.

ter is 35,000 miles, that of the earth being 7912 miles.

Under ordinary circumstances we do not, without magnifying them, see the real disks of the great planets, otherwise we should need no telescope to teach us that Venus goes through phases like the moon.* When Venus is favorably situated she is a highly lustrous body, that looks the same shape as Jupiter, but if the telescope be directed to both, one shows a round face, and the other may appear as a thin crescent of most glorious

light. Although the planets are too far off to exhibit real disks to the naked eye, still their being so near in proportion to their size is one reason why they shine with a steadier light, and do not twinkle like the stars. Humboldt and others thought that when light, from one portion of their disks, was for a moment intercepted and then permitted to pass through the air, they did not flicker like stars, because light from other portions of their disks filled up the vacancy that was occasioned, and kept their luster steadily in view. This can not be the entire reason of stellar scintillation, as some stars do it much more than others; but whatever action such disks may have, it must lessen, and finally vanish as their distance is increased; and we must not forget that Neptune, the remotest known member of our system, although 2,864,000,000 miles from the sun, is near him, and near us, when compared with the nearest of the stars.

Spectrum analysis bids fair to teach us what the stars are made of, and we may learn more and more of their wondrous ways. Still we may never behold their faces, nor our descendants after us, to the end of time. We place, however, no limits to the future possibilities of science, but the present generation of men, and their long posterity after them, may be compelled to wait for immortal vision before they will really see the stars.

* This remark is generally true. Had it been otherwise it would not have been necessary to wait for Galileo with his telescope, in order to learn the fact that Venus exhibits phases like the moon. Mr. Webb, in his excellent work, *Celestial Objects for Common Telescopes*, says, speaking of Venus when near the earth and exhibiting a sharp and thin form: "This crescent has been seen even with the naked eye in the sky of Chili, and with a dark glass in Persia." Difficult objects become more visible when the mind knows exactly what the eye ought to see, and the eye is practiced in looking for it. An easy experiment will illustrate this. Let any one not accustomed to it look for ϵ Lyra, which to the naked eye lies close to Vega. The first night of the attempt the small star may not be distinguished, afterwards it will become plainer, and if it is looked at fifty or one hundred times in the course of a month or two, it will seem to have moved further off, and the observer will wonder why the separation did not strike him at first. A similar apparent increase of distance takes place by continued observation of close double stars through a telescope.

From Chambers's Journal.

AN ENGINEER'S ADVENTURE.

I AM not sure of the year, but it was some time in the Forties. Nicholas I. was Czar of all the Russias; nobody dreamed of the Crimean War; the latest insurrection in Poland had long been crushed; the country was quiet, if not contented; and I was engaged as an assistant-engineer on the survey for the Warsaw and St. Petersburg Railway. My principal, whom I will call Mr. Evans, as the names of high-standing professionals are not to be printed in the private memoirs of their subs, was one of the

English contractors, and chief-engineer as far as Wilna, where his head-quarters were fixed, and from whence his instructions were sent forth to all his outposts along the line. Mr. Evans placed considerable confidence in me; I suppose it was well founded, for I had served my apprenticeship with him, and subsequently acted as his assistant in the survey of sundry railways in England, Belgium, and Germany. The rail was a new institution then, and as it originated with us, English engineers were in high request

for laying it down in all parts of the continent. The fact brought us into connection with our brother-professionals from every quarter of Europe. So it happened, that associated with me on the same station, and nearly as high in my principal's esteem, there was a French engineer of the name of Duroche. He was a born Parisian, a handsome, clever fellow, about my own age, which was then twenty-seven, deeply devoted to his profession, light-hearted, ready-witted, and admirably qualified for making himself at home wherever he went. Duroche was courteous and kindly too; he knew more about the northern country than I did, having engineered a good deal in different parts of Russia, and was by no means chary of his knowledge. He understood English well, but spoke it very badly. I was in the very same estate with regard to his language, and by a sort of tacit agreement, each conversed in his native tongue, while we carried on our share of the survey together, inhabited the same tent, and became intimate friends.

Some such social amenity was requisite for men so situated. Our station was considered one of the most important on the line, because it included the worst of the engineering difficulties, being a wild district, half-forest and half-marsh, curiously diversified with masses of rock and ridges of sand—in my honest opinion, the refuse of all Poland. In the midst of this terrestrial paradise, and on one of the sand-ridges, which happened to be the highest and driest spot we could find, was pitched the tent in which my surveying-companion and myself found sleeping-room and shelter from the worst of the weather. Hard by it, stood an old wooden post-house, deserted for many a year because no travelers came that way, and which was the rest and refuge of two Russian sappers, who served us as chain-men, and understood no order except it were given in their own language, or accompanied by a shaken stick. There was no town or village within a day's journey of us; the nearest was a miserable place called Linke, and the best house in it belonged to the blacksmith. All our iron-work had to be done there, and all our provisions brought from thence, which, together with the surveying, kept ourselves and our Russian sappers perpetually on the road. A wild one it was, winding through marsh and forest; I am certain

no engineer had ever been employed upon it, and the transit of any vehicle would have been impossible. But at one of its sharpest turns, midway between our station and Linke, on a rising-ground, girdled with ancient oaks and pines, stood an old-fashioned Polish mansion built partly of stone, partly of timber, and standing out grand and stately from the mass of the dark green-wood.

The family who occupied it were named Jasinski. They consisted of a father and daughter, with a large retinue of servants. The father was a white-haired venerable-looking man, approaching four-score, with the titles of count, colonel, and knight of half the orders of Europe. The daughter was named Clementa, one of the finest women I ever saw, which is saying a good deal for a man who has seen the ladies of Poland, even as an engineer. They bear the bell in all the north for beauty and talent, and the old count's daughter, in my humble judgment, excelled the most of them. Tall, finely moulded, with classical features, an alabaster complexion, and eyes and hair of the brightest and blackest, for the stateliness of her carriage she might have been a queen, and for the sweetness of her face, an angel. Besides, Clementa was wonderfully clever, could sing and play, speak English, French, and German, and talk literature and politics quite beyond my depth.

You perceive I got acquainted with the people of the chateau, as Duroche called them. It was he that introduced me by accident, as it seemed, one day, when we chanced to be surveying in their neighborhood, and the old count and his daughter came by in their morning-walk. They greeted Duroche like old friends; he presented me at once, greatly to my own satisfaction; and we got an immediate invitation to lunch in the chateau. It was my first introduction to the good society of the north. Living in that lonely forest-mansion, with nobody but peasants, like the Linke people, within many a mile of them, any stranger who could behave like a gentleman, was doubtless an addition to the Jasinskis' resources. Duroche was evidently their family-friend; but while the old count and he talked mostly together, I fancied that Clementa made me particularly welcome. It might have been because she spoke English, which I had not heard intelligibly uttered for some time, and that, with a disposition as

sweet as her looks, she sympathized with my undisguised delight at hearing my mother-tongue once more. But certain it was, that Clementa talked to me, paid me a good deal of ladylike and delicate attention, and warmly seconded the general invitation which her father gave me to his board and mansion, in common with Duroche.

I took the first opportunity to get out of the latter gentleman how he and the Jasinskis had become acquainted; but getting any thing out of Duroche was not an easy business. All he pleased to tell me was, that his father and the count had served the great Napoleon, and made the Russian campaign together; that the Jasinskis claimed the highest rank, and owned the largest estate in that part of Poland; and that Clementa was generally supposed to be her father's heiress.

"Has the old count no other children, then?" said I.

"It is believed he has no other child," said Duroche. "There was a son, Henry Vladimir, a gallant fellow, and nearly as handsome as his sister. He joined the insurgents or patriots—I don't know which you English call them—in the last rising; did his part in the defense of Warsaw; and was one of the corps who got through Turkey with arms in their hands, and embarked for Marseilles. After that, he spent a good deal of time between France and England, hoping and working for Poland as best he could. The Russian government did him the honor of a special proscription; the rewards privately offered for his arrest still glitter in the eyes of German policemen in all the towns of Fatherland, where dirty work is done for the Czar. But they never caught their bird; in fact"—and Duroche looked confidential—"it has never been ascertained what became of poor Henry. Some say he disappeared suddenly in the midst of a particularly foggy winter in London; some say he was lost with an English steamer making the passage to Hamburg. At any rate, he is believed to be dead. You see the count and his daughter still wear crape round their left arms, in mourning for him and the cause that took him from them. Clementa is the acknowledged heiress of family honors and estate; and you will see a Russian count who knows that, and has bought a property bordering on the Jasinskis, which belonged to one of the patriots, and was

confiscated; they say he has the old count's approbation, and will carry off the prize."

I did see the Russian count on my very next call at the château; he was named Krouzoff, a tall handsome man about thirty; very gentlemanly in his manners; very pleasant to hear and converse with; well informed, particularly on social subjects; wonderfully free from pride and prejudice, and with a sort of general benevolence in speech and look, which made him agreeable to everybody. He was on a most friendly footing with the Jasinskis, which I attributed rather to the uncommonly liberal view he took of Polish discontents and grievances, than to the success of his designs on Clementa's heart and hand. Krouzoff positively appeared to sympathize with the Poles in their fierce and frequent struggles for liberty; lost no opportunity of denouncing the tyranny of his own government, in a style which I thought at once courageous and extraordinary for a Russian. By the way, I heard rather than conversed with him. Krouzoff could speak no English; but, in common with most Russian gentlemen, he spoke French like a native. That, and a longer acquaintance, made Duroche and him quite familiar; they showed each other what might be called high consideration in and out of the château; had friendly greetings whenever they chanced to meet; had a great deal to say between them; yet I became conscious, on my first entrance into their society, that my engineering friend lost no love on the Russian count. "Ah, bah," he would say, when I sounded the latter's praises, "there is the Tartar covered with the Muscovite cunning, and a thin coat of French polish, which he got from his tutor, and the slight civilization we were able to establish in St. Petersburg. That excellent man's servants know the weight of his horsewhip—every one, except a countryman of mine, whom he has got for a valet, and the Russian knows better than to try such tricks on him."

"But he is so liberal and sympathizing with the Poles," said I.

"Of course he is; hasn't he got one of their confiscated estates, and is he not looking out for another with the hand of the fair Clementa? Ah, my friend, there is no sympathy so genuine as that which brings a little profit to a man;" and Duroche shrugged his shoulders with great energy.

As time progressed, our survey went on, and I became more intimate in the château. My opinion of the sympathizer with Polish grievances, and proprietor of the confiscated estate, became worse every day; for, strange as it may appear, a spirit of rivalry took possession of me. Clementa was a Polish countess, it was true, heiress of a large estate, and a noble line. I was an assistant-engineer from England, with nothing but professional expectations and uncertainties, no family to boast of, and what was worse, or better, a kind of engagement on hand. There was a certain Miss Lucy Anne Patterson, whom a local poet had styled the belle of Birkenhead, with my entire concurrence, some three years before the time of the present story, when I was surveying about one of the Liverpool docks. There had been a solemn introduction at a tea-party, two or three quadrilles danced at different friends' houses, two or three takings down to supper, two or three seeings-home, at length an interchange of letters, a ring, and an engagement. But here Lucy Anne's mamma laid her veto on the business. Mrs. Patterson had five daughters younger than my charmer; she did not like long engagements; she had no great opinion of young men without a position; girls were often kept from being provided for, and then left in the lurch; she would have no breaches of promise tried in her family; in short, Lucy Anne was commanded to take off the ring, and return the letters. I was to do likewise, and we compromised matters with the ingenuity of young people, by locking up our respective treasures out of sight, vowing eternal constancy, and keeping servant-maids and errand-boys in private employment with our secret correspondence.

But that Polish girl, with her stately beauty, her polished but easy manners, her magnificent voice, and the English she spoke to me—I am clear it was not her estate and title that did the business—sapped the outworks of my plighted faith, and made its very foundations totter. At first I thought she showed me particular civility; then her preference became so decided, that I wondered Duroche did not observe it; and at length I felt convinced that Krouzoff, with all his courtesy to the English stranger, hated me with his whole heart as a favored rival. A man ought to be ashamed to tell such things, but they happen to be true. My acquaintance with

the Jasinskis had commenced in the early spring; before midsummer, my letters to Lucy Anne had dwindled down from five pages to scarcely one and a half; and before the leaves were falling, I could never find leisure to take one to Linke in time for the passing postman, who picked up letters at all the villages on his way from Wilna to Warsaw. I was losing my heart, or rather Lucy Anne's part of it; losing my self-command and my self-respect too, for was not I an engaged man, and what had one of my estate to do with a Polish countess? But Clementa was fair, and I had persuaded myself fond; and how could a man be expected to keep constant under such circumstances? It was all the fault of Lucy Anne's mamma. Was there ever a son of Adam who could not find somebody to blame for his own doings? In short, I came to the conclusion that my vows to the belle of Birkenhead were not at all binding; that fortune did not put such an opportunity in everybody's way; that doubtless there were transcendent merits in me, Charles James Hawkins, which had escaped the notice of my friends in England, and been made manifest to the heiress of the Jasinskis; had she not encouraged me, and should I not take heart and make my declaration on the first opportunity? Wouldn't Duroche be astonished when it all came out, and he had never guessed what was passing under his own eyes, notwithstanding his countrymen's pretensions to astuteness!

Being thus resolved, I waited but the occasion. It was the beginning of winter now—the Polish winter, which sets in with such wind and rain as we seldom see in England, great as is our land's repute for wet weather. Our stays at the château were consequently longer; the lengthening evenings gave time for music, cards, and talk, at which Clementa and I were frequently, in a manner, *tête-à-tête*; but on the very next visit after my grand resolution was taken, I was surprised to find a Hungarian cousin, of whom I had never heard, just arrived, and established in the château. He was an officer in the Austrian service, wore the uniform, together with an immense black beard, and could speak nothing but German or Magyar. How he would have looked without the hairy mask which concealed the greater part of his countenance, I can not tell, but the Hungarian struck me as not at all prepossessing, and haughtily reserved.

There was another peculiarity about him which gave me a still worse opinion of the Hungarian cousin. His presence seemed to impose an unaccountable constraint or concern on the family. Even Clementa looked always on her guard after his coming; the old count was forever casting anxious looks round the room where we all sat so cozy in the wet stormy evenings, and the sudden entrance of a servant would make him and his daughter appear as much frightened as if they had seen a specter. They did not wish it to be noticed; and I put on great symptoms of non-observation, as soon as the fact was made plain to me. Duroche did it in his own way, as we went home together through a lull of the tempest. "Sad pity of the Jasinskis," said he; "who could have thought of poor Henry getting into such heavy embarrassments—debts, I mean—to that Hungarian cousin? A wealthy Magyar, you perceive; a mine-owner, in fact, of the strict and stern old school. He lent the poor boy money at different times, when Henry was at college and elsewhere. The old count, not having cash to pay, gave his bond for it at a heavy percentage, which the Magyar comes to levy every year about this season. Between ourselves, I believe he is now pressing for the principal; the count can not raise it, large as his estate is; the family are too hospitable and generous to have much laid by, and they are trying to promise him off. They don't care for any thing if the difficulty can be kept out of sight; so you and I had better take no notice of their disquietude."

The propriety of the course thus recommended was obvious; I only regretted that it afforded me no chance of exhibiting my sympathy with the family, and thus outrivaling Krouzoff. By the way, I forgot to mention that he was not at the château that evening; and Clementa told me, with some appearance of satisfaction, that he had gone to visit his relatives in Grodno, and would not be back for a fortnight. There was my opportunity. I would lay my heart and hopes at her feet, in spite of the Magyar and his bond. Might not that Hungarian cousin be a rival too, though Duroche had not said it? I sounded him on the subject. The Frenchman looked mysterious, but would admit nothing. I should see for myself, however, and it was in a strange conflict of hopes and fears, concealed, as I flattered myself, under an easy

and careless exterior, that I started with him, on the next convenient evening, for the château, as Duroche never allowed me to go alone.

The November day was drawing to its close, the storms of wind and rain had fallen to a cold calm, which promised the setting in of the northern frost. The muddy path by which we traversed the bare woods was already growing firm beneath our feet, and another turn would have brought us within sight of the Jasinski mansion, when Duroche, who had been looking at the effects of the sunset through the trees, suddenly stopped in his walk, as if something had struck him—a fearful thought it seemed, for he turned as pale as death, and before I could ask him what was the matter, said in a hurried tone: "I must go back, my friend; I have left my portmanteau unlocked in the tent; there are papers and things valuable to me in it, and nobody could trust those men of ours. Go on, I will join you at the château," and he started off at a pace which prevented all questions. What could he have in that portmanteau to be so frightened about? It was a new wonder concerning Duroche, but I took his advice, and hurried on to the château, where Clementa and her father received me with their usual kindness, but seemed surprised not to see my friend. The Magyar was with them still; his cavalry-cloak, lined with lambskin, and embroidered on the breast with the Austrian eagle, hung in the hall, but he was indisposed that evening, and had retired to his room. My opportunity was growing greater, and I was making up my mind how to profit by it when Duroche should come in and engage the old count in conversation; but he did not come, and while I was wondering at his delay, a tap at the door, and a whisper from a servant, took Clementa out of the room. She stayed about a quarter of an hour. The old count kept talking to me about my surveying and the weather, but his eyes kept wandering to the door. At length Clementa came back with a very discomfited look.

"Mr. Hawkins," said she to me in English, "I am sorry we must lose you for a while; a messenger has come from Monsieur Duroche to say that your chief is in the tent, and wishes to see you."

Mr. Evans came all the way from Wilna at such an hour, and wanting to see me! Something prodigiously wrong or right must have happened in our business, and

the great opportunity, for this time, had to be lost. Up I got with hasty apologies and leave-taking, and down stairs I went, to my great delight accompanied by Clementa. She was sorry I had to go—just when their pleasant evening was beginning—such a distance through the dark night; “and it rains, too,” said she, as we approached the door; “you will be drowned, Mr. Hawkins, or chilled to death in that thin cloak of yours; do take my cousin’s,” and she plucked it down from the pin with her own hands.

“I really don’t want it, and your cousin may think it is making too free,” I said.

“Never mind what he thinks; I will explain matters, and you will take it for my sake not to get cold.”

Clementa threw the cloak about me as she spoke. Had it been the czar’s robe of state, or the worst convict-dress in Russia, I would have worn it; and trying to say so, while she urged me to make haste for my chief was waiting, I pressed her fair hand to my lips, and dashed out into the dark night. There were no lights to be seen, but the court-yard gate was open. I had just stepped out and closed it quietly behind me, and was thinking what path through the forest would be the shortest, when a gleam of light was thrown over my shoulder, there was a rush of men from all sides, and I found myself surrounded and seized by some score of Russian soldiers. Before I could resist or remonstrate, my hands were firmly bound, and I was half dragged half carried to a large rough carriage, into which they flung me, while four of the company, armed with swords, pistols, and a lantern, sprung in too, secured the door, and off went the vehicle. It was at fearful speed considering the nature of the ground; deep ruts and projecting trees made it jolt and roll every minute; but on we went through the thick night and thicker forest, and there sat my escort, with their pistols at full-cock, the lantern fixed between them, and their eyes fixed on me. I could not speak a word of Russian, but I tried my best in English, French, and German, to inquire why I was arrested, and where they were taking me.

“The Count Jasinski knows very well why he is arrested,” said the sternest but most civilized of the party, in answer to my seventh attempt, and in very good French.

“I am not the Count Jasinski, but an English engineer,” I cried.

“Monsieur Jasinski has been a good while in London, and speaks English well, I believe,” said the Russian.

“But inquire of Mr. Evans, my employer, and one of the contractors for the Warsaw and St. Petersburg Railway; or, if he be too far off, send for my friend and fellow-engineer. I will tell your people where to find him,” I cried in desperation.

“Monsieur Duroche is not far off; we are passing the engineer’s tent, and shall soon see what he has to say,” said the Russian, with most triumphant assurance, at the same time ringing a small bell, which brought the carriage to a stop, and a soldier presented himself at the door. The man in authority spoke to him in Russian; he disappeared, and in a few minutes great was my delight to see Duroche, lantern in hand, accompanied by our two chain-men. Let me premise, that a word of their language I did not understand; my friend had always acted as an interpreter between us, and now the two stared at me as if they had attended my funeral only the day before; but the Frenchman’s look was, if possible, more dismayed.

“You can testify to these gentlemen that I am not Count Jasinski?” I said.

Duroche shook his head. “I am very sorry I can not.”

“You can’t say that I am Charles James Hawkins, the English engineer, who has been for the last six months in the tent? Where is it?” and I made a move to look out. The Russian cocked his pistol to my head, the soldiers on either side flung me back into the carriage, the word was given to drive on, and Duroche vanished.

I was clearly the victim of a conspiracy as foul and treacherous as the annals of crime could show. The Russian Count Krouzoff wanted to get me out of his way, and Duroche, the man who had been my friend and companion for many a month, was his zealous instrument. Between them, they had contrived to get me kidnapped by a company of Russian soldiers—their officer, the man who spoke French, knew very well what he was about. I was to be transported to Siberia, set to work in a fortress or a mine, called by a number instead of a name, and never heard of more by my anxious friends! Had not such things been done to other strangers in Russia, and there was no chance of escape? All the bribed officials would insist that I was Count Jasinski,

and knout me for not believing it. I cursed my fate—I cursed the whole Gallic and Slavonic races—all but Clementa. I could not imagine that she would have a hand in such a conspiracy; the false message had deceived her as well as myself, and she sent me out to my enemies; still, the lady had been in a hurry about it, and conscience whispered that the whole transaction was a judgment on my falsehood to Lucy Anne. Oh for one hour beside her in Birkenhead, notwithstanding the mamma that hated long engagements! But on and on the carriage jolted all the long night, stopping only to change horses, with the pistols always at full-cock about me, and from the little observation I was able to make, it was evident that we were going due east to Moscow—in fact, right to the Siberian gate. I was growing half-mad with the thoughts of it, when the day began to dawn, dim and misty, and the carriage stopped at a solitary post-house in the midst of a wide barren plain, which looked like the first of the steppes. Out came the postmaster, all hair and beard; out came a company of men, who looked every one like engineers; and out at their head, as if leading a grand survey, came my principal, Mr. Evans. No sight that ever met my eyes before or since, seemed half so joyful or glorious as his broad, bronzed face.

"Help me—save me, Mr. Evans!" I cried; "they are carrying me away to the mines of Siberia, and I have done no evil."

"Don't be afraid," said Evans to me in English, while his company quietly surrounded the carriage, and he addressed himself to the officer in sound Russiac, exhibiting papers, and, I knew, discoursing about the knout. The man hesitated, and held back for a while; but at length, seeing that the engineer's company were about to take the business in their own hands, he gave way, allowed me to be taken out of the carriage, unbound, and lodged at the post-house, while he and his satellites stayed outside to keep guard.

"We must remain here," said Evans, "till the governor's courier from Wilna comes up. We have outridden him by some hours, I fancy, for the moment the news reached me, I gathered the men and mounted, took the shortest route across the country, and got here about twenty minutes ago. Hawkins, how did you get into this confounded scrape?"

"It was all Duroche's doings," said I.

"Duroche?" said the engineer; "he was the very man who sent me the intelligence, and he must have paid the messenger well to have run so fast. Here is his letter."

He put into my hand a crumpled paper, and I read by the fading wood-fire and the kindling day, one of the most earnest and urgent appeals that man could write under the spur of fear and friendship. He prayed Evans, for the sake of every thing in this world and the next, to fly to my rescue; gave full particulars of where and how I was to be found, at that very post-house, *en route* for Moscow; and adjured him not to let his dear English friend suffer by such an absurd mistake, which he believed was rather a conspiracy got up by a certain Russian nobleman for his own purposes.

Whether the Frenchman or myself had gone mad in the course of that night, I could not be certain; Evans was inclined to think it was me. But the governor's courier from Wilna arrived at last, with the warrant for my immediate transfer to that town. I could not be liberated at once, as the governor had some doubts in his mind; but in the custody of the soldiers, and escorted by the engineer and his men, I reached Wilna, and was brought before his Excellency. By that time, the governor had got positive intelligence of the escape of Count Henry Vladimir Jasinski, who, not being lost in the Hamburg steamer, had stolen back to see his family, in the disguise of an Austrian officer, and was all but taken, the authorities having received information from Krouzoff, when I came out wearing his well-known cloak, and was arrested in his stead. The officer on duty might have discovered his mistake but for the attestation of the engineer Duroche, and in the same long night in which I was driven towards Moscow, that gentleman, together with the Jasinskis, one and all, contrived to make their way to the Russian frontier. Nothing but the energy with which I had protested against my own arrest saved me from the charge of complicity in the plot. As it was, I had some difficulty in getting liberated, and had to be sent to a different station, on account of the umbrage given to the authorities. Mr. Evans found his credit so much involved in the affair, that he soon after found business for me in England. So I lost the chance of being his head-man on

the Warsaw and St. Petersburg Railway, and took a resolution to take signal vengeance on Duroche if ever he came in my way. I know not how far that resolution would have been kept, but a very short time after my arrival in England, I received his wedding-cards, and a most friendly note, informing me that Clementa had consented to become Madame Duroche. They had been engaged for years, he was good enough to say, but the old count could not be brought to approve of the match till after the little service which he had the happiness to render to the family through my instrumentality. Duroche further assured me, that nothing but the urgent necessity of the case, and the sight he got of the Russian soldiers stealing through the forest to surround the château, would have made him subject me to such inconvenience, but he knew my

benevolent heart would rejoice in having been the agent of escape to a persecuted patriot. My benevolent heart did not exactly rejoice; it was for a good cause, but I had been tricked, lost my engineering prospects, and well deserved it all. None of my friends were enlightened, however, on the last fact. I went back to Birkenhead, and gave Lucy Anne to understand the peril I had escaped. I am not sure that she didn't believe it was owing to the unrequited love of a Russian countess. At any rate there was a great impression made, not only on her, but on all the Pattersons. I became a hero of romance among them, the mamma consented to the renewal of our engagement. I got a position almost to her mind some time after, got married, am now a family man, and can afford to give a true account of my adventure in Poland.

From Fraser's Magazine.

CONCERNING UGLY DUCKS:

BEING SOME THOUGHTS ON MISPLACED MEN.

SOME men's geese, it has occasionally been said, are all swans. Read this page, intelligent person; and you shall be informed about an Ugly Duck, and what it proved in truth to be.

Rather, you shall be reminded of what you doubtless know already. The story is not mine; it was originally devised by somebody much wiser and possibly somewhat better. I propose to do no more than tell afresh, and briefly, what has been told at much greater length before. No doubt it has touched and comforted many to read it. For there may be much wisdom and great consolation in a fairy tale.

Amid a family of little ducks, there was one, very big, ugly, and awkward. He looked so odd and uncouth, that those who beheld him generally felt that he wanted a thrashing. And in truth, he frequently got one. He was bitten, pushed about, and laughed at, by all the ducks, and even by the hens, of the house to

which he belonged. Thus the poor creature was quite cast down under the depressing sense of his ugliness. And the members of his own family used him worst of all. He ran away from home: and lived for a while in a cottage with a cat and an old woman. Here, likewise, he failed to be appreciated. For chancing to tell them how he liked to dive under the water and feel it closing over his head, they laughed at him, and said he was a fool. All he could say in reply was: "You can't understand me!" "Not understand you, indeed," they replied in wrath; and they thrashed him.

But he gradually grew older and stronger. One day he saw at a distance certain beautiful birds, snow-white, with magnificent wings. Impelled by something within him, he could not but fly towards them: though expecting to be repulsed and perhaps killed for his presumption. But suddenly looking into the lake below him,

he beheld not the old ugly reflection; but something large, white, graceful. The beautiful birds hailed him as a companion. The stupid people had thought him an ugly duck, because he was too good for them. They could not understand him: nor see the great promise of that uncouth aspect. The ugly duck proved to be a Swan!

He was not proud, that wise bird: but he was very happy. Now, every body said he was the most beautiful of all beautiful birds: and he remembered how, once upon a time, every body had laughed at him and thrashed him. Yes: he was appreciated at his true value at last!

Possibly, my friendly reader, you have known various Ugly Ducks. Men who were held in little esteem, because they were too good for the people among whom they lived. Men who were held in little esteem, because it needed more wit than those around them possessed, to discern the makings of great and good things under their first unpromising aspect. When John Foster, many years ago, preaching to little pragmatic communities of uneducated, stupid, and self-conceited sectaries, was declared by old women and young whipper-snappers to be A PERFECT FOOL; he was an Ugly Duck of the first kind. When Keats published his earliest poetry; and when Mr. Gifford bitterly showed up all its extravagance and mawkishness, and positively refused to discern under all that, the faculties which would be matured and tamed into those of a true poet; Keats was an Ugly Duck of the second kind. John Foster was esteemed an Ugly Duck at the time when he actually was a Swan, because the people who estimated him were such blockheads that they did not know a swan when they saw one: Keats was esteemed an Ugly Duck, because he really was an awkward, shambling, odd animal; and his critic had not patience, or had not insight, to discern something about him that promised he would yet grow into that which a mere Duck could never be. For the creature which is by nature a Swan, and which will some day be known for such by all, may in truth be, at an early stage in its development, an uglier, more offensive, more impudent and forward, more awkward and more insufferable animal, than the creature which is by nature a Duck, and which will never be taken for any thing more.

Yes, many men, with the gift of genius in them: and many more, with no gift of genius but with a little more industry and ability than their fellows: are regarded as little better than fools by the people among whom they live; more especially if they live in remote places in the country, or in little country towns. Some day, the Swans acknowledge the Ugly Duck for their kinsman: and then all the quacking tribe around him recognize him as a Swan. Possibly, indeed, even then, some of the neighboring Ducks, who knew him all his life, and accordingly held him cheap till the world fixed his mark, will still insist that he is no more than an extremely Ugly Duck, whom people (mainly out of spite against the Ducks who were his early acquaintances) persist in absurdly calling a Swan. I have beheld a Duck absolutely foam at the mouth, when I said something implying that another bird (whose name you would know if I mentioned it) was a Swan. For the Duck, at college, had been a contemporary of the Swan: he had even played at marbles with the Swan, in boyhood: and so, though the Swan was quite fixed as being a Swan, the Duck never could bear to recognize him as such. On the contrary, he held him as an overrated, impudent, purse-proud, conceited, disagreeable, and hideously Ugly Duck. I remember, too, a very venomous and malicious old Duck, who never had done any thing but quack (in an envious and uncharitable way, too) through all the years which made him very old and exceedingly tough, giving an account of the extravagances and bombastic flights of a young Swan. The Duck vilely exaggerated the sayings of that youthful Swan. He put into the Swan's mouth words which the Swan had never uttered: and ascribed to the Swan sentiments (of a heretical character) which he very well knew the Swan abhorred. But even upon the Duck's own showing, there was the promise of something fine about the injudicious and warm-hearted young Swan: and a little candor and a little honesty might have acknowledged this. And it appeared to me a poor sight, to behold the ancient Duck, with all his feathers turned the wrong way with spite, standing beside a dirty puddle, and stretching his neck, and gobbling and quacking out his impotent malice, as the beautiful Swan sailed gracefully overhead, perfectly unaware of the malignity he was exciting

in the muscle which served the Duck for a heart.

It makes me ferocious, I confess it, to hear a Duck, or a company of Ducks, abusing and vilifying a Swan. And a good many Ducks have a tendency so to do. If you ask one of very many Ducks: "What kind of a bird is A?" (A being a Swan,) the answer will be: "Oh, a very Ugly Duck!" If the present writer had the faintest pretension to be esteemed a Swan, he would not say this. But he knows, very well indeed, that he can pretend to no more than to plod humbly and laboriously along upon the earth, while other creatures sail through the empyrean. He has seen, with wonder, several ill-natured attacks upon himself in print, the *gravamen* of the charge against him being that he does not and can not write like A, B, and C, who are great geniuses. Pray, Mr. Snarling, did he ever pretend to write like A, B, and C? No: he pretends to nothing more than to produce a homely material (with something real about it) that may suit homely folk. And so long as a great number of people are content to read what he is able to write, you may rely upon it he will go on writing. As for you, Mr. Snarling, of course you can write like A, B, and C. And in that case, your obvious course is to proceed to do so. And when you do so, you may be sure of this: that the present writer will never twist nor misrepresent your words, nor tell lies to your prejudice.

It is a curious and interesting spectacle, to hear two Ducks discussing the merits of a Swan. I have known a Duck attack a Swan in print. The Swan was an author. The Duck attacked the Swan on the ground that his style wanted elegance. And I assure you the attack, for want of elegance of style, was made in language not decently grammatical. You may have heard a Duck attack a Swan in conversation. The Swan was a pretty girl. The charge was that the Swan's taste in dress was bad. You looked at the Duck, and were aware that the Duck's taste was execrable. Would that we could "see ourselves as others see us!" Then you would no longer see such sights as this, which we may have witnessed in our youth. Two Ducks viciously abusing a Swan, flying by: and pointing out that the Swan had lost an eye, also a foot: and with wearisome iteration, dwelling on those enormities. And when you looked care-

fully at the spiteful creatures, wagging their heads together, hissing and quacking, you were aware that (strange to say) each of them had but one foot and one eye: and that, in short, in every respect in which the Swan was bad, the Ducks were about fifty times worse. Thus you may have known a very small and shabby Duck, who scoffed at a noble Swan, because (as he said) the Swan had no logic. Yet whenever that Duck himself attempted to argue any question, he had but one course: which was, scandalously to misrepresent and distort something said by the man maintaining the other opinion; and then to try to raise against that man a howl of heresy. Not indeed that that man, or any one of his friends, cared a brass farthing for what the shabby little Duck thought or said of him. Yet the Duck showed all the will to be a viper, though nature had constrained him to abide a Duck. And this was the Duck's peculiar logic.

At this point the reader may pause, and ponder what has been said. If exhausted by the mental effort of attention, he may take a glass of wine. And then he is requested to observe, that the writer considers himself to have but made one step in advance since he finished the legend of the Ugly Duck, with which the present work commenced. That step in advance was to the Principle:

THAT SOME MEN ARE HELD IN LITTLE ESTIMATION BECAUSE THEY ARE TOO GOOD FOR THE PEOPLE AMONG WHOM THEY LIVE. These are my MISPLACED MEN.

Of course, not all misplaced men are what I understand by Ugly Ducks. For there are men who are misplaced by being put in places a great deal too good for them. You may have known individuals who could not open their mouths but you heard the unmistakable *quack-quack*, who yet gave themselves all the airs of Swans. And probably a good many people honestly took them for Swans: and other people, prudent, safe, and somewhat sneaky people, pretended that they took them for Swans, while in fact they did not. And when perspicacious persons privately whispered to one another, "That fellow Stuckup is only a duck," it was because in fact he was no more. Yet Stuckup did not think himself so. I have not seen many remarkable human beings; but I have studied a few with attention: and I can say, with sincerity, that the peculiar animal known as

the *Beggar on Horseback* is by far the greatest and most important human being I have ever known. Probably, my reader, you still hold your breath with awe, as you remember your first admission to the presence of a person whom you saw to be on horseback, but did not know to be a beggar who had attained that eminence. You afterwards learned the fact; and then you wondered you did not see it sooner. For now the beggar's dignity appeared to you to bear the like relation to that of the true man in such a place, that the strut of a king with a tinsel crown in a booth at a fair, bears to the quiet assured air of Queen Victoria walking into the House of Lords to open Parliament.

It is an unspeakable blessing for a man, that he should be put down among people who can understand him. For no matter whether a man is thought a fool by his neighbors because he is too good for them, or because he is really a fool, the depressing effect upon his own mind is the same; unless indeed he have the confidence which we might suppose would have gone with the head and heart of Shakspeare, if Shakspeare appreciated himself justly. Very likely he did not. John Foster, great man as he was, could not have liked to see the little meeting-houses at which he held forth gradually getting empty, as the people of the congregation went off to some fluent block-head with powerful lungs and a vacuous head. For many a day Archbishop Whately of Dublin was a misplaced man: feared and suspected just because that clear head and noble heart were so high above the sympathy or even the comprehension of many of those over whom he was set. A bitter little sectary would have been, at first, an infinitely more popular prelate. And the writer can not refrain from saying with what delight, but a few months before that great man died, he saw, by the enthusiastic reception which the archbishop met, rising to make a short speech at a public meeting in Dublin of three thousand people, that justice was done him at last. He had found the place which was his due. They knew the noble Swan they had got: and knew that the honor he derived from the archiepiscopal throne, was as a sand-grain when compared with the honor which he reflected on it. Yet he found the time hard to bear, when he was undervalued because he was too good:

when men vilified him because they could not understand him. "I have tried to look as if I did not feel it," he said; "but it has shortened my life." Whereas our friend Carper, who for ten years past has held an eminent place for which he is about as fit as a cow, and which he has made ridiculous through his incompetence—the wrong man in the wrong place, if such a thing ever was—is entirely pleased with himself, and will never have his life shortened by any consideration of his outrageous incapacity. There were years of Arnold's life at Rugby during which he was an unappreciated man, just because he rose so high above the ordinary standard. If the sun were something new, and if you showed it for the first time to a company of blear-eyed men, they would doubtless say it was a most disagreeable object. And if there were no people of thoughtful hearts and of refined culture in the world, the author of *In Memoriam* would no doubt pass among mankind for a fool. There are people who, through a large part of their life, are above the high-water-mark of popular appreciation. Wordsworth was so. He needed "an audience fit;" and it for many a day was "few." The popular taste had to be educated into caring for him: it was as if you had commanded a band of children to drink bitter ale and to like it. Even Jeffrey could write, "This will never do!" And you miss people as completely by shooting over their heads, as by hitting the ground a dozen yards on this side of them. A donkey, in all honesty, prefers thistles to pine-apple. Yet the poor pine-apple is ready to feel aggrieved.

This misjudging of people, because they rise above the sphere of your judgment, begins early and lasts late. I have known a clever boy, under the authority of a tyrannical and uncultivated governor, who was savagely bullied and ignominiously ordered out of the room, because he declared that he admired the *Hart-leap Well*. His governor declared that he was a fool, a false pretender, a villain. His governor sketched his future career by declaring that he would be hanged in this world, and sent to perdition in the next. All this was because he possessed faculties which his uncultivated tyrant did not possess. It was as if a stone-deaf man should torture a lover of music because he ventured to maintain that there is such a thing as sound. It was as if a man whose musical

taste was educated up to the point of admiring the *Ratcatcher's Daughter*, should vilipend and suspend by hemp a human being who should declare there was something beyond *that* in Beethoven and Mendelssohn. And I believe that very often thoughtful little children are subjected to the great trial of being brought up in a house where they are utterly misunderstood, by guardians and even by parents. And this has a very souring effect on the little heart. There are boys and girls, living under their fathers' roof, who in their deepest thoughts are as thoroughly alone as if they dwelt at Tadmor in the Wilderness. There are children who would sooner go and tell their donkey what was most in their mind than they would tell it to their father or their mother. In some cases, the lack of power to understand or appreciate becomes still more marked as childhood advances to maturity. You may have known a man, recognized by the world as a very wise man, for expressing to the world the self-same views and opinions whose expression had caused him to be adjudged a fool at home. "Do you know, Charlotte has written a book; and it's better than likely:" was all the father of its author had to say about *Jane Eyre*. What a picture of a searing, blighting home atmosphere! You can not read the story without thinking of evergreens crisping up under a withering east wind of three weeks' duration. And I could point to a country, in Africa, where men, who would be recognized as great men elsewhere, are thought very little of: because there is hardly anybody who can appreciate them and their attainments. I have known, there, an accomplished scholar, who in the neighboring kingdom of Biafra would be made a *clefrag*, (corresponding to our bishop,) who, living where he does, when spoken of at all, is usually spoken of contemptuously as a *DOMINIE*; corresponding to our schoolmaster or college tutor, but the undignified way of stating the fact. Such a man is a great Greek scholar; but if he dwell among Africans who know nothing earthly about Greek, and who care even less for it, what does it profit him? Alas, for that misplaced man! Thought an Ugly Duck because he lives at Heliopolis: while four hundred miles off, in the great University of Biafra, he would be hailed as a noble Swan by kindred Swans!

Almost the only order of educated men who have it not in their power to live among educated folk, are the clergy. Almost all other cultivated men may choose for their daily companions people like themselves. But in the Church, you have doubtless known innumerable instances in which men of very high culture were set down in remote rural districts, where there was not a soul with whom they had a thought in common within a dozen miles. It is all right, of course: in that broader sense in which every thing is so: and doubtless the cure of souls, however rude and ignorant, is a work worthy of the best human heart and head that God ever made. Still, it is sad to see a razor somewhat inefficiently cutting a block, for which a great axe with a notched edge is the right thing. It is sad to see a cultivated, sensitive man, in the kind of parish where I have several times seen such. You may be able to think of one, an elegant scholar, a profound theologian, a man of most refined taste; taken unhappily from the common-room of a college, and set down in a cold upland district, where there were no trees and where the wind almost invariably blew from the east: among people with high cheekbones and dried-up complexions, of Radical politics and Dissenting tendencies, dense in ignorance and stupidity, and impregnable in self-confidence and self-conceit: and just as capable of appreciating their clergyman's graceful genius as an equal number of codfish would be. And what was a yet more melancholy sight than even the sight of the first inconsistency between the man and his place, was the sight of the way in which the man year by year degenerated till he grew just the man for the place; and only a middling man for it. Yes, it was miserable to see how the Swan gradually degenerated into an Ugly Duck: how his views got morbid, and his temper ungenial, how his accomplishments rusted, and his conversational powers died through utter lack of exercise: till after a good many years you beheld him a soured, wrong-headed, cantankerous, petty, disappointed man. For luck was against him: and he had no prospect but that of remaining in the bleak upland parish, swept by the east wind, as long as he might live. And after a little while he ceased entirely to go back to the university where he would have found fit associates: and he grew so

disagreeable that his old friends did not care to visit him, and listen to his moaning. Now, you can not long keep much above what you are rated at. At least, you must have an iron constitution of mind if you do. I daresay sometimes in old days an honorable and good man was constrained by circumstances to become a Publican: I mean, of course, a Jewish Publican. He meant to be honest and kind, even in that unpopular sphere of life. But when all men shied him: when his old friends cut him: when he was made to feel, daily, that in the common estimation Publicans and Sinners ranked together: I have no doubt earthly but he would sink to the average of his class. Or, as the sweetest wine becomes the sourest vinegar, he might not impossibly prove a sinner above all the other Publicans of the district.

But not merely do ignorant and vulgar persons fail to appreciate at his true value a cultivated man: more than this: the fact of his cultivation may positively go to make vulgar and ignorant persons dislike and underrate him. My friend Brown is a clergyman of the Scotch Church, and a man who has seen a little of the world. Like most educated Scotchmen nowadays, he speaks the English language if not with an English accent, at least with an accent which is not disagreeably Scotch. He does not call a boat a bott; nor a horse a hoarrse; nor philosophy philozzophy; nor a road a rodd. He does not pronounce the word *is* as if it were spelt *eez*, nor talk of a lad of *speerit*. Still less does he talk of *salvahtion*, *justificahtion*, *sanctificahtion*, and the like. He does not begin his church service by giving out either a *saem* or a *samm*: in which two disgusting forms I have sometimes known the *psalm* disguised. Brown told me that once on a time he preached in the church of a remote country parish, where person and people were equally uncivilized. And after service the minister confided to him that he did not think the congregation could have liked his sermon. "Ye see," said the minister, "thawt's no the style o' langidge they're used wi'!" My friend replied, not without asperity, that he trusted it was not. But I could see, when he told me the story, that he did not quite like to be an Ugly Duck: that it irked him to think that, in fact, some vulgar boor with a different style o' langidge would have been

much more acceptable to the people of Muffburg. I am very happy to believe that such parishes as Muffburg are becoming few; and that a scholar and a gentleman will rarely indeed find that he had better, for immediate popularity, have been a clodhopper and an ignoramus. You have heard, no doubt, how a dissenting preacher in England demolished the parish clergyman, in a discourse against worldly learning. The clergyman, newly come, was an eminent scholar. "Do ye think Powle knew Greek?" said his opponent, perspiring all over. And the people saw how useless and indeed prejudicial was the knowledge of that heathen tongue.

And this reminds me that it will certainly make a man an Ugly Duck to be, in knowledge or learning, in advance of the people among whom he lives. A very wise man, if he lives among people who are all fools, may find it expedient, like Brutus, to pass for a fool, too. And if he knows two things or three which they don't know, he had better keep his information to himself. Even the possession of a single exclusive piece of knowledge may be a dangerous thing. Long ago, in an ancient university near the source of the Nile, the professors of divinity regarded not the quantity of Greek or Latin words. The length of the vowels they decided in each case according to the idea of the moment. And their pronunciation of Scripture proper names was the pronunciation of men who could not read the Greek Testament. A youthful student, named McLamroch, was reading an essay in the class of one of those venerable but ignorant professors. And coming to the word *Thessalonica*, he pronounced it, as all mortals do, with the accent on the last syllable but one, and giving the vowel as long. "Say Thessaloanica," said the venerable professor with emphasis. "I think, *doctissime professor*, (for all professors in that university were *most learned* by courtesy,) that Thessalonica is the right way," replied poor McLamroch. "I tell you it is wrong," shrilly shouted the good professor. "Say Thessaloanica! and let me tell you, Mr. McLamroch, you are most abominably affectit!" So poor McLamroch was put down. He was an Ugly Duck. And he found, by sad experience, that it is not safe to know more than your professor. And I verily believe that the

solitary thing that McLamroch knew, and his professor did not know, was the way to pronounce Thessalonica. I have heard, indeed, of a theological professor of that ancient day, who bitterly lamented the introduction of new fashions of pronouncing Scriptural proper names. However, he said he could stand all the rest: but there were two renderings he would never give up but with life. These were Kapper-nawm, by which he meant Capernaum: and Levvy-awthan, by which he meant Leviathan. And if you, my learned friend, had been a student under that good man, and had pronounced these words as scholars and all others do, you would have found yourself no better than an Ugly Duck, and a fearfully misplaced man. A torrent of *wit*, sarcasm at new lights, and indignation at people who were not content to pronounce words (wrong) like their fathers before them, would have made you sink through the floor.

To be in advance of your fellow-mortals in taste, too, is as dangerous as to be in advance of them in the pronunciation of Thessalonica. When Mr. Jones built his beautiful Gothic house in a district where all other houses belonged to no architectural school at all, all his neighbors laughed at him. A genial friend, in a letter in a newspaper, spoke of his peculiar taste, and called him *the preposterous Jones*. And it was a current joke in the neighborhood, when you met a friend, to say: "Have you seen Jones's house?" You then held up both hands, or exclaimed: "Well, I never!" Then your friend burst into a loud roar of laughter. In a severer mood you would say: "That fellow! Can't he build like his fathers before him? Indeed he never had a grandfather. I remember how he was brought up by his aunt, that kept a cat's-meat shop in Muffburg," and the like. All this evil came upon Jones, because he was a little in advance of his neighbors in taste. For in ten years, hardly a house round but had some steep gables, several bay windows, and a little stained glass. Their owners esteemed them Gothic. And in one sense, undoubtedly some of them were Gothic enough. In Scotland, now, people build handsome churches, and pay all due respect to ecclesiastical propriety. But it is not very long since a parish clergyman proposed to the authorities that a proper font should be provided for bap-

tisms, because the only vessel heretofore used for that purpose was a creakery basin, used for washing hands. And one of the authorities exclaimed indignantly: "We are not going to have any gewgaws in our church;" by gewgaws meaning a decorous font. What could be done with such a man? Violently to knock his head against a wall would have been wrong: for no man should be visited with temporal penalties on account of his honest opinions. Yet any less decided treatment would have been of no avail.

We ought all to be very thankful, if we are in our right place: if we are set among people whom we suit, and who suit us: and among whom we need neither to practice a dishonest concealment of our views, nor to stand in the painful position of Ugly Ducks and Misplaced Men. Yes, a man may well be glad, if he is the square man in the square hole. For he might have been a round man in a square hole: and then he would have been unhappy in the hole, and the hole would have hated him. I know a place where a man who should say that he thought Catholic Emancipation common justice and common sense, would be hooted down, even yet: would be told he was a villain, blinded by Satan. There is a locality where morality indeed is very low, but where a valued friend of mine was held up, to reprobation as a dangerous and insidious man, because he declared in print that he did not think it sinful to take a quiet walk on Sunday. In that locality, one birth in every three is illegitimate: but it was pleasant and easy, by abuse of the rector of a London parish, and by abuse of others like him, to compound for the neglect of the duty of trying to break Hodge and Bill, Kate and Sally, of their evil ways. I know a place where you may find an intelligent man, out of a lunatic asylum, too, who will tell you that to have an organ in church is to set up images and go back to Judaism. I have lately heard it seriously maintained that to make a decorous pause for a minute after service in church is over, and pray for God's blessing on the worship in which you have joined, is "contrary to reason and to Scripture!" I know places where any one of the plainest canons of taste, being expressed by a man, would be taken as stamping him a

fool. Now what would you do, my friend, if you found yourself set down among people with whom you were utterly out of sympathy: whose first principles appeared to you the prejudices of pragmatic blockheads, and to whom your first principles appeared those of a silly and Ugly Duck? One would say, If you don't want to dwarf and distort your whole moral nature, get out of that situation. But then some poor fellows can not. And then they must either take rank as Misplaced Men, or go through life hypocritically pretending to share views which they despise. The latter alternative is inadmissible in any circumstances. Be honest, whatever you do. Take your place boldly as an Ugly Duck, if God has appointed that to be your portion in this life. Doubtless it will be a great trial. But you and I, friendly reader, set by Providence among people who understand us and whom we understand: among whom we may talk out our honest heart, and (let us hope) do so: in talking to whom we don't need to be on our guard, and every now and then to pull up, thinking to ourselves, "Now this sneaking fellow is lying on the catch for my saying something he may go and repeat to my prejudice behind my back:" how thankful we should be! I declare, looking back on days that have been, in this very country, I can not understand how manly, enlightened, and honest men lived then at all! You must either have been a savage bigot, or a wretched sneak, or a martyr. The alternative is an awful

one: but let us trust, my friend, that if you and I had lived then, we should by God's grace have been equal to it. Yes, I humbly trust that if we had lived then, we should either have been burned, hanged, or shot. For the days have been in which *that* must have been the portion of an honest man, who thought for himself: and who would be dragooned by neither pope, prelate, nor presbyter.

But now, having written myself into a heat of indignation, I think it inexpedient to write more. For it appears to me that to write or to read an essay like this, ought always to be a relief and recreation. And those grave matters, which stir the heart too deeply, and tingle painfully through the nervous system, are best treated at other times, in other ways. Many men find it advisable to keep to themselves the subjects on which they feel most keenly. As for me, I dare not allow myself to think of certain evils of whose existence I know. Sometimes they drive one to some quiet spot, where you can walk up and down a little path with grass and evergreens on either hand, and try to forget the sin and misery you can not mend: looking at the dappled shades of color on the grass; taking hold of a little spray of holly and poring upon its leaves; stopping beside a great fir-tree, and diligently perusing the wrinkles of its bark.

So we shut up. So we cave in. Oh the beauty of these simple phrases, so purely classic!

A. K. H. B.

From the London Society Magazine.

JUST AS IT HAPPENED:

A TALE OF TWO VALENTINES.

THE FIRST.

It was not a genial February in the country; perhaps not very genial in town either, but then to town-bred people the country in dull weather is absolutely intolerable.

So at least it appeared to the young

lady who sat, this eve of Saint Valentine, on a couch of crimson velvet, by the fire-side, and counted the days till her country visit should be over. "Better a London fog than this eternal mist and drizzle," was her verdict, as she walked to the window and looked out. "In the country one should have sunshine and green fields,

waving trees, summer flowers, and singing birds, whereas to look out here——"

The solitary brown leaf she had been watching on its bare branch swirled round in a sudden blast of wind and rain-drops, and fell to the ground.

"Die there!" said the girl, shivering; "the fittest thing to do such days as this. I wonder where every body is."

She turned as the door opened, and a rosy urchin of some five winters bounded towards her and clutched the delicate folds of her evening dress in his sturdy fists.

"A horse, a horse!" sang out the urchin. "Aunt Milly's a horse!—my horse—gee!"

But the moment was unpropitious. Aunt Milly only extricated her dress and put the rebel fingers aside.

"Carl, where's mamma?"

"Don't know. Making Bertie say his prayers."

A slight curl stole to the young lady's lips as she went back to the fire and sat down again on the couch of crimson velvet. Making Bertie say his prayers! In other words, putting him to bed. So that was what her sister-in-law did in the country by way of relieving its monotony—made herself into a nursery-maid.

She gave an instinctive glance round the room in which she sat, and in which every article was a standing witness to wealth and taste, a standing protest against the dull weariness which oppressed her. What business had the mistress of such a house as this to make a nursery-maid of herself? Was it expected that all wives and mothers in the country should do so; and why? Her eyes, traveling gradually from curtain to picture, from picture to table and couch, fell upon Master Carl rolling himself from side to side on the rug at her feet. He stopped rolling when he saw her look at him. He got up, put his chubby little fist once again on her light dress, and stared up at her, grinning.

"Nurse says if we say our prayers we shall go to heaven, but I don't want to go."

"Don't you?"

"No: not till I've worn this new frock a bit. Doesn't it look nice? And I've got a watch, only it won't tick; and a trumpet; and I shall have a valentine to-morrow; shall you?"

"No. Hush, Carl," said Millicent, perceptibly, "what was that?"

She had heard the drive gate swing backwards and forwards with a click each time the fastening failed to catch in passing, and now she saw a gentleman's hat above the shrubs, and had a shrewd suspicion that she knew who the owner of it was.

For one moment she bent her head down towards the fire and a softened expression came over her face. A little while ago she would have hailed the coming of this visitor—any visitor—as a blessed break in the monotony of the day, but now——

"Well," she said, sighing, "it will be a change at least."

When she raised her head all trace of the momentary softening had passed away, and there was nothing but her usual look of cold indifference. She rose to greet the visitor when he came in; she put out her hand to him in a regal sort of way, and seated herself with an air that graciously permitted him to sit also in her presence.

"A dull day, Mr. Stuart; as all days seem to be here, at this season."

Mr. Stuart responded. If he had noticed her air he did not seem to feel it. Carl was already at his knee, and his broad white hand stroked Carl's yellow curls and kept the boy quiet. On one of the fingers of that hand a diamond glittered, and Millicent noticed that the hand, considering that it belonged to a country gentleman and a sportsman, was very white. She thought too, as she had thought before, that if no one could possibly call Mr. Stuart a handsome man, neither could any one honestly call him ugly. He was not old, nor, seeing that he was past thirty, very young. He had a square white forehead, black hair and whiskers, a pair of eyes whose keen, steady light softened wonderfully when he spoke, and a smile which Millicent acknowledged to herself made him look almost handsome.

"Your visit is drawing to a close?" said Mr. Stuart, interrogatively.

"Yes, I go to town next week."

"We shall be sorry to lose you."

Mr. Stuart had looked at her while he spoke, but afterwards he turned away and stroked Carl's hair absently. Perhaps he thought the faint tinge that had risen over her face was only the reflection of the firelight, or perhaps it was so faint as to be insignificant; anyhow, he looked like a man who had made his first throw and discovered a blank.

"Sir George and Lady Rochelle do not accompany you, I think?"

"My brother takes me to town, of course, but he will not remain. I believe Lady Rochelle is in the nursery. I will let her know you are here."

She looked towards a crimson tassel which hung near the gentleman's hand, and Mr. Stuart got up, but not to ring the bell. He only required, it seemed, a change of posture, for he stood with one hand on the mantelpiece, and said curtly, "Pray don't. I would not disturb her on any account. I came to bid you good-bye."

Something which Millicent would have scorned to think was disappointment crept over her at the words. There he stood, a stern, strong man, an obscure country squire, over thirty, with not even a handsome face to recommend him; courteous indeed, but not with the insidious, flattering courtesy to which she was accustomed; a rugged figure enough in all conscience for a foreground, and yet she could not help a little absurd feeling of regret at the thought of saying good-bye to him. It was very odd, it was utterly unaccountable and preposterous. A man who would not even recognize the name of the composer whose new opera was shortly to startle the world into one great diapason of praise; who would probably confuse Meyerbeer with Verdi, and Alboni with Grisi; who sang only simple ballads in a very fair tenor, and knew nothing at all about his own "register." Neither would any of the great names of Tyburnia have produced an impression upon him. To all that went on in the world—her world—he was, she considered, culpably indifferent; what then was there about him which roused her interest in spite of herself? She could not tell. She wondered why, if he had only come to say good-bye, he did not say it and go; why he chose to stand up there instead of sitting down; why there was something about him to-night stranger than usual, something which communicated to her an odd sensation of excitement and apprehension. She began to lose her cool composure and indifference, to tremble a little, to feel a little nervous and uneasy.

"You dislike the country then," said Mr. Stuart, in a tone of speculative deliberation. "You really think that with all its glories of summer sun and winter hearth, it has nothing to offer which you

would accept; that an existence in it would be simply insupportable under any circumstances?"

Millicent hesitated. Other glories, dazzling with luxurious appliances, splendid in the whirl that left no time for thought or dullness, rose up and hid those simpler ones, but somehow she did not like to tell him so.

"You speak so seriously, Mr. Stuart."

"I feel serious. I am more serious than ever I was in my life."

"My brother is happy here," said Millicent, "and his wife too. I suppose if people have homes and home interests and pursuits like theirs, they may be happy in the country."

"Millicent!"

The sudden glow which lighted up his eyes and face as he turned toward her startled Miss Rochelle into a gesture which however would not have stopped him but for another interruption from the noisy lips of Master Carl.

"I shall have a valentine to-morrow," shouted the boy. "And Aunt Milly won't. She said so. She's got nobody to send her valentines, and I have."

Mr. Stuart caught him by the arm and swung him round.

"Your aunt thinks valentines are only for children, eh, Carl? And Valentine's Day is vulgar, out of date? Ask her?"

"I told him nothing of the sort," said Millicent. "But of course it is out of date."

"Nevertheless we will honor it as we do other institutions, for its antiquity. I have an immense respect for it; and the village people think that any enterprise begun on Valentine's Day is certain to be lucky. And now, Miss Rochelle, I will wish you good evening."

"Good-bye," responded Millicent.

Mr. Stuart heard the emphasis on the words, and smiled. He went away with that half smile still on his lips, and Millicent got up and watched his dark figure as far as she could see it, which was not far. For night was closing in, the bare branches had formed themselves into a solemn black mat against the lead-colored sky behind, and the rain dripped from them.

What did he mean? Why had he said that one word, and then broken off so suddenly? And what was he going to do? Above all, what did it signify to her about him and his doings?

She listened to the wind moaning feebly amongst the trees, and the sullen beat of the rain-drops on the stone terrace; and asked herself how it would be possible to drag on such an existence as this, month after month, year after year, as her sister-in-law did.

"No," said Millicent; "I couldn't do it; nothing should induce me to do it."

She was glad when the servants brought in lights and drew the curtains, and Sir George, her brother, came and took her down to dinner, his wife following with Master Carl, who had absolutely refused to go to bed before the dessert appeared.

Even dinner was a little change—a little something to do and to talk about. She knew perfectly well that this perpetual dreariness was wrong; that she ought to have been able to occupy herself, as other people did, instead of hankering after the round of gayeties into which she was about to plunge; but knowing a thing to be wrong is very different from knowing how to remedy it, or even wishing to do so.

And Millicent went to bed that night to dream horrible dreams of being shut up in dismal country houses with stone terraces in front, and bare melancholy branches, from which rain dropped incessantly.

In the morning when she drew aside the curtain all was fair. The sun shone, the birds were singing; the great lumbering fog had lifted itself away; and up above her there was the blue sky with tiny flecks of white dancing over it like the petals of a shaken rose. Millicent opened the window and leaned out, confessing to herself that it was very fair. But what of that? To-morrow the fog might come back again; and even if it did not, fine weather was a poor thing for happiness to depend upon.

Clamorous voices reached her ear as she went down stairs; a patter of tiny feet along the hall, rosy lips upturned to kiss her, fat hands thrust out in riotous glee to display the treasures of the letter-bag.

"My valentine!" screamed Carl. "Look at mine first. Never mind Bertie's; mine's the best; all roses and paint; and little boys with wings, and cheeks like blowing a trumpet."

"And mine's nicer," vociferated the other nephew. "Come on, come on! papa's got one for you, too—he said so. A valentine for Aunt Milly!"

She went on into the breakfast-room with the two children clinging to her. She looked at the letter lying beside her plate, and felt all at once, with a great pang of sorrow, and shame, and anger—"I know from whom it comes, and what is in it."

Sir George looked at her from his own letters, and said, "Good morning;" Lady Rochelle gave her the usual kiss; and the children buzzed round her like bees, eager to pounce upon the supposed honey in that envelope and criticise it.

"It's not as good as mine, I know," said Carl, eying it jealously. "Why, she hasn't opened it! She's put it in her pocket! Mamma, Aunt Milly won't open her valentiné."

Then Sir George called them off, and said, looking at his sister: "I met Archie Stuart last night at the gate. He comes here rather often, doesn't he?"

To which Lady Rochelle responded: "Was he here last night? I didn't see him."

"He stayed just ten minutes," said Millicent, shortly, "and came, I should think, partly to play with Carl, for that was what he did most of the time."

And then she made her escape to open that valentine, which was indeed not so good as Carl's, inasmuch as whilst his had produced only noisy glee, a few bitter remorseful tears rose, against her will, to Millicent's eyes, as she read what Archie Stuart had to say.

"His wife! Oh, never, never!"

She folded the letter and leaned again out of the window; but not to look at any real feature of the landscape. Instead of it she saw a house of many gables, standing in its own grounds. She looked in at the windows upon a room warm with ruddy light and flowing drape; but silent, dull—unutterably. A solitary figure walked up and down from fire to window and wrung its hands. That was herself. Below rose up smoke from other houses and many cottages; and amongst them stood the tower of the village church. She turned from the prospect, and it vanished. Millicent Rochelle was herself again, instead of that solitary silent figure, watching in vain for an absent husband.

"I could not do it," she repeated. "I am not mad enough to care for him; it is fancy only—sorrow that he should be hurt through my means. Oh, if I were back in town out of it all!"

She could not do it. Even for such love as that which he told so quietly, but which she felt in every throb of her heart to be so true and tender, was it not possible for her to give up the other glories calling to her from afar, with music sweet but hollow?

Archie Stuart—No.

THE SECOND.

Pass on summer and winter, snow and sunbeams. Cut away five years more from the life of the old man, Time. He was gray when we were boys; and the five years alter us, but he looks little changed, we think.

Millicent Rochelle had come down again after this long interval to pay a visit at her brother's house. She had been there some weeks—for this was again the eve of St. Valentine; she sat in her old seat by the fire, and Archie Stuart stood opposite to her; but scant words and distant courtesy had passed between them, and he was not talking to her. He was going to take the boys—those dreadful creatures into which Carl and Bertie had developed—to a merry-making specially got up for such creatures; and they were sitting uneasily on chairs, alternately reminding Mr. Stuart that they were ready, and sparring at each other. For Bertie had ventured to introduce the word valentine, upon which Carl grew red, and ejaculated: "Pshaw! valentines are for girls. I might send one, for a lark; but as to having one sent to me—I shouldn't take it in."

"But you know, Carl," insisted Bertie, "that last year you——"

Mr. Carl looked straight at his brother, thrust his hands into his pockets, and uttered an empathic monosyllable, "Pig!"

Mr. Stuart took no notice of them. A little girl had crept up to him, and he was playing with golden curls something like Carl's present furze bush had been five years ago. He was but little altered. The years that had swept like a hurricane over Millicent seemed scarcely to have touched him. Only in one thing he was changed. He saw in her simply her brother's guest, to be treated with all due deference and courtesy—nothing more.

She sat on quietly, speaking if she was spoken to, but rousing herself with ap-

parent difficulty: and the shadows deepened over her face as the fire fell lower. They knew nothing of each other's thoughts—these two, who had once been drawn so closely together. They only saw the cold outside—the chilly formalisms, the studied politenesses. At least so each believed of the other.

Lady Rochelle came in, dressed to go to a dinner-party, and Sir George was heard in the hall giving orders concerning the carriage.

"It is so kind of you to take charge of them," said Lady Rochelle, shaking hands with Archie. "But are you sure we shall not victimize you? Boys, you must be very good, and remember, Carl, no roughness."

"All right, mother," responded Mr. Carl, already dropping "mamma" as unmanly.

"The carriage is ready," said Lady Rochelle. "They shall set you down, and come back for us."

Then Archibald Stuart moved. A little spasm of irresolution shook him. His heart ached with this icy shadow that had come between himself and Millicent. Surely it need not be so. He looked at her, wishing to take her hand, as he used to do. She might have read the wish in his pained, wistful face. Perhaps she did not dare to look at his face at all. Any how, nothing but a very grave and formal bow passed between them, and he was gone.

Then Millicent became aware that Lady Rochelle was looking at her with an air of bewilderment and dismay.

"Why, Milly! not dressed! Do you know how late we are already?"

"You must spare me the party," replied Millicent. "I shall stay at home."

"At home! not going! But, my dear, I can't——"

"Yes you can. I never meant to go. I hate it."

"Hate what?"

"Dinner parties."

Lady Rochelle smoothed down the fingers of her white gloves meditatively.

"George!" she called out, "Milly says she won't go."

The baronet came in, and Millicent put up her two hands to ward off his remonstrances.

"You used to scold me for being dissipated, George. Let me alone, now; I'm tired."

Sir George looked at her and said, "Hem!" then he gave his arm to his wife, and they went away.

At last she was alone, and the fire leaped up and nodded to her; but the bunch of early snowdrops which Archie Stuart had brought hung their heads and drooped. He had not been thinking of her when he brought them; why had he left them behind him? She had a vague sentiment of pity for them, as though they had been sentient beings, and could feel the neglect that left them to die in the hot room, uncared for. And though Archie Stuart was gone, she hardly seemed to be rid of him. How many lips had spoken to her of love since he stood there five years ago, uttering her name and checking himself? And what was the worth of all the honeyed speeches and stiffly eligible proposals, backed by the arguments of her aunt and chaperone, beside the worn old valentine with which in her inconsistency she had never parted?

She had got to go back into the great world, and drop the curtain again over this bit of quiet starlight, to drive about in the parks, to leave cards and messages, to write scented notes full of polite shams, to dress, and dine, and dance, to rush from house to house, from one fête to another, from *soirée musicale* to *conversazione*, where the talk rattled in her ears like dry old bones, and the society was a strange medley of scientific gentlemanly ladies, lady-like young gentlemen, and fresh young girls in the bloom of their first season; to sleep a miserable broken sleep when the red of dawn began to paint the sky, and rise at noon, forlorn and jaded, to begin afresh the yesterday's mill-wheel round.

She felt very dreary as she thought of all this now. She was no longer young to enjoy it; elasticity and youthful energy had fled. She shrank back in the corner of the couch, and thought, with a sob in her throat, that it would be pleasant to stay there; never to speak to any one again; never to go back into the whirl whose memory made her brain ache and throb in this silent room; never to feel the sting of loneliness again; never to wonder with a hopeless questioning whether life might not have been different if, five years ago, she had acted differently: not exactly to die there, that was too terrible, but to fall into the haziness of quiet rest.

Throughout these years a strange, re-

morseful consciousness had haunted her—a tiny silent picture. It was this: An open window, and birds singing in the fickle February sunshine; a sky all flecked with white, and a face leaning out of the window, but seeing not so much the sky or the sunshine as the offer of a man's heart—a deep and tender love which would have folded its warm light about the life that was so desolate now. Nobody wanted her. No soul on earth sent forth a tender thought to her, absent or present; no soul on earth was the better or happier for her existence. Must it go on thus to the end? The thought was very bitter to her. Her heart was full of vain yearnings after peace; and the glitter of that far-off world to which she must return was as dreadful now as it had formerly been fascinating.

"I should like to do a little good before I die," mused Millicent. "I should like to be of some little use somewhere."

She went to the table and took up the drooping snowdrops.

"They are dying here: he will never know if I take them."

And then some sudden association stung her, and she threw them down and covered her face.

"Too late, too late! I did love him all the while; but I loved myself better."

It had taken her five years to find that out, and she had never confessed it until to-night. She would have recalled the confession then, if it had been possible. She roused herself, and assumed involuntarily some little of that regal air with which she had once looked down upon Archie Stuart. In passing the piano she struck a few desultory chords; and then, as her fingers wandered over them, the notes formed themselves into a symphony, an air, finally an accompaniment to the old Scotch ballad—

"Douglass, tender and true."

By-and-by she began to sing the words softly, losing in them all thought of the present and the waning night.

A shadow fell upon the distant wall from the doorway, but she did not see it. When the last tremulous notes of the song died away it vanished; there came a rush of noisy feet along the corridor, and the boys were shouting their adventures into Aunt Millicent's ear, each struggling to be first and loudest.

"And I got a fiddle for my prize," cried Carl. "It only cost sixpence; but it makes a jolly squeak. I meant to play all up the stairs, only Mr. Stuart wouldn't let me because you were singing. He listened at the door, and made us keep quiet. I did call him a sneak, but he went away and never said a word to us. Aunt Milly, how white you are! And what a jolly muff to stop here all by yourself instead of going with mamma! Why, a dinner party's better than nothing, if it *is* a bit slow."

"Do you hear that clock?" said Millicent. "Be off, boys. Good night."

But Archie Stuart went down the gravel sweep with a light in his eye and a verse of a song on his lips.

"Could ye come back to me, Douglass, Douglass,
Back with the form and the face that I knew,
I would be so faithful, so loving, Douglass,
Douglass, tender and true."

And he leaned over the gate in the moonlight to look at those windows where the light shone dark red through the curtains, his heart full of the singer of the song, and hope.

In the morning the sunbeams fell warm upon the window of Millicent's room, but she never heeded them. They were but a type of that other sunshine which had come to melt away the ice from her path. She was leaning down over a little table beside the window, and on it there lay

open what Carl would have called a valentine. The tears that rose to her eyes were no longer thrust back in bitter self-humiliation and pride; they fell gently upon the old valentine and the new one. She was so happy that she could only press her hands over her heart, and say, "I don't deserve it; I don't deserve it," as she wrote the single word for which he asked, in answer—"Come."

Here was some one who wanted her, who might yet be happier for her existence; above all, some one who loved her, whom she loved.

Below in the village there rose up the smoke of many cottages; and the church tower reared itself amongst them in silent solid dullness; but a wonderful light had come over the world, and the very cottages glittered in it. The bare trees were no longer bleak, the few brown leaves no longer melancholy; all were units of a charmed whole.

Sir George Rochelle stood at the drawing-room window that evening, and saw Archie Stuart in the shrubbery with Millicent. He called to his wife to "look there."

"I thought she was trifling with him," said Sir George; "but it isn't so, is it?"

Lady Rochelle saw Archie Stuart turn to draw Millicent's shawl closer over her chest, and she smiled, and said, "Come away; how would you have liked to be watched? No, there is no trifling there. May they be as happy as we are!"

HON. JOHN BRIGHT, M.P.

AMONG English statesmen who are acting a conspicuous and influential part in public affairs at the present time is the eloquent Quaker, John Bright, whom many delight to honor for his large-heartedness and championship of free principles. He is deservedly held in high estimation on both sides of the Atlantic, and his earnest advocacy of the Northern States in the present tremendous struggle which is being carried on to crush the rebellion, has gained for him high encomiums and golden opinions.

The mention of his name at a large meeting of citizens a few evenings since, at the Academy of Music in this city, brought down a storm of applause and cheering from the immense audience. In giving place to a finely-engraved portrait of Mr. Bright in this number of THE ECLECTIC, we hope to gratify many of our readers and have the pleasure of introducing his noble face and form to a better acquaintance on this side the Atlantic.

Mr. Bright is too well known by his

long activities in public life in England to need extended mention in this place. We record a brief biographical sketch of his personal history. He was born in 1811, at Greenbank, near Rochdale, Lancashire. His father was John Bright. A noble representative of the manufacturing interests, he was a partner in the firm of John Bright and Brothers, cotton-spinners and manufacturers. Mr. Bright has pursued an active public life.

When the Anti-Corn-Law League was established in 1838, Mr. Bright took an active part in its proceedings, and, both as a speaker and writer, assisted in vindicating the principles on which it was based. He soon occupied a leading position in this body, second only to Mr. Cobden. He was active in organizing the bazaars held in aid of the League in Manchester and in London. In April, 1843, he unsuccessfully tested the parliamentary representation of the city of Durham. In the July following another vacancy occurred, and he was elected. He took part with energy and eloquence in the exciting discussions, from 1843 to 1845, on free trade, and divides with C. P. Villiers, Richard Cobden, and General Thompson (author of the *Catechism of the Corn Laws*), the honor of having induced Sir Robert Peel to favor free trade in corn.

He entered Parliament in 1843, and, like Cobden, was from the manufacturing class. For some years he had been distinguished among the anti-rate paying dissenters of Central and Northern England, for his vigorous support of religious freedom. He had resisted the extortions of some persecuting dignitaries of the Establishment, and subjected them, on two or three occasions, to most mortifying defeats. He brought into Parliament a high reputation as an advocate of the League before popular assemblies, and an intimate knowledge of the subject of protection and free trade. His ready, bold, inspiring style of oratory partook more of the fervor of the platform than the calmness of the forum. But shrewdness and tact soon enabled him to catch the key-

note of the House, where he displayed skill and courage as first lieutenant of the League, and won as much popularity from the aristocratic sections as so radical a democrat could reasonably expect.

The heavy expenses of his election contests at Durham were understood to have been defrayed by the League, through whose influence he was returned for Manchester in 1847, and again in 1852. A member of the Society of Friends, whose principle is peace, he strenuously condemned the policy of the war with Russia, and, as a leading member of the Peace Society, sanctioned the sending of a deputation, which, in February, 1854, waited on the Emperor Nicholas, at St. Petersburg, with the design of dissuading him from war. Mr. Bright's opinions on this subject were much at variance with those of many of his constituents at Manchester. Ill health compelled him to be absent from Parliament in the early session of 1857, and when, on the defeat of the Palmerston administration in March, by the adoption of Mr. Cobden's motion condemning the war with China, a general election was determined upon, Mr. Bright's Manchester friends resolved to adopt him again as a candidate, in his absence. In July, 1852, Mr. Bright had been elected by a majority of more than 1100 over his next competitor; in March, 1857, he stood lowest on the poll, and received nearly 3000 fewer votes than one, and nearly 2300 less than the other of his successful opponents—gentlemen holding much the same general political opinions as himself, but differing from his views of the China question. He was subsequently, however, returned for a vacancy at Birmingham, and though not fully restored to health, was in his place during the memorable proceedings of Parliament in the spring of 1858, and took a prominent part in the overthrow of the Palmerston cabinet. In April, 1858, he delivered a speech on the budget, advocating a reduction of the military establishment, and condemning the policy of Asiatic conquest. Mr. Bright has been twice married, and his second wife is still living.

From the Temple Bar Magazine.

SHAKSPEARE COMMEMORATED.

* WHEN in the "Journey from this World to the Next" a critical ghost meets the shade of Shakspeare, the first thing he does is to pose him with a question. "Prithee," says he, "Mr. Shakspeare, what did you mean by—" the reader may fill in any difficult passage. "Pon my word," says the poet, "I don't know; you must ask the critics: they know better than I; I don't think I meant half as much as they say I did;" and the shade stalks away alongside of Homer, and not far from Æschylus, royally indignant at the petty interruption.

Almost every thing which can be done to Shakspeare has been done. His fulsome admirers vex the dull ear of the true but drowsy and bored lovers of the poet. Cowper telling us of the narration which proceeds from the lips of a sick man, how he coughed and shook and trembled, until he "almost died," is betrayed into the wish that he had quite done so. So many wish that the "immortal Swan" had never been hatched, and would—as the Athenians did Aristides, whose friends bored them with his perpetual praises—ostracize him from immortality. For, how many hundred printers and paper-makers Sweet Will continually employs, how many fervid brains he keeps at work, it is impossible to say. He has been commentated, expurgated, expunged, purified, nullified, annotated, edited, improved, disproved, approved; he has been illustrated, painted, drawn and quartered. He has been put upon pottery, sideboards, the backs of chairs, and the heads of walking-sticks; we have seen him on German beer-glasses and Hungarian pipes; he has been hung over innumerable public-houses, spouted in tap-rooms, played in barns. His works have been bombasted with notes till the great folio edition in twenty-six volumes will fill a wagon; he has been compressed at the Whittingham Press till you can get him, like a pair of Limerick gloves, into a walnut-shell. He has been quoted from

the pulpit and condemned in the conventicle. He has been claimed as a deist, an atheist, a philosopher, a Jew, a humanitarian, vegetarian, a Roman Catholic, a Lutheran, and a Puritan. More cruel and insulting still, John Lord Campbell has written a volume to prove he was a lawyer; and Dr. Conolly—in spite of Mr. Charles Reade and the popular hatred to private asylums—cites him as having studied insanity with the research of a "mad-doctor." He has been quoted by the electrician for an apposite description of his marvelous discovery, by the surgeon for his skill, the musician for his art, the statesman for true maxims of state, the journalist for the truest policy, the tradesman for the soundest advice, and the goldsmith for an admirable law for that conscience-testing trade.* In fact, he has submitted to every thing: his handwriting has been continually forged; Bowdler and the Cowden Clarkes have cut little pieces out of him; and now he is to be commemorated.

Now it shows what an originally strong constitution the British love for Shakspeare must have had to stand all this. What a wonder it has not been, as Mr. Shandy has it, "Nicodemused into nothing!" We love "ours and the world's Shakspeare" so truly, that even the apish contortions of untrue men, pretenders to poetry, and advertising charlatans, can not make our love forego its hold. And let us say this test is a very great one: the bitterest enemy a man can have is a foolish friend, an idiotic admirer, who drags down the object of his admiration to his own level. The Warburtons and Malones, the "slashing Bentleys" and the "piddling Tibbalds" whom Pope commemorates, the enterprising booksellers who raise a monument to him by advertising an imperfect edition of his works, the apes who crawl upon his shoulder,

* "Here is your chain's weight to its utmost carat,
The fineness of the gold, and charge for fashion."

the strutting and mouthing parasites who creep in the folds of his poetic garment—can no more disgust us with him than could the travel-stains and the sores, the wounds, the rags, and the lice, turn away a mother's heart from the hero son who had fought and conquered through want and starvation in the lines of Torres Vedras or the trenches of the Crimea.

Well, he is to be commemorated. Let us do so well. We remember—we who read books till their narrations become reality—how, in 1769, from Wednesday 6th to Friday 8th of September, Mr. Garrick held a Stratford Jubilee. In the townhall at Stratford there is a portrait of the great actor by Gainsborough, antagonizing, as it were, a wretched daub of the "Bard" by Wilson, so that the actor comes out much stronger than the poet. There is also a screen there of the very roughest manufacture, but a curiosity in its way, it is so utterly bad and worthless. Nevertheless, it is curious as a record of the folly into which the English were betrayed at a commemoration. Grave doctors and sober citizens walked up and down the streets of that quiet country townside by side with actors, and dressed as Falstaff or Caliban. Foolish as we are, we could not repeat that dead folly. What earthly or heavenly good can it do to the spirit of Shakspeare for a set of honest admirers to go mumming like Anne Page and Slender when he cries "mum" and she "budget?" If any one fancies it can do them good, let them look upon that despicable old screen. Let them fancy a grave Prospero stalking and a drunken Trinculo with a raddled nose reeling down the street! Our "very gorge rises." Certainly Falstaff went amasquing, but for his own nefarious purposes, and when he awakes to reason is ready to cry out, "The sudden surprise of my powers drove the grossness of the foppery into a received belief in despite of the teeth of all rhyme and reason. See now! how rich may be made a Jack-a-Lent, when 'tis upon an ill errand." The people of Stratford—who, of course, like all other people in the world, were the last to awaken to the value of their great townsman; who neglected him when alive, and kept no record of him—are wide awake to his commercial value, and again, many years after, revived the folly. Amidst the general laughter of the gods this last affair exploded like a wet cracker.

Now at the present moment, and in the forthcoming birth-month (if indeed it were so; he was christened in it) of Shakspeare, Stratford-on-Avon and sober London (much serried with railway schemes, and worried with a general row amongst her very best customers) ask us to celebrate Shakspeare's three hundredth birthday, and, moreover, to memorialize the poet. The movement is to be "national," and to make it so over the left, as the schoolboys say, some of the most unpopular and least-known critics of the day have "put their feet down" on the movement, and seek to direct it. The Kensington School, the meddlesome Society of Arts, and the whole of Diikooasia is up in arms, and a pretty little job is being made. The chief movers hope to be created baronets, and the whole of the council are to be knighted. The golden age of literature—or for literature—shall have returned again in the next fool-month, April.

Well, at least their request is from one point reasonable. Having raised statues and monuments to the greatest rogues and most incompetent persons amongst us—the chief man of action and of thought being conspicuous by their absence, Cromwell and Shakspeare—it suddenly struck some members of a literary club that the English had better reduce all their great men to a dead level. When it was debated years ago by some crack brained enthusiasts, "Should Cromwell have a statue?" *Mr. Punch* answered the question by the pencil of Richard Doyle, by placing the stern Puritan in regular succession between silly Charles I., vacillating and weak, and vicious Charles II., who, with finger on nose, was slyly pocketing the sale-money of Dunkirk. We heard no more after that. If a design for the Shakspeare monument were placed between those of the Duke of York and George the Fourth, what an excellent trio would there be! No; until we have a revision of our statues, let him still remain in his quiet country church.

But this movement was, as we have said, honestly begun, and, we believe, had it been as honestly carried out, it would have been a success. The Urban Club gathered around it many great authors, many working men of letters; to it at last came Mr. Hepworth Dixon and the Duke of Manchester, with a syllabus of big names whipped together, and proposed amalgamation. Three deputies from the

literary men went to these courtly personages, and were dazed with a flood of glory, and fell. An amalgamation took place, and from that time to this all has gone wrong.

Firstly, there was no working with the fourteen secretaries; secondly, there was no man of business; thirdly, there was no perception of what quiet John Bull wanted. The English people were treated as if they were a New-York *levée*, a Parisian mob, a gang of German students inflated with beer and blasphemous theology. Had they been told that one hundred thousand pounds were wanted to raise a Shakspeare memorial, that the best design had been chosen, and that it was worthy of the poet, the money would have flowed into their pockets. But instead of that they pumped up sham enthusiasm by the yard, and met to elect each other, and to twaddle. But even their twaddle was poisonous. They had no sense of propriety. They had met—according to their own showing—to appease the manes of a great dead neglected writer; they did so by insulting to the quick a great (some say *the* greatest) living writer. One of their officers “protested” against sitting on the committee with Mr. Thackeray! And curiously, with this slur on him (a slur save that the blame of some is sweetest praise) Thackeray died. The effect on the committee, dull as it was, was mournful.

But even then they blundered; as old Cenci says:

“That matter of the murder was hushed up.”

But others came out. They slighted their most active and efficient members, and a hundred good pens were turned against them. It was felt that it were better to have no memorial than to have one ill done, half done, or squabbled over. Still there was a time allowed them for repentance. Two of their best men proposed a sensible plan; it was rejected. A well-chosen committee found that it was useless to appeal to the public unless they had a definite plan, and recommended that cautious steps towards that plan should be taken. This was at once adopted, and then the secretary, like an ill-conditioned waiter at a club, who will force you to have that which he chooses, put the motion which had just been rejected in different words, and carried his propo-

sition that the public *should* be appealed to for £30,000, which sum was deemed adequate for a Shakspeare memorial by a nation which had spent five times the amount for a memorial to the Prince Consort.* Could there be any thing more preposterous? Nine gentlemen, many of whom had all along fought the battle of good sense against overwhelming odds, threw up the game as hopeless, and retired with a declaration which should have been the death-knell of the London Committee.

It still lives, however. Bad as their cause may be, there is a pluck about Englishmen which makes them fight against all difficulties. In season and out of season the committee preaches; and it has, we believe, selected the Green Park as a site for the statue—if it is to be one—to save it from failure; probably some green-goose will “immortalize” his name by paying a good round sum to complete the subscriptions.

In Stratford another Midland Committee is at work, and that, with the awful example before it which the committee at London presents, has embroiled itself, as was indeed to be foreseen, with the actors. The pick of the whole of the poet's characters has been given to a foreigner; an admirable actor indeed, and a modest gentleman, but surely *not* to be selected in preference to Mr. Phelps, who has spent his life in producing Shakspeare's plays; who has produced thirty-four out of thirty-seven, and acted his chief heroes, tragic and comic. Come, come, gentlemen, if we are to be true to a dead poet, let us be true also to one of that class whom he loved and well understood—the English comedians.

Now, whether in London we shall walk in procession, with medals dangling by Coventry ribbon, to see a fine gentleman lay a new stone, encircled by a blushing committee; whether we shall feast at Guildhall, or dine with Duke Humphrey; whether, like the king in *Tom Thumb*, we on the 23d of April next proclaim:

“Let nothing but a face of joy appear;
The man who frowns this day shall lose his
head,
That he may have no face to frown withal.
Smile, Dollalolla!”—

* This committee, which is blind to its own acts, attempts to assert that, if they got more, they would take more; yet at the same time proposed to employ the surplus over £30,000 for charitable purposes!

whether we shall have orations or not; or whether Sweet Will shall have a pillar, a niche, an altar-tomb, a players' hospital, or a Pecksniffian statue of true British art—will not the future reveal? All we have to say is, don't let us be too exuberant! We know that we neglect the living to flatter the dead. We starved David Gray the other day, and we must logically spend £30,000 on Shakspeare, who is entirely above and beyond our praise, or any other age's praise. But all people must do some follies to make it up with grand ghosts. Did not Alexander and his courtiers "chivey" each other mother-naked round the tomb of Achilles? Why should we not run bereft of our senses round the pillar of Sweet Will? At any rate, let us have no more bickerings. The chiefs of the committee go about like Dante's ghosts, mowing and mouthing, abusing the seceders. The seceders answer by pungent pun and sneering laughter. Peace, gentlemen! oh, peace! such squabbles must pain the soul of the poet—if it be conscious of earthly doings—who dreamt of quiet, who sought the country and who fled the town, and

cursed those who should dare to move his bones.

Finally, let our readers believe that we write against commemorations of dead poets, because we see that they are behind the age. If any one chooses to build, let him build; but do not let him call all the world to witness him. Had the literary men of the day kept to their class, they would have been right, and would have had many volunteers; they bored great people with letters, and they fell. But whatever we think of the memorial, our love for Shakspeare is intense; should any one accuse us of wanting due veneration, we answer, with Ben Jonson: "We do love him, on this side idolatry, as much as any man." But we believe that his gentle spirit would be pained if we did that which was unseemly, or that his own England—

"The land of such *dear* souls, this dear, dear land"—

should be betrayed into any thing hollow and ridiculously continental, and at second-hand, without the excuse of originality.
H. F.

SCIENTIFIC BALLOON ASCENTS.

A VERY interesting lecture was delivered before a crowded audience lately, at the Russell Literary and Scientific Institution, by Mr. Glaisher, on this subject, which is at present attracting great attention, and from which so many advantages are anticipated. Mr. Glaisher commenced by stating that the seventeen ascents he had made had been carried out under the auspices of the British Association, and were solely undertaken for scientific purposes. He proposed to tell the meeting some of the objects sought, to give them some of his experiences in the balloon, and to lay before them the general results of the undertaking. Previous to the year 1852, although experiments with balloons had been made in Russia, Paris, and Italy, no results of any importance had been achieved, and a few facts only were gathered by Mr. Welsh, who made several ascents in that year for scientific purposes.

Among the objects which the lecturer had sought in making his ascents were to ascertain the connection between meteorological effects on the surface of the earth with their causes above, which could only be done by means of the balloon ascending like a rocket, testing personally by the most delicate and accurate instruments every variation in air, temperature, moisture, etc., from the surface of the earth into the regions of the upper atmosphere, by seeing processes in operation in almost simultaneous action, viewing thus the conflicting variation of a day's weather exhibited in their rise, progress, and subsidence. He also hoped to solve the long-sought problem of the law of decrease of temperature with increase of elevation, to ascertain whether the lines of the solar spectrum suffered any change in a higher atmosphere, and to clear up all doubtful points in relation to temperature, humidity.

ty, electricity, ozone, the color of the sky, the comparison of different instruments, etc. The knowledge so acquired would greatly affect the sciences of astronomy, meteorology, magnetism, physiology, navigation.

Having thus stated the objects for which the risk of ascending—for it was an undoubted risk, even under the direction of so experienced an aeronaut as Mr. Coxwell—had been run, the lecturer proceeded to give an account of filling the balloon and lading it with its three tons of ballast, their taking their seats, and pulling the catch, leaving them free to ascend. The moment the balloon is loose they are in profound stillness, without any sense of motion, and a peculiar scene opens to their view of towns with their myriads of upturned faces, the polished silver of the rivers, and the garden-like appearance of the country—the green of the field and yellow of the corn being in a manner concentrated and rendered far brighter than when seen from the earth. The whole of the scene is surrounded with a canopy of blue, the sky being quite clear, and free from cloud every where, excepting near the horizon, where a circular band of cumuli and strata clouds extending all around form a fitting boundary to such a scene. He described the roar of London at one mile high to be rich and deep as the sea, while at four miles it is entirely hushed, although he has heard a railway train at the latter height, and a lady speak and a dog bark at two miles, under certain conditions of the atmosphere. He then gave a vivid description of the gorgeous glories of golden and ruby-tinted cloudland, lit up by the rays of the setting sun, the deep blue above streaked with the silver wreath of the cirrus. By this time the gas in the balloon, which was at first misty, has become clear, and on looking up the lower valve the interior of the balloon appears magnified to the size of the dome of St. Paul's cathedral. He felt no personal inconvenience until they reached four miles above the level of the sea, when at first he experienced that the respiration was difficult; the beating of the heart was audible, and the hands and the lips became blue, as did the face at higher elevations; but he found that his body was now becoming acclimatized, and he suffered far less inconvenience than at first. The balloon at the height of five miles only held one third of the gas it did on starting, owing to the expansion of

the gas in consequence of rarefaction of the air; and the continued contraction and expansion of the gas in passing from a colder to a higher temperature—or *vice versa*—made it one of the most delicate thermometers that could be imagined. On one occasion, when the voyagers attained an elevation of six or seven miles, Mr. Glaisher became insensible, and Mr. Coxwell was so far incapable of motion that he had to pull the valve cord with his teeth, his hands being quite paralyzed; and it was not until they had descended some distance that they began to recover.

In one of their descents they nearly fell into the sea, as Mr. Glaisher had begged Mr. Coxwell not to lower the balloon until he had ascertained the effect of elevation upon the solar spectrum. He at that time ascertained that the spectrum was much brighter, and the lines on it were much better defined at a great elevation than on the surface of the earth. On another occasion they had made a night ascent for the purpose of seeing the sun rise, which he stated to be indescribably grand. At an elevation of 9000 feet he had heard the moaning and sighing of the wind beneath, and had on another occasion found a snow storm at an elevation of three miles, the temperature being 33 degrees, and at four miles high rain, at a temperature of 32 degrees. He had ascertained that whenever there was rain on earth there were two strata of clouds, and that the temperature decreased not uniformly, at the rate of 1 degree for every 300 feet of height, but 1 degree in 139 feet for the first 1000 feet, and gradually lessening to 1 degree in 428 feet at 30,000 feet of elevation; so that there would be a loss of temperature of 24 degrees in the first mile of elevation, and only 3 degrees difference between 100 and 200 miles above the earth. In addition, he found that at all elevations there were occasional irregular warm currents of air which varied from the surrounding temperature from 1 degree to 20 degrees. He considered these results as sufficient reward for the risk he had run, and he concluded by trusting that he was only the pioneer of future discoveries in the regions of the air. The lecture was received with loud applause, and a vote of thanks having been passed to Mr. Glaisher for the entertainment he had afforded, the proceedings terminated.—*London Paper.*

LITERARY MISCELLANIES.

THE house of Ticknor & Fields, the eminent Boston publishers, has sent us a work from the gifted pen of Robert Browning, entitled *Sordello Strafford*, Christmas Eve and Easter Day, a poem written some years ago, and now just published by Ticknor & Fields. The name of Browning is familiar to all readers of poetry, and the name of Elizabeth Barrett Browning will be held in perpetual remembrance for her great personal worth and the rich contributions of her pen to English literature. This poem, now first published on this side the Atlantic, will attract the attention of all who admire the poetic works of these gifted authors, whose works we have so often commended that it is quite unnecessary here to enlarge on their merits.

THE EAR: ITS DISEASES AND THEIR TREATMENT. Illustrated by Engravings. By FRANZ ADOLPH VON MOSCHISKE, M.D., Oculist and Aurist, Author, etc. Philadelphia: Martin & Randall. Boston: Brewer & Tileston. 1864.

THE subject of this volume is one of immense importance. The ear is one of the most important organs of the human frame. So much of comfort and usefulness in all the varied walks and duties of life, that the loss of this organ or a serious injury to it is a great calamity. He, therefore, who by his skill and research alleviates this calamity or devises a remedy or a preventive is a benefactor of his race. A great amount of valuable and useful information is embodied in this volume, which all professional men of medical science as well as others will appreciate.

THE ART OF CONVERSATION. With Directions for Self-Education. New-York: Carleton, Publisher, 413 Broadway. 1864. Pp. 234.

It is claimed for this volume that it is a book of information, amusement, and instruction; teaching the art of conversing with ease and propriety, and setting forth the literary knowledge requisite to appear to advantage in good society. This book for self-culture may or may not afford all the rules of instruction which it claims; but if it does half of what it claims it will prove a useful book. Attentive self-culture in this direction is a part of education probably more neglected than any other branch of personal improvement. It is a comparatively rare and valuable accomplishment. Ease of manners and graceful conversation can be attained only by long training or experience in good society. The acquirement is worth all of time and effort it can cost.

TALES FROM THE OPERAS. Edited by GEORGE FREDERICK PARSON. New-York: Carleton Publisher, 413 Broadway. London: James Blackwood, 1864.

This volume is an American edition of an English work, and is inscribed to the eminent manager Max Maretzek. These stories are a popular exposition

of the various operas, which by the high artistic style of music which accompanies them attracts so many to hear them. A knowledge of the story imparts additional interest to the music and the scenes by which it is illustrated. So far as they have a historic element, it forms an element of interest.

THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.—A noble picture or painting by this name, from the pencil of Albert Bierstadt, is now on exhibition at the Rooms in Broadway, near Astor Place. It represents the scenery in the Wind River range of mountains in Nebraska Territory. It is a marvelous product of artistic skill. We have passed through many miles of galleries of paintings in Europe without meeting with a work of art of equal merit. It is not easy to convey in words a full or adequate description of this painting. It must be seen and studied in order to be appreciated. We advise all who admire artistic genius to go at once on an artistic visit to this Rocky Mountain scene of gorgeous grandeur. We do not blame the gentleman who offered \$15,000 for the painting without being able to get it.

DR. UNDERHILL AND HIS CROTON POINT VINEYARDS.—Among all the rich and luscious terrestrial fruits which gladden the heart of man and delight his taste and renovate his health, none surpass in variety and value the fruit of the vine. Patriarchs and men of ancient renown planted vineyards and eat the fruit thereof. In all ages and in all countries, where the soil and climate admit, the grape in great variety has been the favorite fruit, and often the food and drink of man. Among grape growers and vine dressers, Dr. Underhill has become a patriarch and a man of renown. The grapes of Croton Point have long ago become celebrated for their richness and lusciousness, as many tongues can testify which have tasted their sweetness. Dr. Underhill is a benefactor of his age and race, for he puts more pleasant fruits and wine also into the lips of his fellow men than any man we know of. His Croton Point vineyards will be a lasting monument to his fame so long as his grapes grow and flourish. Think of fifty acres of the choicest grapes and of floods of wine made from the juice thereof. Thousands of baskets of rich grapes find their way into the mansions of our citizens and into their mouths also every year, followed, when the grape season is over, by thousands of casks of wine, which in all its varieties and purity is for sale and can be had at No. 7 Clinton Hall, Astor Place, New-York. For all medicinal purposes and communion occasions, as well as to renovate impaired health, Dr. Underhill's varieties of wine is unsurpassed. All this and more also is due to his enterprise and skill in planting and cultivating vineyards so extensive.

THE picture gallery at Holyrood House is to be improved by the addition of such portraits of royal personages, from the collection at Hampton Court, as are interesting from their connection with Scottish history. The Queen has given her cordial assent to the transfer.

PRINTING BY TELEGRAPH.—Some interesting experiments with printing-inks have just been taking place at the office of Miss Faithfull, the object being to test the utility of ordinary printing in telegraphing. An Italian gentleman has invented a process of printing by telegraph, which appears to take less than half the present time of transmitting a message. Every kind of printing-inks have had their trial, some with very good success. A specimen printed by that process, transmitted from Liverpool to London, is before us, and appears completely successful. The Lord's Prayer, composed and printed at Miss Faithfull's office, and forwarded to Liverpool, is stated to have taken two and a half minutes only.—*London Star*, Dec. 12th.

ATMOSPHERIC CURRENTS AND SHOOTING STARS.—M. Chapelas, in a paper read before the French Academy, alleges grounds for believing that the movements of shooting stars are affected by atmospheric currents occurring in the higher regions to which our air extends; and he considers that these bodies may act like weathercocks and anemometers, giving us information concerning the direction and force of the winds that influence their proper motions.

DISTANCE OF SIRIUS.—As Sirius now forms a magnificent object in our heavens, we transcribe from *Cosmos* a few interesting remarks by M. Camille Flammarion, who says, "thanks to the labors of Sir John Herschel, we know that the absolute intensity of the light of Sirius has been estimated at two hundred and twenty-four times that of the sun, and that its parallax, amounting to 0".23, gives for its distance from the earth the probable number of fifty-two billions of leagues. It follows that we do not see the Sirius of to-day, but of twenty-two years ago: the ray of light that we receive to-day having been emitted by the star about 1840."

THE ANTIQUITY OF CANNON.—No historian has ever given us the true epoch of the use of metallic cannon; it is certain, however, that they were in use about the middle of the fourteenth century. The Swedes used lead cannon between the years 1620 and 1632, which were lined on the inside by tubes of wood or copper, and secured on the outside by iron rings. The general opinion is that cannons were first made use of in 1336 or 1338. They were certainly used by the English in 1347 at the siege of Calais, and by the Venetians at Chioggia in 1326, and in their war with the Genoese in 1394 and 1458, the Turks employed them. In the commencement of the fifteenth century, Maurice, of Switzerland, discovered a method of casting cannon whole, and boring them so as to draw out the interior at a single piece. In 1740, cannon were made of iron at St. Petersburg, and balls of many pounds weight were projected without injuring the pieces.

AGES OF REIGNING MONARCHS.—The oldest reigning sovereign in Europe is King William of Wurtemberg. He heads the list on the Gotha Almanac. Having been born September 27th, 1781, he is now in his eighty-third year. He was thirty-five years old when he came to his throne in 1816; but he has reigned nearly half a century. King Leopold of Belgium is in his seventy-fifth year; King William of Prussia is in his seventieth; King John of Saxony in his sixty-third. Pope Pius the Ninth will be

seventy-two on the 13th of next May. The Emperor of France will be fifty-six next April. The Emperor of Russia will be forty-six in the same month. The Queen of England will be forty-five in May. The King of Italy will be forty-four in March. The new King of Denmark will be forty-four in April. The King of Sweden will be thirty-seven in May. The Emperor of Brazil was thirty-three last month. The Sultan Abdul-Aziz is now (February) thirty-four. The Emperor of Austria will be thirty-three next August. The Queen of Spain was thirty-three last October. The King of Portugal was twenty-five in the same month. The youngest king in Europe is George I. of Greece, who was eighteen on the 24th of December.

RECOGNITION.—When the tomb of Westminster Abbey was opened, late in the last century, the body of Edward Long Shanks was additionally identified, some five hundred years after his death, by the extraordinary length of his limbs. When, in this century, the body of King Robert Bruce was accidentally discovered, the remains were additionally identified by the surgical operation that had been performed for the removal of his heart on its romantic lifeless expedition into Spain. When, on the 1st of April, 1813, the plain coffin of King Charles I. was opened in the presence of the Prince of Wales, (George IV.,) the man, Charles Stuart, "headless Charles," as painted by Vandyck, lay before the living spectators. That the head had been severed from the body by a heavy blow, inflicted with a very sharp instrument, "furnished the last proof wanting to identify Charles I."

The oldest house in New-England, if not in the United States, is in Medford, Mass., having formerly belonged to Matthew Cradock, the first Governor of the Massachusetts Bay Company. His farm, on which this house was erected about 1640, contained two thousand acres of land.

FRENCH INDUSTRIAL ART.—Some curious statistical returns may be gathered from the groupings of the produce of French industrial art for the past year, which, it may be observed *en passant*, exhibits a marked decrease on that of the preceding year. Some of those items are singularly indicative of French frivolity. Goldsmiths have sold for £2,350,000; jewelers, £1,800,000; false jewelry, £840,000; brushes, £1,000,000; canes and whips, £152,000; false hair, £160,000. Artificial flowers figure for £480,000, fans for £132,000, and toys for £200,000. This last item shows how far more expensive are girls than boys. There are £60,000 worth of dolls manufactured yearly in France, and military toys—guns, drums, and swords—figure only for £32,000.

FANCY-DRESSES.—At the last of the brilliant private carnival balls, the most striking of the dresses worn by the ladies was that of the Duchess de Morny, as an English lady of the last century. The Princess Anna Murat as a peacock, her train being of white tulle covered with "peacocks' eyes," her petticoat of yellow satin, peacocks' feathers in her breast and in the hair. Her ornaments being a band of magnificent emeralds and diamonds, worn from one shoulder to the waist, as Queen Victoria wears her royal ribbon—a necklace of the same and the aigrettes of peacocks' plumes in her head confined by an immense brooch. The princess is said to be

frequently bedecked with the empress's jewels; she is the only lady of the court on terms of absolute intimacy with her Majesty, whom she always addresses as "my aunt." The Princess Tivabeskoï was dressed as a cat—cat's heads upon her bosom and sleeves, and in her hair; another lady as an aviary, with a lace dress covered with birds in real feathers—her head-dress consisting of a bird cage nearly six inches square in gilded wicker—a bird inside with another perched upon her head. The bosom of her dress was covered with red berries; birds nestled upon her shoulders, and another wicker cage hung from her side in which were several canaries. One lady represented photography—small photographic cards forming the trimming of her berthe; larger-sized ones formed the basque, still larger the trimming of the skirt, which was of white satin. The necklace was composed of very small pictures set in gold, and the ear rings of likenesses of her hostess, the Duchess de Morny, also set in gold. The head-dress completed the eccentricity of this costume. It consisted of a camera, the front of which was a mirror instead of the ordinary glass. One of the most elegant dresses was worn by a very beautiful English woman, very tall and well-formed. She called herself Roma; her dress was of black velvet; upon the train was embroidered the wolf with Romulus and Remus; her hair fell in waves to her waist, and upon her head she wore a turret-like diadem of gold. A belt was embroidered—in gold—with the name she had chosen. Another extremely pretty costume was that worn by Madame de Girardin as Snow. The dress was formed of tulle covered with swan's down in flakes; a mantle, close round her throat, trimmed in the same way, fell to her feet. The hair was powdered and glittered with diamonds.—*Paris letter.*

DISCOVERY OF A NEW GRAIN.—Several letters have appeared from time to time in various sporting and scientific publications from the pen of our neighbor, Mr. Gillbanks, describing the scarcity of wild fowl in particular, and other once numerous birds, and ascribing it to the disappearance of their natural food from draining, high farming, and other similar causes. These articles, it seems, have attracted much attention, emanating as they did from a practical naturalist and observant sportsman. It appears that some gentlemen in her Majesty's service, during their explorations in a very wild part of our North American possessions, were struck with the pertinacity with which flocks of wild fowl and other game haunted certain localities. On close investigation it was found that they came there to feed on a sort of rice which was indigenous to the place, and renewed itself by shedding its seed in the alluvial deposit. Mr. Gillbanks has this week received a letter from a gentleman in a high official position under government, who has forwarded him a considerable quantity of the said grain, and requested Mr. Gillbanks to make experiments thereon and report the result. As it was found in a wild state and in a much colder locality than this, Mr. Gillbanks is very sanguine not only of getting it to grow, but improving it. It seems to differ from the "paddy," or national rice of China. If it succeeds and sows itself in our bogs, it will be the greatest boon the British sportsman ever had conferred upon him.—*Carlisle Patriot.*

EXCAVATIONS AT ROME.—At Ostia, the works of excavation were lately recommenced by order of the
VOL. LXI.—NO. 4

Pope; their most valuable result during this season has been the discovery of a beautifully-executed mosaic, among the decorations of *Therma*, with figures of the seasons. The excavations at Prima Porta, the site of the *Vigentine villa* of Livia, have also been resumed. A bust of the Empress of Augustus brought to light, evinces the fact that art-treasures there are not yet exhausted. The works on the Palatine also progress on the Farnese estate purchased by the French emperor; and here has been lately disencumbered of soil a remnant of the bridge thrown across the Forum by Caligula. An exquisitely beautiful example of stucco-relief, with floral designs and figures, has been brought to light in the section of the palace ascribed to Caligula, at the north-eastern angle, above the Forum. In the course of improvements at the Quirinal Palace, at a depth of forty palms below the street level, the remains of a massive structure twenty-one palms in height by eighteen in width, have been discovered, with an archway spanning its front; above it is the epigraph *Cn. Sempronius Cn. F. Romilia*. In a notice in the official *Gazette*, it is assumed to be one of the sepulchres that flanked the Flaminian Way, and therefore external to the limits of the city, as marked by the walls of Servius Tullius.

THE CULTIVATION OF FLAX IN IRELAND.—At the annual meeting of the Chamber of Commerce in Belfast, a very important report was read upon the linen trade and the growth of flax. It states that the past year was one of general prosperity. All the machinery used in the different branches was in active operation, and the production of linen yarns and goods exceeded that of any former time. Operations were in constant employment at good wages, and the general trade of the town was consequently very favorably affected. The crop of flax in 1863 was unprecedented in extent, no less than 214,000 acres having been sown. The yield per acre was also above the average, and the crop was estimated at 80,000 tons, producing to the cultivators upwards of £4,000,000. This is an immense amount to receive for a single crop in one district of the country. But, unprecedentedly large as the produce was, it found a ready sale at highly remunerative prices. Nor has the manufacture of linen been overdone in Belfast. On the contrary the year closed with stocks of yarns and linens reduced to the lowest point. It has been stated that when the American war is brought to a termination, the demand for linen will be much reduced. The council adduce arguments to prove that this will not be the case.

THE EARS HEARING UNEQUALLY.—Herr Fessel, of Cologne, in making experiments with tuning-forks, has, by holding one to each ear at the same time, discovered that the ears do not possess an equal power of hearing. It appears, from numerous trials on different individuals, that the highest tones are heard best with the right ear; and no instance has yet been met with in which the hearing was exactly alike on the two sides of the head. This, however, is but a refined demonstration of a peculiarity which has long been popularly known, for who has not heard persons speak of "their best ear?" Still, a practical knowledge of the subject may help in the education of pupils whose ear for music is said to be bad. Perhaps but few persons are aware, that there is also a general difference in the sight of the right and the left eye. Some fancy themselves near-sighted, when the only defect is that the two eyes

do not focus alike; a defect that may be remedied by artificial means.

A RAILWAY THROUGH THE THAMES TUNNEL.—Among the projects of the year is a scheme for sending a railway through that hitherto unhappy abortion, the Thames Tunnel. The Thames Tunnel was begun in 1825, and after many interruptions and accidents it was finished and opened to the public in 1843. The work was only brought to completion by the help of the government, a sum of £246,000 having been advanced out of the Consolidated Fund for the purpose. The roadways at either end were not executed, so that the tunnel had remained until now a mere engineering curiosity—all but useless—a sort of raree-show, haunted at times by persons not of the most reputable kind. It will certainly be a great public good to send a railway through it; and we believe the requisite arrangements have been made with the government, who will only be too glad to get the unfortunate speculation off their hands. The scheme, of which it is proposed that the tunnel shall form part, is designated "The East London Railway," and Mr. William Hawes, chairman of the Thames Tunnel Company, is also its chairman. The intended line will proceed from a station close behind the Bank of England, across London-wall, Bishopsgate-street, Whitechapel Road, under the London and Blackwall Railway, and Ratcliffe Highway; thence in a deep tunnel under the eastern entrance to the London Docks, and so on to the Thames Tunnel, through which it will pass southwards to form junctions with the Southeastern and Brighton Railway. There will be about two miles of tunnelling under streets and docks; yet the estimate is only two millions. The scheme is put forward as "accomplishing in the best manner every one of the recommendations" made by the Select Committee of the House of Lords. It will accomplish them, moreover, "with the least possible engineering difficulty, by 'a railway in subways, covered ways, and tunnels.'" It will also form connections between the northern and southern railways, and, finally, "can not fail to be most remunerative to the shareholders." Such at least are the anticipations of the projectors.

REV. JOSHUA LEAVITT'S paper on "Denmark and its Relations," read before the Geographical and Statistical Society of this city at its March meeting, is now in press, and will soon be published in pamphlet form. It is an able and exhaustive review of the questions in dispute between Denmark and Germany, taking strong ground in favor of the Danes. Dr. Leavitt also illustrates the Monroe doctrines in its application to European politics.

HENRY H. PORTER of this city has received from King Victor Emanuel the title and decoration of Chevalier of the Order of St. Maurice and St. Lazarus, in recognition of his services to Count Castiglione, who visited this country last year under a commission from the king.

ARE THERE MEN IN THE MOON?—Mr. H. B. Small, late of Lincoln College, Oxford, recently delivered a lecture on the moon's structure, before the Montreal Historical Society of Montreal. After explaining that astronomers had been unable to discover any

signs of the existence of an atmosphere surrounding the moon, the lecturer said: "If we are to make our argument of the moon being inhabited from analogy, we must start from some of the essential conditions of life in this globe. Take, for instance, air—could we conceive existence without it how strange would it be. Little is thought in our daily career of the functions of the atmosphere. In its absence, eternal silence must reign, conversation be carried on only by signs, the eagle and condor would flap their wings in vain attempts to rise, no fuel would burn, nothing but electric light dispel the darkness. No tinted clouds nor gorgeous skies, but monotony of scene, ubiquity of darkness. Failing thus to exhibit the prime motor of life, it has been asserted that the moon is no evidence of the plurality of worlds. But modern discovery has shown that there may be a probability of life existing there unknown to us. It has always been thought that what was applicable to one side of her disk, was applicable to the other. But to Mr. Haugen, a distinguished continental astronomer, is due the honor of discovering a discrepancy in that idea. The slightest deviation in time of the moon's course is noted accurately, and several cases of irregularity he has ascribed to the effect of uneven gravitation. He states that the centre of gravity and the centre of figure are not coincident, one being distant from the other eight miles! Thus her sphere is composed of a light and heavy half. An egg, with its small end pointed to the eye, represents well its figure. Balls have been cast hollow, but with one side thicker than the other; the density being given, calculation describes the curve to a nicety, and *vice versa*. His conclusion, then, is that the hemisphere turned towards us is the lighter half. The application of this to the question of inhabitants is very direct, as air and water would naturally gravitate to the heaviest side; and the imagination is free to picture on the hidden side of the moon a world corresponding to our own in the enjoyments of air and water."

MORE than 79,000 trees, shrubs, and herbaceous plants were planted in the New-York Central Park last year. The carriage drive now completed is about eight miles in length; bridle road five miles, and walks twenty miles. Over 4,000,000 persons visited the park in 1863, and in one day over 9000 carriages entered the drives.

CHAMPAGNE WINE.—The amount of champagne wine shipped from the Paris consular district to the United States during the last six months was 1,266,897 bottles! The wholesale value of the same in New-York is \$1,925,172.40. Is there any thing like that extravagance on record in this extravagant age?

WE understand that government has granted the commission of a right of way through British Columbia for an electric telegraph, to connect the existing United States lines with those to be extended from Russia across Behring Straits, a commission for the latter portion of this world-girdle telegraph having previously been given by the Russian Government to Mr. Collins, an American citizen. By the completion of these lines communication between this country and America will be established, without encountering the risks of a submarine cable across the Atlantic.

JUN 24 1949

